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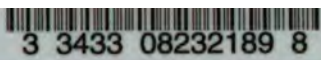
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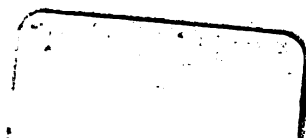
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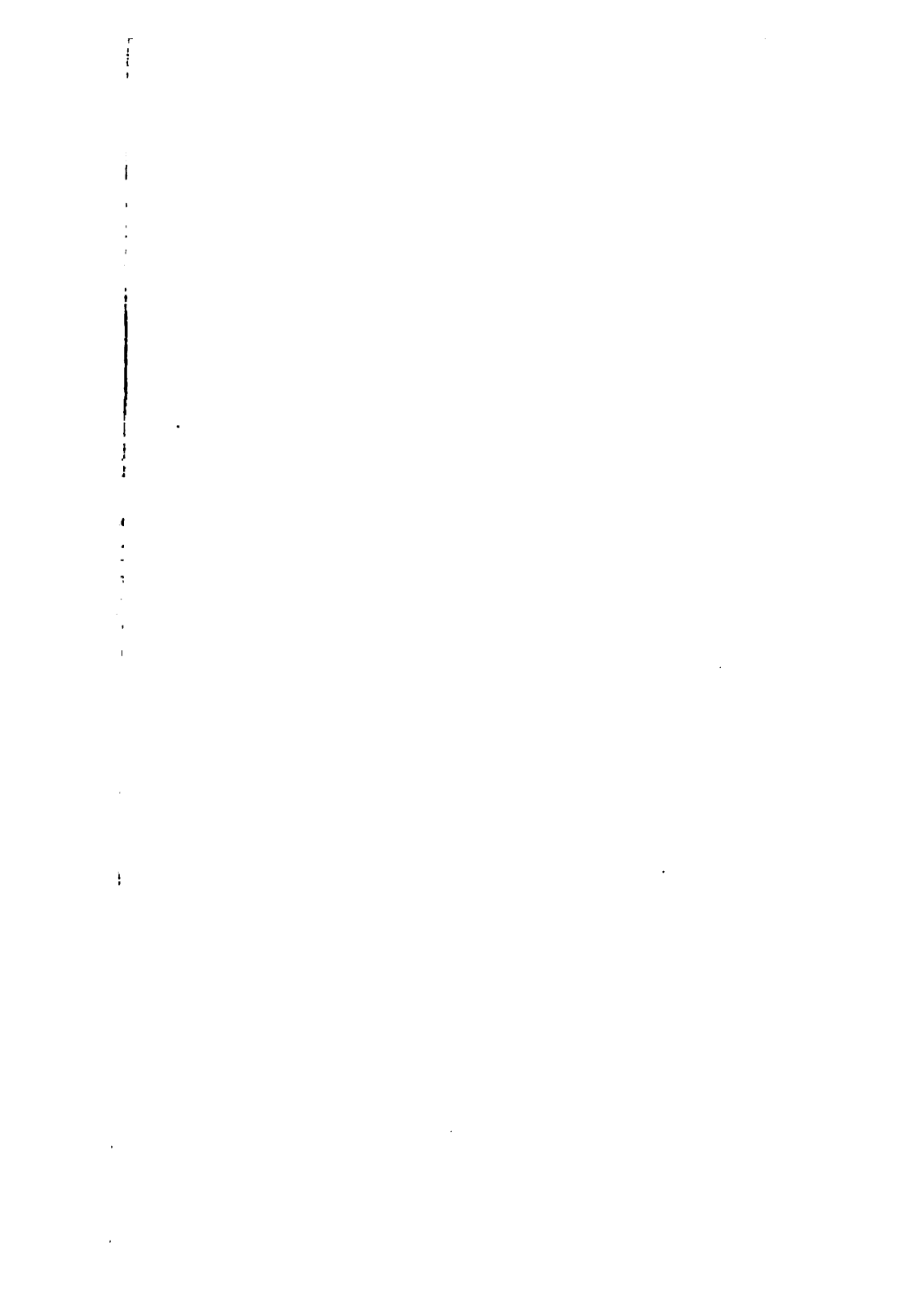


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1844



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In a SERIES of LETTERS from an ENGLISH GENTLEMAN of distinguished Abilities: Containing the WRITER'S OBSERVATIONS on the PRODUCTIONS of NATURE, the MONUMENTS of ART, and the MANNERS of the INHABITANTS.

In TWO VOLUMES.

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LETTERS.

LETTER LXXI.

FROM a kind of theory in natural history, you must allow me to fall upon an account of one of the most amazing objects of it that I have seen. I am still at Terni. I have been taken about five miles from the place, to see the vast cascade. 'Tis a work of nature, and one of the most stupendous of her irregularities. The noise is such, that I do not hear yet; but my ears have nothing to do with my writing to you; I shall do better without them; they were only open to interruptions.

You can conceive nothing so stupendous as the sight of this vast and terrible cataract. The water that throws itself down is a whole river; the fall is not less than three hundred feet. Conceive to yourself a river thrown from the sharp edge of a rock to such a depth, without

interruption, and received on another rock below, and you will imagine that both the eye and the ear must be filled with the effect. The very appendages to this miracle are themselves amazing; the mountain which we ascended to it is of white marble; they call it Monte di Marmore. It was vastly delighted with the sight of it; but I had like to have had a very feeling remembrance of it also. The way up is in some parts very steep, the track not greatly beaten, and you may imagine that a pavement of natural marble slabs is not the best footing in the world for a horse. It was against the advice of the company that I would continue on the creature; they had dismounted, and the guides, who told them it was the custom to do so, were leading their horses. I placed more dependance than I ought to have done on mine, and I was nearly a sacrifice to the temerity. We were on a part where the narrow road was winding, as well as steep: vast rocks of marble, like walls, were on each side, and their height and edges frightful enough. I was admiring so strange and beautiful a scene as presented itself before me, when my horse stumbled. Happy for the company I was hindmost; to stumble, is to fall, in such a place; and to fall, is to roll down to the next angle of some block of marble that stops you. I followed the creature down the precipice; but his weight carried him much before me. He was destroyed by the corner of a huge mass of marble that stood out at a turning of the road; and the dexterity of one of the guides, who ran faster than I rolled down, saved me from certain destruction from his flouncing in his agonies; for I must have fallen upon his feet.

It was not long before we came in sight of the cascade. We marched to it nearly in front; but you would not guess at the appearance. Nothing of that smooth sheet of water which I had expected, presented itself. We saw before us a cloud, or a thick smoke, rising from the ground to the height of six hundred feet at least; and as the situation was high, and the day none of the brightest, meeting almost with the clouds above. You will have some guess at the violence as well as depth of the fall, when I have told you that this is no other than the quantity of loose particles of the water which rebound from the rock that receives the cataract, and, by the violence of the fall, are thrown up to twice or more than twice the height of the level of the river. Above this cloud appears continually the succession of particles of water that form it without remission, and, after they have reached this height, they fall again, in form of a shower of rain, on all the circumjacent place. When the weather is calm they drop in a smaller compass; but a gulf of wind blows the artificial shower to a vast distance.

As we approached this cloud, we saw all the leaves of the trees and plants, and the very surface of the mountain, covered with a fine powder, white as snow, and equal in softness to that used for the hair. This is the marble of the mountain, beat and washed off by the fall of the water, and raised in these imperceptible particles in the artificial clouds; they fall again in the shower, and the water runs off without them. You have seen the effects of the salt left by what is called the spray of the sea; our gardens in the

inland parts of Essex are often destroyed by it, after a strong wind ; that however is but partial, this is universal : every thing is covered with it, and it visibly injures and impedes the growth of the vegetables, by choaking up their pores, and obstructing the dews that should be received into them.

We had a very advantageous view of the cataract as we advanced nearer to it ; a little wind rose upon us, which carried away the cloud on one part, and gave us a view into the fall. We examined every part of the cascade, the river above, the channel below, the descent of the flood, and the basin into which it is received at the bottom. It is the Velino, a not inconsiderable river, the Velinus of Virgil, which forms this cataract. It runs through a great extent of country, nearly level, before it arrives at the rock ; but though the declivity is not great, the sudden fall at this place draws on a very strong current. For some miles above, the river is very rapid, and I need not tell you nothing is seen upon it. The rock, upon whose level surface it is received before this fall, is of white marble, as is the rest of the mountain ; and the descent is a perpendicular wall of near three hundred foot : the edge is worn round where the water falls over ; but such a body, moving with such rapidity, does not trickle down the surface of it : the whole river rolls over, and throws itself forward with a vast sweep. 'Tis said there is, toward the bottom, a dry space between this rock and the water ; but I do not know how any body has been informed of this. The sight from the top is dreadful, yet wonderfully pleasing : the river is clear, and the immediate and rapid
curve

curve formed in the bending over, is a sight of pleasing horror. While I was near this part, a little kind of boat, a coarse contrivance of some peasants up the river, came down the stream: we saw it at a distance, and kept our eyes upon it. It had been tost from its fastening, and the destruction was near. It travelled down to us with great rapidity; as it came near it was difficult to keep the eye upon it: when it came to the precipice it rolled clean over, and in a moment struck upon the head of water at the bottom. Whether it met a rock in its way, or to what other accident it was owing, I know not; for it is impossible the mere resistance of the water could do it: it rebounded up to a very considerable height in three separate pieces, and immediately after rolled down the channel with the water.

From this terrifying view of the top, we descended to examine the bottom of the cataract. Here was a sight truly surprising: you heard me mention the smooth and compact body in which the water rolled over the edge of the precipice; there is nothing in the descent to break it but the mere resistance of the air, and the rapidity of that descent; yet it is here divided all to pieces, and as it comes near the bottom, is not a bed of water, but a kind of heavy and terrible shower of rain. 'Tis from this that the drops rise in a constant succession, so as to form the cloud already mentioned, which descends again in still more minute drops, after it has been tossed to that surprising height.

From the level of the river, that is, from the head of the cataract, the sight is very odd; when

one looks upon this rising cloud, the body of it seems no more than a thick vapour or mist. It is white indeed, but whether this be owing to the disturbed motion of the water, or to the small particles of the marble carried up with it, I cannot say. It is seen in a continued fluctuation, rising by starts and lifts one way, and falling more equally another: it rose a vast height above our heads, and then seemed to lose itself in the air, like a smoke at a farther distance from the chimney, and it was odd to us to conceive that it came down again.

The bottom is a part one would have yet more curiosity to examine than even the top; but the curiosity is not so happily satisfied. We had the advantage of a wind to carry off the pillar of the ascending cloud, and so to shew us the lower part; but still all was confusion and obscurity. I had a great mind to see the vast basin into which the falling river was received; but all I could discover of it was a great cavity, the surface of the water in this was in too much motion to let me see any thing of it distinctly; and the clash of the falling drops, with those which formed the rising cloud, confused the eye, as much as it deafened the ear.

The quantity raised in form of this cloud must be very considerable; for it diminishes the very river in a great proportion. The quantity of water carried off by the stream, as it runs from the great basin, in which it is received immediately from the cataract, is nothing in proportion to that which is brought to it by the river above. It throws itself down in a vast sheet, and the whole river, for a great way above the head,

is considerable in its extent ; but it runs from the basin, though with violent rapidity, yet in a very much diminished body. It bursts away from the reservoir all in foam, and roars along among the marble rocks that confine it on each side, and that in some places interrupt the channel ; but the bed here is of small capacity, in proportion to the river above. It runs in this peculiar channel to some distance, and then falls into the Nar. The Nera of the ancient Romans.

L E T T E R LXXII.

I Have got into a region of curiosities, and I am not sorry that my letters to you will have a different turn from those which you have in general hitherto received from me. Enough of churches and of monasteries, of Painting and of Sculpture ; at least enough of them for the present. It will be a release from the sameness of those subjects for a time ; and if we are obliged to return to them again, as I shrewdly suspect we shall, when we come to Rome, there will be again variety.

You have been told of the Æolian hills, the prisons of the winds. A sober Italian at present stands in the place of Æolus, and, instead of sticking the mountain with a spear, opens a little door to give them passage. Things are always rendered more wonderful in the telling. The custom of the world is for raising the miracle in the relation ; but in no nation of it is this so universal as among the Italians. I heard

so much of the storms and tempests issuing from the mouths of these immense caverns, that I expected something very extraordinary. 'Tis my fate to be disappointed; but, in this particular, accident contributed greatly to it, and set the thing in a meaner light to me than that in which I had a right to see it.

We had employed so much of the last day in seeing the amazing cataract of Terni, that there remained nothing of it for any new observation. This morning we were up early, and set out for the Æolian hills. We found it very cold as we ascended to the little town of Cæsium, which stands on the side of the mountain. We were soon put under the guidance of the proper people for shewing us the miracle, and in a little time arrived at it. In our way we were told of the monstrous gusts that had at times issued at the opening of the portal. As we approached it, we saw an old, and not very firm, door; and, on coming nearer, heard the roaring of the winds within, not less than the noise of the cataract we had last seen, and not unlike it. We stood firm on our feet; and M——s, who has generally a great deal of care, though, to do him justice, he has not much fear, fixed himself against a rock that jetted out beyond the common surface. When the door was thrown open, it was a strange surprise to us to hear the roaring all cease, and a still greater to perceive not the least gust of wind coming out. The people who shewed us the place, and who had said such wonderful things about it; for it is the custom of the Italians in general to magnify every thing to strangers, were much out of countenance at the disappointment. And for my own part, I must confess that I
was

was not without suspicion of more than a disappointment : I had been made to expect great things, more from the noise which I heard within, than from the promises of our guides, and I began to look on all as a fallacy ; but in this I was afterwards convinced that I had been too free in my censure. There were more people accidentally present, and they were as much out of humour as myself with the up-hill journey to Cæsum, and with the climbing the hill still higher among these rocks to no purpose. M——s, on the contrary, though a little out of countenance about the care he had taken to preserve himself from the fury of the expected blast, yet, in his usual way of making advantage from every thing, told us, if we had missed the wonder of the tempest, we had yet the wonder of the cave before us, and that to him it appeared much greater. He led us forward into the hollow ; a wild and irregular cavern, but not without its kind of beauty : 'tis very large and lofty, and shews itself to be the sole work of nature ; there has not been a chissel, or any other instrument on any part of it. The floor is of rock, covered with a little earth, partly from dust blown in, partly from the dirt of people's shoes, and partly from the particles of the rock itself, ground to pieces by the treading of the numbers who go into it. This covering is but thin, but it seems a superstition not to sweep it. The roof is lofty, and irregularly arched ; the stones in some places hang out in such a manner, that there seems danger of their falling ; but no such accident ever happened. The walls or sides are of solid rock, jetting out in a vast many places in rude masses, and often with sharp edges. There is in the whole, on a remoter view, some-

Somewhat of the appearance of a Gothic hall, with an open roof, and irregular pillars at the wall; but this resemblance is lost as we approach nearer.

At the end of this there was an opening, which they told us led to another cave, and out at which, they assured us, at certain times, and particularly in the middle of the day in the heat of summer, there came a wind, against which the strongest man could not support himself on his feet. The rest of the company were satisfied with the account; but M——s prevailed with me to accompany him to the inner recess. We passed the strait, and came into a cavern much loftier and much larger than the former. It was an awful sight. A single link served to light the whole expanse tolerably well; a circumstance that would have surprised me very much, had I not before seen as much in the mines we visited some time ago. This cave was more rugged on the floor, as having been less trodden, than the outer one; but the sides and roof were much of the same romantic appearance. At the extremity there stands out a kind of buttress of the harder part of the rock, and in two or three places there were openings at the sides, which the guides knew nothing farther of, no body having ventured to go into them.

M——s is indefatigable, and where there is matter of curiosity, he knows no such thing as fear: he insisted upon going into one of them. You won't wonder that I declined accompanying him, when the guide refused it. He took the link in his hand, and with a rope tied about his waist,

waste, and held at the end by one of the guides, he marched forward. We occasionally called to him, and his answers were returned in a strange rumbling manner, attended with double or triple echoes. He returned, because the rope would not let him go farther; but he entered a second of these chasms without it, one of the guides taking courage, and now following him at a distance. It was near a quarter of an hour before he came back, and then only to tell me, that, if I would not follow him, I must leave him there; for that he saw matter of many hours admiration. I returned to Cæsum, and it was afternoon before I saw any thing of my fellow-traveller. He returned with two of the guides loaded with the produce of his expedition, and a very droll figure himself made, white from head to foot, as if he had been rolled in flower, and dangling in his hand a monstrous toad, which he held by the hind-leg, and which I supposed dead till he threw it down. Something on the back had led him to imagine it was of the species of the Surinam kind, which produces its young on that part; but this proved erroneous: it was the common toad; but grown, under favour of the covert, and among plenty of food, to the bigness of one's hat-crown. As soon as it was thrown down, it darted forth its urine to a great distance, and with a surprising force; but it hit no body, so that I can say nothing of its effects. We destroyed it, and M——s, with great deliberation, opened its head, to shew me there was no stone in it, as old fabulous writers had pretended, and as Shakspear had believed, who makes misfortune like the toad, "loathsome and venomous, yet wearing a precious jewel in his head." The finding none in the brain of so full-grown a creature, he

he urged as a collateral argument in favour of his doctrine of that which is called so being in reality the tooth of a fish, the sea-wolf. In its stomach, for he opened it intirely, we found three full-grown batts, and several remains of other animals, which must have been swallowed within a day or two.

The loading of his attendants, and that of his own pockets, was of quite another kind. One of these brought in a strait and beautiful thing, resembling a tube of glass; it was five feet long, and of the thickness of one's finger: the hollow within it would admit a goose-quill, and the matter of it was pure crystal, as transparent as the finest Venetian glass, and all the way of the same thickness. This they told us, and a million other such, had hung down, in the manner of icicles, from the roof of one of the inner caves. They brought also several others of the same kind; but less beautiful. M——s produced from his own pockets a number of round stones, of the size of pistol-bullets, and much like the whiter kinds of school-boys marbles. They were evidently of the same kind of matter with the long pipes, and when he broke one or two of them, we found they were made up of a great number of crusts, one over another, and all perfectly transparent. These he told us he had taken up from the floor of the same caves where the long ones had hung from the roof, and out of some little springs of water in one of the inner caverns. He told us that the matter of these several productions was not crystal, as I had supposed, much less nitre, as the guides thought. He called it spar; but his distinctions between that stone and crystal were so small, that the different

ferent name was hardly necessary. He told us that they were all formed of particles of this spar carried up in vapours, together with watery matter from the depths of the earth: that the cold of these caves condensed that vapour against their tops and sides into water; and that these bodies were formed from the particles of that matter which could no longer be suspended in the drops. He added, that they gathered together as the drops collected on the roof and walls, and deserting the fluid as it fell, formed these pipes; and that the round stones at the bottom were also formed of the same matter, separating itself from drops that fell down. He proved to us the truth of this by a multiplicity of other things of the same kind, taken from the walls of the caverns, as well as the roofs and floor, and he thought his collection worth a thousand times the trouble it had cost him.

Beside these beautiful productions, he brought away also some pieces of the finest white earth I ever saw: it was as light as cork, and the least grain of it would turn a basin of water milky; this he called by a whimsical name *Lac Lunæ*, Milk of the Moonshine; and it was with this that his cloaths were all whitened. It grew in many parts of the cavern to the sides of the rocks, and especially in the narrow entrances: it was in these that he had got so thoroughly powdered with it. He recommended this to the physician of the place, as an admirable medicine in all those cases in which the drug called *Magnesia alba* is at this time so famous, in Germany and elsewhere. But he found a way of ingratiating himself much more with the principal people of the town, by producing before them some
pieces

some pieces of a heavy mineral : it was in lumps of the bigness of a walnut, angular, black, glossy, and surprisngly heavy. He told them in what part of one of the remoter caverns he had picked these out of a cranny in the rock, and assured them they were the richest kind of tin ore. The doubts they expressed on this occasion were soon cleared, when he produced the pure metal before their faces, by a very easy process. They offered him rewards ; but he declined, though I think he very well deserved them.

'Tis odd that the caverns in these mountains should never have been searched before ; but we see that the people who are best qualified for travelling, with a view to general advantages, are not those who make the tour. The guides gave us a frightful account of precipices and craggy rocks in the depths of the recess, and will long remember the bold Englishman that led them through all of them. M——s himself gives a most beautiful description of the appearance. There were many depths, he confesses, into which he dared not descend, because the sides were too steep ; but he describes the inside of a great part of the mountain as one vast hollow, the sides of solid rock, and the roof supported by tall natural columns. The caverns were divided by higher and lower walls, and the entrances into them ran through such a variety of winding ways, as, upon the whole, presented the most surprisng scene imaginable.

The view of the inside of this hollow mountain gave M——s an idea, and a very perfect one, of the nature of those winds which at times rush out from it ; and his stay in it

corroborated his arguments by proof, and set right the supposed misinformation. The people of the town imagine that there is a draught of air through the caverns of the mountain, either by means of some opening on the other side, or in the bottom; but M——s explained it otherwise.

Here is, says he, a vast hollow filled with air, which has but little communication with the exterior air; it therefore is not liable to the sudden change of that, but is made colder or warmer, denser or rarer, as it may happen from the frequent and sudden change of that without. When the air without is more rarefied, the denser air within rushes out in a current, and makes a wind from the mouth of the cave, which is more or less violent, as the exterior air is more or less rarefied; and, consequently, in hot weather, the wind is always stronger from the mouth of the cave than in cold. To this the people all agreed, declaring that summer was the season of the highest winds, and that in winter there were scarce any. M——s proceeded to observe, that although there was very little wind or draught of air when he went in, there was still less afterwards; and after this, toward the time of his coming out, much more. This grew upon them as they were in the farthest part of their expedition, and the guides thought it was because there was most wind farthest in; but he told them the contrary, and they found it so as they went out.

What little wind there was when he first entered he observed drove in, not out of the mountain; and the roaring that we heard from within while the door was shut, he assured us was owing

owing to the rushing in of the air from without at its cracks. That the current of air was into the mountain, not out of it, he also proved, by the accounts of his guides, that the flame of the link drove inward, not outward. This he said was owing to its being a cold morning. The air without was condensed by this cold, till more than upon an equality with that within the cavern, therefore it forced its way in: after this, as the day grew warmer, the air without came to an equilibrium with that within, and consequently there was no draught at all. This the guides confirmed also, not from their own feeling, but from the upright and undisturbed flame of the link during that time. From this time the day growing warm, the air without grew more rarefied than that within, and in consequence the denser air was more and more strongly forcing its way out of the Mountain. This also was confirmed by the guides, who, although they knew nothing of the causes, confessed, that, after the driving inward of the flame of their torches, and the subsequent standing upright, they at a certain time began to drive the contrary way, or outward; and that the wind going in this direction, soon grew stronger, so as to be sensible to them in their faces; and, in fine, so strong, that they were forced to light more torches, for fear of its putting the first out; and toward the end, that they came away, because they could keep none in for the continued blast. M——s confirmed this account that the wind was a very strong one out of the mouth of the cave as they left it; and the people revered him for the explaining a thing which had before been so many ages the object of a blind admiration, or what was worse, a false conjecture.

At some of the neighbouring seats they use this current of air to cool their rooms. It is no rare sight in houses, whose back falls against some cavern in this mountain, to see, in a parlour or dining-room, a head with an open mouth, out at which, in the hotter hours of the day, there rushes a continued current of cool air, that refreshes the company. No more is necessary to this than a leaden pipe carried into some cavern of the mountain; for they all communicate with one another. The current is sometimes too strong from these in the great heats, but they have cocks to stop it; and there is this certainty, that they have naturally most of it when most is wanted.

L E T T E R LXXIII.

I Write to you, my dear *****, from Narni. I have had a pleasant journey from the last town. The country is naturally rich, and it is better cultivated than I expected to have seen any in this part of the world. Narni is a pleasant and well-situated town; but, before I say any thing about it, I must give you an account of something that has afforded me vast pleasure before I reached it. I must not say it lies on the road; we went a little out of the way to it, and if it had been a great deal, I should not have complained of the excursion.

The object of our curiosity was the remain of an aqueduct of the Roman times; Augustus built it, and 'tis called his bridge. 'Tis true

that it lies over a river, and 'tis true that one of the old poets names it also as such; but the river is very small, and the building immense. The Roman aqueducts have all the appearance of bridges: many of them, indeed, and perhaps this among the number, served also as bridges as well as for their main purpose; or even if they had not, the very form would justify the liberty of a poet in calling it by that name. The best place for taking a view of these magnificent ruins is from a real bridge at present standing over the river. The arches of this are high enough for all the purposes of a bridge, never being filled at any height of the water, and yet these are so trifling in comparison of the others, that nothing can be plainer than the others having been designed for different purposes. The Roman aqueducts are all carried over arches; but those of this are wider than in any other remain of the same kind. It is, I think, the noblest ruin I have seen. It is not easy to say what have been its original dimensions in the several parts, since there is only one arch now entire, and the piers which remain have sunk, so that there is no computing the height of the arches from them. The first arch is dry; the second, which is wider, has the river running through it, and, in floods, through a part of the third. Whether there have been four is a doubt; if not, the third must have been a most amazingly large one. There are the remains of a pier between the two, which, if so, supported it; but this may have been a support raised long after, to keep up the middle of that arch, when the whole was suffering by the sinking of the piers. The building is of marble, and is composed of surprisngly large blocks; cut square, and put together without
any

any cement. It joined two mountains, that of Spoleta, and another of equal height, in the way to Pangia; and the largest arch, to do the best that can be by a computation from such imperfect materials, must have been two hundred feet broad, and a hundred and fifty feet high. We have been proud of the Rialto at Venice; but what a different idea must we form of the noblest works of this kind of the moderns, when an arch of an ancient aqueduct so vastly exceeds them.

Narni pleased me extremely in the prospect; it stands, on the declivity of a hill, a considerably high one, and shews itself in a beautiful manner from below; but we found difficulty enough in getting up to it, and little in it to satisfy our curiosity, or repay the labour. From the aqueduct, which, as I observed, is out of the immediate road, we were obliged to climb a very steep and rugged hill all the way up to the town. We had the curiosity to get yet higher, to the castle, which stands behind it on the top of the hill. This is the residence of the governor, it commands the town; but that makes but an indifferent figure from it, by no means like that from below.

The good appearance of the town is all from a distance; when in it, we find the streets very irregular, and troublesome for walking, from their running up and down hill in the most awkward and disagreeable manner imaginable. The houses are in general ill-built and poor, and they have oiled paper, instead of glass, for their windows. This at best could make but a very poor figure; but they are so careless and slovenly

as to let them go torn and ragged, which makes them much worse. You will think Narni but a poor city after this account ; but I assure you we saw some things in it that were extremely worth observation. There are three fountains of brass of good workmanship, and the water is brought to them ten or twelve miles by a well-contrived aqueduct. The cathedral also is not without its curiosities ; the great altar is a fine piece of workmanship, and there is away under it down a double pair of stairs of very fine marble of various kinds, where the body of the first bishop of the place, St. Juvenal, is deposited. I mentioned to you the disagreeable and rough ascent to Narni, 'tis another branch of the Appenines that we begin to climb here. Livy tells us, that the old name of the town, for we saw abundant proofs of its being a very ancient one, was Nequinum ; they named it from the difficulty of the access to it. The rocky situation would have defended Narni against many enemies ; but the Romans were too powerful and too resolute to be so baffled. It was the ill fortune of the Nequinites to join the Samnites, the implacable enemies of the Roman name, and the consequence was their being vanquished, with the Samnites, by the consul Fulvius Pætinus. At this time Nequinum forfeited its ancient name, the Nar runs under its walls, from thence the consul called it Narnia, and it was made of consequence as a Roman colony ; this was not out of favour. The Roman empire was at that time young and weak. The Umbri made incursions that often wounded its security ; Narni stood happily to guard against these inroads, and it was on that account enobled into a colony, and distinguished with a peculiar care.

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The situation which, in regard to the Romans, had so greatly favoured Narni, exposed it to manifold destruction, under the succeeding attacks upon that country. The Visigoths, the Vandals, and the Huns destroyed it over and over in their repeated invasions. All that it suffered under these barbarians was less however than the havoc made by the Venetian troops who were quartered there at the time when pope Clement the seventh was prisoner in the castle of Angelo. Narni was left desolate after this devastation, and it was very long before the inhabitants could be got back again. They were wrong. Things from that time have been on a more peaceful footing; and there is hardly a district in all Italy that better repays the labours of the cultivator than the land to the north of Narni.

L E T T E R LXXIV.

THESE little towns seem intended as so many foils to give additional lustre to that vast and magnificent city to which we are approaching: they were once splendid enough to vie even with Rome; but we see nothing of this, but in the remains of those times. I am now at Otricoli. We have travelled eight miles from Narni though the most horrible roads you can conceive, rugged rocks and steep hills all the way. What must have been the swiftness and the strength of the old Roman horses; Cicero says to Atticus, that a man may reach Terni in three hours from Rome; 'tis not less than ten

posts, and a great part of it over these strange roads; surely there must be a blunder in the copies. Otricoli is a village, a little and a paltry one; it stands where the castle of the old Otriculum stood. About half a mile out of the road, on the right-hand, lie scattered about the sides of the hill remains that speak what that Otriculum once was, which the Persian king supposed, from its superb buildings, to be not a little village, but a part of Rome itself.

The walls yet remain in many places, and in some very intire: they are of brick disposed in the reticulated manner, or in the form of a network. There are some of the magnificent vaults, for which Otricoli was once so famous, yet remaining; and see the uses to which the greatest things may come, they serve to keep sheep in, by way of pens. The whole ground beside is covered with columns of the noblest marble, remains of stately edifices, and huge blocks of granite, in part buried in the earth. There are inscriptions also without number, which point out the place as that spot on which the antique Otriculum stood. This seems to have extended from the hill on which the modern Otricoli stands, over all that space of ground that reaches to the Tiber.

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L E T T E R LXXV.

YOU will excuse the shortness of my last, it was hardly worth the trouble of a post; but we were called upon sooner than I expected to proceed on our journey; and, to confess a truth to you, I was more in a humour to hurry toward the glorious city than to write. I am at this time arrived. I write to you from Rome, but I shall not write concerning Rome. It was evening when we entered, and the plague of searching our baggage at the custom-house took up the little twilight: it was dark before we set down at our inn; but I am glad of an opportunity of finishing all that regards the way towards Rome, before I begin to speak of the city itself.

I sent last from Otricoli. Two miles from that little town we saw a very noble structure, a bridge over the Tiber. Clement VIII. we are told in the inscription, built it; 'tis a very regular and a very magnificent edifice. We had now thirty miles to Rome, and so moderate a part of the day before us, that we could not think of much stopping, as we had many reasons for determining to sleep in Rome. The greatest part of the road was along the famous Flaminian way: 'tis paved with broad, flat, and irregular slabs, of a kind of marble, and is much an honour to the names under which it was finished. The Fescennium, mentioned by all the old Roman authors, lies on this road, the Civita Castellana of the modern Italians. It is a little town whose situation renders it impregnable. It stands upon a rock near the Tiber; the little river Treglia,

supposed the Cremera of the ancients, runs by it also, before it falls into the Tiber. Innocent XII. began, and his successor Clement XI. finished a bridge over this river, which is one of the noblest modern works that Italy has to boast of. It is of a surprising height, and seems to carry on the ancient Flaminian way.

One now is made sensible at every step that one treads on Classic ground. The Soracte is in sight along a great part of the road, and maintains its character from the time of Horace; it is still covered deep with snow on its top, and makes a beautiful appearance. It is very high, and has a look of roundness at the top. The looking up to a covering of snow in the middle of a hot day is a very odd sight; but there is nothing wonderful in it in the reality. The top of the highest mountains being nearer to the sun than the lowest valley is nothing, tho' to us it appears considerable; and all who know how bleak the air is on these eminences in the hottest weather, will not wonder at the winter's snow remaining unthawed there, while every thing is burnt with heat below. Pope Sylvester remained some time concealed on the Soracte, in order to avoid the search of Constantine, and his preservation has sainted the mountain under the name of St. Sylvester; they mispronounce this from Monte San Sylvestro, to Monte Tresto, and from this to Monte Oresto, and Monte Santoresto; and we see it called by all these names in the writings of our tour-makers.

The ancients are full of miraculous stories about this mountain. Pliny tells us of a poisonous spring at the top of it, which boiled when

when the sun shon upon it, and which was fatal to the birds that dipped their beaks into it; but modern observation, they tell me, does not confirm his testimony. The goddess Feronia had a temple and a grove at the foot of it; but I do not hear that any body has ascertained the spot.

I had heard in general of the Campania of Rome, and I don't know how or why, but I had conceived an opinion of it as the delightfulest spot of ground in the world. What was my surprise to find it the most desolate, barren, stinking, and unwholesome spot of ground in the universe. The Campania of Rome extends twenty or thirty miles every way round that city. What pity that so noble a place should be surrounded with such a desert. We entered it soon after we had left Civita Castellana; and we needed not to be told that we had done so, after an account of what we were to see there. The very air is unwholesome and even nauseous; the scent of it strikes one strongly at first entring on it, and one reads the effects in the complexions of the inhabitants. They are all pale, or worse than pale; they have a peculiarly unwholesome livid look, and are all of the appearance of the inhabitants of some infirmary. The Campania of Rome is allowed to be the most unwholesome soil in Europe, perhaps it is the most so in the world. The people of rank I find attribute the bad quality of the place to the scarcity of inhabitants; but I am apt to think it would be proper to ascribe the scarcity of inhabitants to the ill quality of the place; were it otherwise, the neighbourhood of such a city must be crowded.

One would fancy, from the accounts of authors, that it had been at one time much better peopled; nor indeed is this all the testimony we have that it was so: there are scattered about it ruins of many kinds, which declare its once having been so; yet the place seems always to have been as unwholesome. So far back as in the time mentioned by Livy we find the Roman soldiers dreading to be quartered near to Rome; a situation which, but for this objection, would, doubtless, have been of all others, for many reasons, the most eligible. By the by we ought to have no such vast opinion of the old Saturnian realms; this is a part of the ancient Latium.

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L E T T E R LXXVI.

IN what manner shall I begin to write to you from Rome? Of the thousand things, each worthy of more than a single letter, which shall I describe? But to describe only a small part of them is impossible, which shall I first mention to you? What an immense pile is Rome at this time taken in the whole, compared with that Rome which extended no farther than the Palatine mount, and consisted only of a number of huts, for they did not deserve the name of houses, sufficient to lodge a little more than three thousand vagabonds, who were to live by plunder and pillage. Such were the subjects of the ancient Romulus, such their manners, such their quality

ty and fortune, such was the basis on which that enterprising genius founded the Roman empire. One is hardly more surprised that the ancient could rise to all its splendor from such beginnings, than that the modern Rome could fall to what it is from such splendor.

The Mons Querquetulanus or Cælius, and the Mons Quirinalis were added to the Palatine Mount, which contained the whole extent of the earliest Rome, upon the agreement of that people with the Sabines, and by Tullus Hostilius, on the defeat of the Horatii. To the same Hero was owing the taking in the Mons Esquilinus; and his successor Ancus Martius added the Aventine and the Janiculus.

Thus we see Rome, at first a nest of cottages, rising and extending itself in power, and ennobled by conquests. The taking in these hills carried it on both sides the Tiber, and Martius built a bridge over that river. The famous Pons Sublicius defended with so much prowess by Horatius Cocles against Porsenna's army. Paulus Æmilius rebuilt it some ages after; from the original wood he raised it to stone; and from this it was that, long after, the boy emperor Heliogabalus was thrown into the Tiber, for more vices than had stained the reign of any prince before him. What a spectacle, a monarch of eighteen, dragged by his soldiers round the streets of Rome, and tumbled into the river!

To the six hills on which the old Rome stood, and which were joined by this original bridge of Ancus Martius, Tarquinius Priscus joined the Viminalis, the only one of the seven that had
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remained to his time uninhabited. The second Tarquin determined not to be outdone by his predecessor, pulled down the old fence or wall of the city, which was composed of earth and rubbish, and was a very irregular mound from the several additions made to the city; and built a regular, compleat, and noble wall of marble.

This was the ancient Rome. Over these seven hills had it been extended, and with this marble wall was it defended, when the groundwork of all the vast exploits of the Romans was laid by the change of the monarchical into the consular state. Though the Romans at this period found their city so vastly enlarged from its original bounds, they did not content themselves with its circumference as they found it; they added from time to time to its buildings; they inclosed more and more ground; and from one instance to guess at the rest, we may observe, that the Agger Tarquini, a high bank, which Tarquinius Superbus raised on the outside of the city, and, as we are told, running parallel with the walls, is now a great way within what were long after the inclosures of Rome.

After a multitude of additions, we learn from the best authorities of the times, that in the reign of Vespasian the circumference of the city was about thirteen miles. Vopiscus talks of a circumference of fifty miles in the reign of Aurelian; but this is idle and ridiculous. The walls of Rome must at this rate have been extended as far the Porta Prima, eight miles from Rome, on the Flaminian-way, which never was done; or the project of Nero must have been accomplished, to bring the sea-port of Ostia, at

at the mouth of the Tiber, within the walls of Rome; but it is absurd to suppose that either the one or the other of these things ever happened. 'Tis manifest to every careful observer, that the ancient Rome, in its utmost dimensions, never extended far beyond the wall that Belisarius erected round it, after he had recovered the city from the Goths. This we see standing at this time by means of the constant repairs which it has had from time to time: it was originally of brick, and much of the old make and old materials remain. The popes from time to time have built it up wherever it has fallen to decay. The suburbs of Rome, 'tis certain, extended a great way, and stood so close, that they were not only joined with one another, but with Rome itself by the eye that saw them from any distance. I have mentioned to you Hormisdas's taking Otriculum for Rome; Constantine afterwards, in the same place, asked where was the Forum.

The gates of the ancient Rome are among those parts and appendages of it at this time in some measure lost or obscured to us. Pliny tells us there were thirty six; but we can discover the places only of a little more than half that number. The building of new walls has wholly buried some, and different accidents have blotted out the very remembrance of others. Those which remain are not all used, but they may be distinguished at sight by the materials the same with those of the walls, and by that air of nobleness which appears in the ruins. The consuls and emperors at different times erected these. Gracchus alone paved the city in that noble manner; and the great sewer, the remains of which

which at this time shew it to have been an amazing fabrick, was the work of Tarquinius Priscus.

Such was the extent of the old Rome, such its defence, and such its conveniences. Its figure was nearly square ; but that of the present Rome is less regular. Instead of the seven hills on which the old Rome stood, the modern comprehends twelve. The walls of the present Rome are of about the same circumference with the extent of the old Rome in Vespasian's time : they measure thirteen miles ; but we are not to imagine that the city covers all the ground in the inclosure ; two-thirds of the inclosed ground, computing in the most moderate manner, is taken up by gardens and vineyards, and the other third is not close covered with buildings. The inhabitants are computed at about a hundred and fifty thousand ; but this is greatly increased by the strangers who are at all times there in an amazing number.

You will easily conceive, my dear ***, that a city the inclosure of which is thirteen miles, and its buildings hardly four or five, is too big to be strong ; it would be hard to defend it any time against a siege ; but this is not likely to happen to it. The Tiber runs through it, and is often very mischievous ; violent rains, or the melting of snows, make it impetuous in the torrent, and raise it to a vast height ; the lower part of the town frequently suffers by these floods. The communication of the several parts of the town is by five bridges, and the whole city is noble and august beyond any thing I have seen, or expect to see.

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'Tis an odd observation that the hills of the modern Rome are lower than those of the ancient; but 'tis explained when we are told that the present city stands at least fourteen feet higher in the lower parts than the old Rome, on whose ruins it is built. This has been owing to the washing down of the earth of the hills in great quantity into the vallies which lie between them, so that the whole is come much nearer to a level. The grandeur of the ancient Rome astonishes one, as one contemplates the remains of it in the noble ruins scattered all over the face of the present city; but the modern is also august and elegant. The buildings are magnificent, the streets spacious and strait, and the public buildings are all finished on fine plans, and they are as numerous as they are pompous.

Though the hills have sunk in regard to the rest of the city, for indeed at present they hardly deserve the name of hills; yet the whole cluster of them, that is, the whole spot of ground on which the city stands, is one continued eminence. The earth, which, by falling from the hills, has lowered them, has raised the low ground between them and the whole cluster of the twelve, with the intermediate spaces thus filled up, have the effect of one continued eminence in the midst of that plain called the Campania of Rome, which appears a valley; and a very low one, when one looks at the mountains all about it. This earth all about Rome is so level, that the waters have no outlet; and to this is, in a great measure, owing the unwholesomeness of the Campania, their stagnation and putrefaction in the heats tainting the air.

I thought to have said something about the observables in that part of Rome I have already seen ; but you will pardon me ; one thought has introduced another, and I have got to the end of my letter before I have entered on the intended subject of its beginning. I find I have given some general account of the place, however, and you will perhaps think it no improper introduction to what may be said of the particular parts of the new, or remains of the old.

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L E T T E R LXXVII.

THE entrance into this city the way we came is, I am apt to believe, the noblest thing of its kind in the world. As we approached the confines of the town, we passed by ruined towers, and other public buildings on every hand, that shewed we were treading on ground once inhabited by people of the greatest power, and of the greatest taste. Soon after we saw the Tiber, we crossed it by a bridge very antique, but often repaired ; the Pons Milinus, built in the days of Sylla ; the Ponte Molle of the moderns, repaired from time to time, and famous for two victories, that of Constantine over Maxentius, and that of Sephinius Severus over Didius Julianus. From this we entered on the Flaminian-way, and passed along it two miles. 'Tis a strait and noble road, and on each hand all the way there are vineyards, gardens, villas, and some noble buildings. It is impossible to

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conceive a more regular or beautiful approach to a place. We went along this elegant avenue up to the Flaminian-gate of the old Romans, the Porta del Popolo of the moderns, so called from a church and convent of St. Maria del Popolo just within it.

The gate, as it stands at present, is a piece of modern architecture; but is worthy to open the way into the first city in the world. It is a glorious piece of architecture, the work of the two greatest geniuses which the later ages have produced, Michael Angelo and Bernini. There appears in it all the simplicity imaginable; yet through all this, an eye accustomed to architecture cannot fail to discover, at a single glance, all that greatness of taste, and truth of disposition and proportion, which one reverences so highly in the buildings of the ancients, and of which the modern builders have lost all conception. One festoon on this gate, with a couple of plain volutas, has more true beauty than all the ornaments of the palace of Versailles.

Immediately behind this gate, from the street of the Corto, but at some distance, there stands an obelisk, raised by pope Sextus V. This, when one looks upon the gate from this street, has a very pretty effect. In a certain point of view it seems to stand over the very middle of the gate, and has the sweep of the arch for its basis. There is a part of the fields behind Montague-house in London, from whence you see the figure of George the first on the steeple of Bloomsbury church as if a part of that house. The very centre of the roof seems the basis of the figure, and you would swear

that it was an ornament set up on the top of it: I have wondered that those who built that house did not erect a summer-house in some one of the points of view, from which that part of another building was made so perfectly a part of theirs. 'Tis just with this obelisk and gate as with that statue and house. They fit one another so happily in certain points of view, that they must be taken for one building. Immediately on entering this noble gate, we are received into a superb area, surrounded with a piazza: in the middle there is a fountain, and we look forward upon two churches, so handsome, and so greatly alike, that they are called the Twins, *le Gemelle*. We have also in full view the Corto, or principal street in Rome, and two other very elegant ones. The first is so large and spacious, that it serves the people of quality, in the manner of our ring; they take the air in it in an evening in their coaches. The obelisk in this piazza is a very noble one; it is Ægyptian, and covered with hieroglyphicks. 'Tis granate, exactly that kind, of which Dr. Mead has a table in his gallery, and lord Burlington two, at his villa of Chiswick. You have heard of the infinite pains it cost to polish those three slabs, and of the price of the workmanship, what would have been the expence of cutting such an immense block into form, and covering its outside with figures! 'tis scarce conceivable how they have done it. Augustus Cæsar first placed this in the Circus Maximus, and dedicated it to the sun: this appears by an inscription on its base; Sextus Quintus, as I before observed, fixed it where it is, and he dedicated it to the holy cross. I observed that the church of St. Maria del Populo stands at the side of the piazza. The inscription of the pious

pope alludes to this, and to the old inscription : the sense of it is, " I now rise more majestic and more joyful before the holy temple of her, from whose virgin womb the sun of Righteousness arose in the Reign of Augustus Cæsar."

Sextus Quintus has left many remembrances not only of his power and riches, but of his good taste in the modern Rome. The Strada Felice, a street so named from that name by which he was called before his exaltation in the church, owes its beauty to him ; as also do many of the better streets among the others. Those which he had the conducting of are quite strait and regularly built, and this in particular is two miles long, to bring it from the French convent on the Pincian mount to the church of St. John Lateran ; but the view is intercepted, though agreeably, about the midway, by the church of St. Mary Maggiore. The Strada de Portapha crosses this : it is as strait as the other, and where they cross there are four fountains, the corner of each of them adorned with a water nymph. This street is terminated at one end by the Paptapia, and at the other by a fine view of two colossal statues of Alexander taming Bucephalus.

The place which was the old Campus Martius stands about the middle of the present city. It retains its antique name; they call it Campo Marzo, is all of it well built, and the houses stand close ; but the streets that run toward the walls afford you, in many places, gardens and vineyards instead of houses. Toward the extremities of these streets, and in other places at the same distance from the centre of the city, there are what the possessors of them call villas,

within the inclosure of the walls. These are indeed *rues in urbe*, all is open ground about them. The walls themselves are of brick, and they make an irregular appearance, having been patched and mended at different periods; but they are kept intire: there are a number of towers on them, and the whole has the just appearance of the old Roman inclosure. When one looks upon these walls, of such extent, and so repaired through such a series of successive ages, would one conceive, that he who built them was afterwards a beggar? Perhaps the story that represents the General asking alms in his decayed age exaggerates the Roman ingratitude; but be that as it will, Bellisarius was ill rewarded.

I have given you a Sketch of Rome. Such is its extent, such the disposition of its streets, such the fortifications, and such the ground immediately within them. You will remember that the streets are full of palaces, and the whole city of churches, that do honour to the modern, and of ruins that immortalize the old architecture; and you will have a view at once of what Rome is, and of what it was when Mistress of the World.

L E T T E R LXXVIII.

I Have been conversing with the dead of a thousand ages backward; I have been reading the arts and opulence of people whose names are no more heard of in the most legible and most certain

certain characters their works, and the remains of their full splendor. Do not imagine that, because we are in Rome, we are limited to Roman antiquities ; here are remains of dignity and splendor among those who were at their full glory before the Romans were a people.

I have spent the morning among the earliest of these ; Rome abounds with obelisks, of which nothing more is Roman than some inscription to tell us who brought them hither, or who, and to what purpose, placed them where they stand, or where they stood. Nothing can dispute the claim with these to the earliest antiquity ; they are all of Ægyptian workmanship, and many of them are undoubtedly coæval with the pyramids. The Roman emperors of taste signalized themselves for it by the respect they paid to these monuments of the primæval times. The labour, the expence of removing them from the banks of the Nile to those of the Tiber were vast, the difficulty insurmountable by spirits less resolute than those who undertook the task. These were the first ornaments of the old city : before Vespasian's amphitheatre was thought of, or Agrippa had planned his Pantheon, the streets and squares abounded with these, and the general voice declared them the noblest ornaments that could enrich them.

It were endless to enumerate all that the modern Rome shews of this early splendor ; you will have some idea of the value set on them, by the pains it cost to procure some that I have been examining. They are all of granite, one of the hardest stones, and one of the most beautiful in the world, and, though of this immense mag-

nitude, they are intire, and each cut out of a single stone. The quarries are in Ægypt, but at a great distance from the places where the pillars were erected in that country. It was the work of years, and of multitude of hands, to form them, and of as many to remove them. To have drawn the blocks to the places where they were to stand, would have been loading the carriages with yet more weight than their own. They were hewn at the quarry, and the polishing and engraving was all that remained to be done upon the spot. If it was a pride to the Ægyptian monarchs to have removed these immense masses of rock from so remote a part of their own dominions: what idea would they have formed of the Roman hardiness, which should have prompted them to carry 'em thence over seas to such a distance !

The glorious obelisk which stands at this time over-against the Lateran church was originally the pride of Hieropolis, set up at an immense expence by one of the old Ægyptian kings. Constantine laid the design of getting it to Rome, and he succeeded so far as to get it down to Alexandria ; his death defeated the progress of the undertaking. Constantius, unwilling that so noble a design of his father's should be frustrated, succeeded in the bringing it to Rome. It was the lading of a galley of three hundred oars, and when it arrived at Rome, was erected at one end of the Circus Maximus.

I have found it impossible to end my gazing upon it. Some accident has cracked it, otherwise it is entire ; the height is a hundred and twenty-six feet, including the pedestal ; the bulk
pro-

proportionable. . . Conceive such a mass of solid gem, for it is little less, wrought to this perfection, and you will not wonder that Senefertus is immortalized for having ordered the work. The name of this king fixes the date of this piece of workmanship: it must have been made about the time of Pythagoras's travelling into that part of the world.

I have mentioned the obelisk of the Porta del Popolo, 'tis the second in beauty. This, as well as that, was dedicated to the sun; and it is to the public spirit of Sextus Quintus that we owe the seeing them where they now stand. Fontana had the conduct of the work in erecting them in these places.

We are not well informed of the history of the others; probably Augustus deserves the honour of having brought them to Rome; the success at Actium gave him means and opportunity. I must not omit to mention, among the remains of those which gave me the most pleasure, the broken obelisk of the Barbarini palace. Urban VIII. placed it where it is, it before stood in the Hippodrome, or Circus of Caracalla. The Ludovisian gardens, the Horti Sallustii of the ancients, shew the remains of another; 'tis in about the same condition with that of the Barbarini Palace, but has been larger: this has been dedicated to the moon. The obelisk of the Piazza Navona probably stands where it originally did, this very spot having been of old the place of the Circus Agonalis.

There are more or less intire remains of such as astonish us with their magnitude; but there

is not less fund for admiration in the smaller. There is a little obelisk which gives me great pleasure; the skill of Bernini has raised this in a most beautiful manner upon the back of an elephant over-against la Minerva. It was found near the same place, among some ruins, supposed to have belonged to a temple of Isis. The obelisk of the Villa Medici is also an elegant one. The gardens of this palace take in the spot on which there once stood a famous temple of the sun. This was probably first erected where it now stands; 'tis said in the reign of Tarquin the Proud. These severally have done honour to the names under whose direction they were set up; but there yet remains one to be spoken of in another kind of language.

When I add that the obelisk which I mean is that brought to Rome by Augustus, and erected in the Campus Martius; when I say it remains, I have no more to say about it. 'Tis buried under loads of earth, and serves for the foundation of several houses. I paid a cobbler for leave to descend into his stall, to see the only part of it at this time visible. What was a glory to Rome, an honour to the great Augustus, shews itself no where but as a wall of the miserable, the subterraneous shed of this poor mechanic. O glory what art thou! The part of it visible in the face of this wall is very entire; indeed the hardness of the stone renders it incapable of decay or of injuries. 'Tis a beautiful granite, and the figures are cut deeper and more beautifully on it than on any other that I have seen.

This is that obelisk which Pliny tells us contained the total system of the Ægyptian philosophy.

lofophy. Auguftus ordered the area in which it stood to be paved in figures by way of a fun-dial, and Manilius had the conduct of the work. This glorious remain of the Ægyptian and of the Roman fplendor was difcovered in the time of Julius III ; but he left it as he found it. The great Sixtus, who fucceeded him, and to whom we owe the many monuments of public fpirit I have already mentioned, was not wanting on his part in regard to this. He gave the chevalier Fontana his commiffion to raife it ; but that architect found it, on examination, of fo immense a weight, that he did not chufe to rifque fo much honour and expence as were neceffary on fo uncertain a fcheme.

The Ægyptian hiftory and theology is engraved on all thefe in their characters the hieroglyphicks, and they are all of the fame figure, fuppofed to have been given them to represent a ray of the fun, becaufe the deity of their worfhip, to whom they were dedicated. But there are two different from all the others in this, that they have no characters or figures upon them. Thefe originally ftood, one of them in Nero's Circus, and the other in the maufoleum of Auguftus. It was placed there as the moft permanent of all poffible records of his memory. 'Tis faid, by fome, that the afhes of that illuftrious emperor were preferved at the top of it, in an urn of pure gold ; but whether that were the cafe or not, it certainly was erected in that place to his memory, and was a noble monument of the man who had conquered Ægypt.

L E T T E R LXXIX.

FROM the oldest of all remains of antiquity, give me leave, my dear **** to drop into the mention of what I take to be the finest and most perfect work of ancient times that Rome, and after that I need not say that the world, has to boast. One is astonished to hear that Agrippa planned, designed, founded and perfected the Pantheon. Less than an emperor has the honour of having begun and finished the greatest building of the world. A private Roman was able to leave behind him a monument of taste and of expence, which shames the pride of kings. The term sounds oddly; but we know that Agrippa was considerable enough, by the near relation in which he stood to Augustus, and, as the merit of his peculiar virtues, to have coins struck to him; an honour allowed in that time only to the emperor, empress, and their adopted children.

The Pantheon, notwithstanding that it is the finest and most perfect remain of the antique, has undergone some alteration since it was originally built. So much remains of the old splendor, however, as to eclipse every thing even in Rome. Nothing can be conceived more superb than the great portico at the entrance: it is supported by sixteen pillars of beautiful granite, each of not less than five feet in diameter, and each of an intire piece, as are also the pilasters. The order is the Corinthian. Upon the frieze in the front there is an inscription in very large capitals, to tell us that Agrippa built the edifice when he was for the third time consul.

On

On each side the entrance into the temple there is a large niche ; in the one of these originally stood a colossal statue of Agrippa, and in the other one, of the same size, of his father-in-law Augustus. The portico was originally covered with Corinthian brass ; but that was taken away by pope Urban VIII. to make the brazen pillars at St. Peter's. The covering of the roof, which was of the same metal, met with a like fate ; it was transported by one of the emperors to Constantinople. They tell me that Desgetz, a Frenchman, was at the pains to measure the several pillars of the portico, and that he found a difference in their dimensions ; but, if it be so, 'tis imperceptible to the eye, and is therefore of no consequence. The grandeur is too vast to leave the mind at leisure to examine the accuracy. It was a true French genius that could measure them, and the discovery was a proper reward for his pains.

I mentioned to you, in a late letter, the change of the face of things in Rome, from the earth of the hills having been washed down, and the low parts between being raised by it. It is no where so evident that the ground on which the modern Rome stands is raised to a considerable height above that on which stood the ancient, as at this temple. There was formerly an ascent of nine steps into the portico ; but now we descend into it. The steps were once entirely obliterated by this alteration ; but Clement XI. was at the expence of clearing away a good deal of the earth in the piazza before the temple, and of shewing some of the old steps by which people ascended to it.

A brazen gate opens to admit one from the portico into the temple itself, and the door-case is of one entire piece of marble. It is fifty feet in height, and nearly half as much in breadth. What a block must it have been to furnish it! what a taste to attempt the cutting it! what art to succeed!

The round figure of this temple, from which it is at present called the Rotunda, gives it a very singular, and at the same time a very noble look; and there is something very solemn and awful in the enlightening of it, which is all done from a large opening in the crown of the vault; for there are no windows. This opening, in spite of all contrivances, will let in wet in bad weather; but 'tis of little consequence, nothing that can be injured is placed immediately under it; the altars are all round the sides. Agrippa dedicated it to Jupiter and all the gods; at present it is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and all the saints. There were originally statues of the heathen deities disposed all round it: of what kind of workmanship these were we may guess by the Venus of Medicis, which was one. At present the figures of saints and martyrs stand in their places. We may have some farther idea of the magnificence of this temple in every respect from another circumstance relating to this Venus. The world has heard of the pearl which Cleopatra dissolved and drank; the fellow to it is said to have hung in the ear of this statue.

The floor of the Pantheon is paved in the most pompous manner with marble; not with the common, but the most costly kinds. In the centre

centre is a vast round slab of porphyry, which has a hole through it, to let down the water from the opening at top. The great altar stands opposite to the gate of the temple, and there are on each side three lesser, taking up all the space from the great one to the door, at regular distances. All these are placed in hollowed spaces running beyond the line of the general circle, and they make so many chapels. At the entrance of each there is, on either side, a noble pillar and pilasters of antique yellow marble; they are of the Corinthian order fluted, and the capitals and base are of white marble; they support the great entablature that goes round. Above this the wall is plain; but though there are no ornaments that project there, there are representations of the orders of architecture inlaid in the marble. They call this part the tamburro or drum of the building. From the top of this tamburro springs the vault. This makes the upper-half of the temple, as the pillars and tamburro do the lower-half. This is divided into quadrangular compartments hollowed, and the ribs which project between them terminate in the round of the opening at top.

Between each of the altars round the sides that go beyond the circle, there are others that stand within it: these lesser ones have the pillars, entablature, and frontispiece of porphyry, the antique, yellow, and other rich marbles; and their flat parts are also encrusted with marble. Part of the encrusting marble, in some of the altars, had been taken down; and there are, in some of the niches, only models of the statues that are to stand there, but all this, as well as the great altar are to be finished. Clement XI. was at the pains of
having

having all the marble of the building cleaned, and it makes a glorious appearance to this hour.

I told you of the Frenchman who measured the pillars in front; his piddling genius led him to take the same pains about the floor: he found the difference of an inch and five twentieths of an inch in the different measures of a pavement of one hundred and thirty-three feet in diameter. You will honour the discoverer of such an imperfection in such a building.

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L E T T E R LXXX.

IF I would be as particular in describing every remain of antiquity as I have been about the Pantheon, I must write you volumes. I had an ambition to give you as distinct an idea as possible of that greatest remain of Roman splendor: but in this light I have not done them justice in mentioning only what there is; it is necessary to add what there was of it, so far as the fragments yet in being can discover to us. At the top of the portico was the figure of Agrippa, in a triumphal chariot: we may know what kind of workmanship was bestowed on this by the head of the great man, a foot of one of the horses, and a wheel of the chariot, all of brass. These were dug up near the Pantheon, in the days of Eugene VI. The two lions which are now at the fountain of Aquafelice, and are of the antique black marble, formerly stood on each side of the entrance into the temple.

ple; they are curious pieces of sculpture: and in front was a vast basin of porphyry, still preserved, and worthily admired by all who see it. When we know what is the Venus of Cleopatra, which has been preserved from the ruins of this temple, what are we to think of the irreparable loss of another statue, the Minerva of Phidias, which once was there! A statue which was the subject of such exaggerated praise among all the writers of the time; which was the model of all greatness in those days, and which was always produced as the great instance of the genius of that wonderful master, who threw into his statues more than the forms of mortal creatures. This was the statue concerning which the orator burst forth into the exclamation, How could he describe in this sublime manner the figure of a goddess, when he had not seen her!

When I am speaking of what has been, but is no longer, I cannot but mention the other great work of this great man Agrippa, his baths, which we are told were almost contiguous to the Pantheon. There scarce remains any thing of them at this time. Some pillars of immense bigness were many years ago dug up in a spot near the Pantheon; they were of green marble, of a great length, and six feet in diameter, and each made out of a single piece. The great basin of the Porta del Popolo, and it is indeed a noble one, was cut out of the pedestal of one of these pillars, people have supposed them to have belonged to Nero's baths; but they were certainly a part of Agrippa's.

The martyr Bibiana has a church dedicated to her, which is also a very venerable piece of antiquity.

tiquity. It has been called the Callucci, a word seemingly formed from the names of Caius and Lucius, grandsons of Augustus; and probably the temple, in the original, was dedicated to those two young Cæsars. 'Tis small, and in figure a decagon: 'tis called also Minerva Mediceï; but it seems to have been a little Pantheon, with nine altars to nine of the principal deities of the time, the door, as in the Pantheon, taking up the space of one. The antiquity is not all one admires here. Bernini has left the finest of all his works in this church; 'tis a statue of St. Bibiana in white marble, a piece second to very few modern productions of the chissel. The body of the saint lies under the altar; 'tis in a vase of oriental alabaster, brought from the mausoleum of Augustus. Cortana and Ciampilli have given the history of the saint in fine painting in fresco, on each side of the church, above the pillars. They shew also with great veneration the stone to which she was tied, when whipped to death.

In the old Via Sacra, between the arch of Severus and the church of St. Maria and Nuova, stands a portico of the ancient fabric, which is, next to that of the Pantheon, the most perfect in the world. It was erected by the emperor Aurelius to the honour of his father and mother-in-law. There is an inscription upon the frieze, in vast characters, Divo Antonino, & divæ Faustinae. The order is the Corinthian, and the pillars are glorious ones. The vast blocks of marble also which compose the entablature are admired by every body. They are of the Grecian marble, and very perfect. The little church of St. Lorenzo stands upon part of the ground

ground once covered by the temple to which this portico belonged. Cortona has left a fine St. Laurence in it; and Dominichini had left a St. Andrew, one of the first-rate pictures in Italy; but the cavalier Vanui has retouched the piece, and made it his own by the strokes. One sees what it was; but it is impossible to suppress one's indignation at what it is.

Just by this venerable remain stands the little round temple dedicated to Romulus and Remus by Cervilius, and once enriched with the spoils of the Samnites, on occasion of the conquest of whom the temple was erected. 'Tis small; but the early period at which it was built gives it a title to attention. It has been repaired by Severus, and since his time. At present it is dedicated to St. Cosmus and St. Damian; but they were brothers as well as Romulus and Remus; and, if you will believe some at Rome, much more considerable people. There has been a sort of honesty in the old popes; when they alienated these temples from the personages they had been dedicated to, they always kept up some remembrance of the original patron in the name or circumstances of the new one; these were two brothers. The temple of Hercules Alexianus was dedicated to St. Alexis; that where the old Palladium was kept, is that of Andrea in Pallara; the temple of Juno Matuca, is that of St. Andrea in Mentuccia; the Sancta Maria a Bufti Gallici stands where the Gauls that plundered Rome were slain and buried by Camillus; and the Curtian Lake is now taken up by the church of Sancta Maria libera nos a pœnis inferi.

You have been told of the remains of the temple of Peace : I have been told of them also ; but what I had heard gave me no idea of what they are. The temple is celebrated as the finest of all those of the old Rome next to the Pantheon ; and what I have been just viewing of its remains speaks as much. Vespasian built it immediately after the taking of Jerusalem, and the spoils of the temple there were brought to it. The length of this building was three hundred feet, its breadth two hundred. It was highly finished without, and the whole inner surface was covered with plates of brass gilt. The vaults of it which remain at this time are hollowed in compartments in the manner of the Pantheon. What remains of it at this time consists only of three of these great arches, or vaults. It stands near the Via Sacra ; and the height, the solidity, the excellent workmanship of these remains declare the whole to have been august, and finished in the highest degree. Nor are these all : the noble column that now stands in the place before the church of St. Maria Maggiore once belonged to it ; and all that we see of its remains justify Plihy in that pompous description which he has left us of it. The temple, when intire, must indeed have been very glorious. The very ground on which it stood was famous : it was built upon the ruins of Livias Portico, on the same ground that the antique Basilic Portico of Cato stood upon. The materials were from the destruction of Nero's golden house. 'Tis not necessary, after this, to say they were the most sumptuous. It was supported only by eight pilasters, each of which had a Corinthian pillar to answer it. That
before

before the church of St. Maria Maggiore is one of them. The dimensions of the rest will be guessed at, when you shall have heard that all the immense group which is of a piece with the Alexander Farnese in the palace of that family, was made out of a fragment of one of them.

Among the superb ornaments of this temple was a figure of the Nile, with sixteen children about it, to express the number of cubits of that river's rising. This was so considerable as to be taken notice of by Pliny; but if it deserved that vast praise which we see bestowed upon it, that in the pope's gardens at the Belvidere must be a copy, but a good one: Before it stood a colossal statue of Apollo. It was covered and enriched with ornaments, and borrowed no common lustre from the spoils of the Jewish temple. This was destroyed by lightning in the reign of Commodus. Much of the Jewish treasure escaped this conflagration; yet it was doomed to another species of destruction: Gesneric the Vandal king carried it off; but the ship, in which the greater part of it was embarked, perished on the coast of Africa.

Rome abounds with other Pagan temples; and many of them are round; there are two behind the church of Santa Maria Nuova, near the temple of Peace, supposed to have been dedicated to Serapis and Isis. And adjoining to St. Agnes, a little way without the Porta Pia, the Porta Viminalis of the ancients, stands that dedicated to Bacchus. This is at present a very august ruin: it has been a most superb building. The vault of this temple is supported on the inside

by twenty-four noble pillars. They are of the Corinthian order, and of oriental granite. There are seen the remains of another range of them on the outside ; this consisted of forty, but little is left of them. The mosaics on the roof are extremely beautiful ; they are full of the ornaments of the deity, and vine-leaves and clusters hang from every part. There is in particular a cart loaded with grapes in one part, a most excellent thing. These fine representations have been in part destroyed by the zealous rage of a cardinal, who thought them indecent as Pagan superstitions ; but, in many places, the mischief has been in some degree repaired by paintings, where the materials are knocked off. I saw in this temple a remain of the Roman indefatigability in what they undertook, superior, I think, to any thing I have met with. 'Tis an immense vase, with its cover, a sarcophagus ; 'tis of porphyry, and is hewn intirely out of one block ; the length is eight feet, the breadth five and a half, the height more than four. The cover is two feet thick, and is also of one piece, and seems hewn from the same part of the original block with the body. When you have sufficiently exercised your admiration on a vessel of this kind, cut from so hard a stone, add to it the wonder of its being adorned with festoons and boys in high relief, and in great abundance. They are not elegantly done ; but the doing them at all on such a stone, astonishes and amazes one. The body of Constantia, daughter of Constantine, they say, was deposited in this. There are those, and they pretend to taste too, who assert, that the sarcophagus was made for this purpose, and that the temple is no more than her

her mausoleum ; but the work is of earlier date ; there needs no farther confutation.

Among the round temples built by the old Romans, I must mention also that of Vesta. They call it at present the church of St. Stefano di Cacco. It stands on the banks of the Tiber. Numa built it near his own house, which was at the foot of the Palatine-hill. This is of the Pantheon kind, open at the top ; the order is Corinthian ; but it has been rebuilt since the original of Numa, probably by Augustus.

Camillus founded the temple of Concord, the noblest model of the Ionic extant in Europe ; but this, like that of Vesta, has been rebuilt. The neighbourhood of the Capitol exposed this lesser pile to repeated mischiefs. The senators, toward the end of the consular state, used to assemble in it ; and it was here sentence was passed upon Cethegus and Lentulus, as concerned with Catiline.

On each side of this building there stood a temple to Jupiter ; but in different capacities. Romulus built the one to Jupiter Stator, in the spot where his people made a stand against the Sabines ; and Augustus erected the other to Jupiter Tonans, in consequence of his having escaped a flash of lightning that destroyed a servant just by him. This once august pile is in a very unfavourable place ; the remains of it are buried deeper and deeper every year under the earth ; that every shower washes down upon it from the hill of the Campi doglio. The freeze is yet visible, and shews a fine representation of the thunder-bolt. The Jupiter Tonans of Laera

is a noble structure, though not comparable to that which immortalized Phidias, and which stood over the portal of this temple; what is now become of it none knows. We owe to Pliny also the knowledge that there was a famous group, by Enfrenor, of Apollo and Diana in the arms of their mother. It was in the temple of concord; but no more remains of it than of the other. But to return to what yet remains.

There is a noble portico of the Ionic order to the temple of Fortuna Virilis. The same order is continued along the sides; but only one half of the pillar there projects from the wall: the temple is an oblong. The temple of Minerva at Athens was of this kind; but the colonnade was continued regularly all round the sides.

There are an antique Mosaic pavement, and some pillars of different orders, worth notice in the Templum Pudicitiae Patriciae, now the church of St. Mary in Cosmedin; but the whole has a patched and irregular appearance. The Bocca della Verita, so celebrated by writers of different times, stands at an end of the portico. 'Tis a vast broad face in a round stone, the eyes, nostrils, and mouth are perforated. It was originally an emblem of the Jupiter Ammon, and stood in his temple. Great veneration was paid to it, and a kind of sacred test made by it in matters of concealed crimes. The suspected person was to put his hand into the mouth, and if he roared, he was declared guilty; if not, innocent. The priest determined the cause behind; if he thought him guilty, he burnt his fingers with a red-hot iron; if innocent, he let them alone. The people believed it a constant and standing miracle.

Tru-

Trubretti will not allow the Bocca the honour of ever having belonged to Jupiter : he says it was only the covering of some common sewer, and these perforations made to let through the water. The face he will have to be of the Nile, and the supposed horns of Jupiter Ammon crabs claws.

The temple of Saturn, in the Campo Vaccino, once also the Roman Treasury, yet remains tolerably entire. 'Tis now the church of St. Adrian; and the St. John of Lateran has run away with its old brazen gates.

Upon the whole, I do not know any where to have met with such a scene of collected antiquities as in this Campo Vaccino; 'tis what was of old the Via Sacra. At one end of it stands part of the ancient Capitol, and just below that, is the arch of Septimius Severus; along the sides stand the several temples I have been mentioning, and at the other end is the arch of Titus. Confess to me whether you do not wish yourself transported, even from dear England, for a few hours at least, and set down in the midst of this most glorious scene. But I have not told you all that is in sight there. Just by the arch of Titus is the Palatine Mount, and about it are seen the remains of many palaces which stood in the neighbourhood of that of the Augusti. A very little way beyond the arch of Titus appears that of Constantine on one hand, and on the other the amphitheatre of Vespasian, all the rest meet the eye together. If I took some pains, my dear ****, to give you before some general idea of the modern Rome, this may serve as some kind of image of the old. * * *

L E T T E R LXXXI.

I Am amazed, my dear ****, how I have crowded into so small a compass as that of my last, call it but the bare mention of, so many things. I have done with the temples of the ancients; I think I have mentioned all of them: but there are yet a number of remains of public buildings of the old Romans to be spoken of. The baths of Caracalla demand an early mention among these; they stand in the Aventine Quarter upon the Appian-way. There was a palace built by the same emperor, and contiguous to them; but 'tis not easy now to fix the spot on which it stood. Many acres of ground are covered with the ruins; but to say what part of them belonged to any particular part of the building is impossible. Some of the finest antiques in Rome have been dug up here; nor is the store exhausted. The Farnesian Hercules was found here; the Dirce also, and many other groups and single figures and vases of different kinds, particularly two vast basins of granite, that now stand before the grand Farnese. You have seen a column represented on some of Caracalla's coins; it was erected in memory of his success against the Britons. This column is yet in being; it was set up at these baths, and it is now at Florence. Clement VII. occasioned it to be carried thither. It stands in one of the principal streets, not far from the great bridge over the Arno. What these baths were we must learn from the accounts given of them by people who had seen them: these tell us, that between two and three thousand people might conveniently bathe in them at

a time ; and the remains speak as much. Olympiodorus affirms, that there were no less than sixteen hundred chairs of marble at these baths. The porphyry chairs at the Lateran, which have given occasion to the idle story of groping a new pope, are of the number ; and the holes in their bottoms were for the conveniency of letting through the water. There was a temple to Isis built also by Caracalla close to the baths ; 'tis quite lost to remembrance ; the church of St. Sixtus stands over the spot.

Behind the convent of St. Pietro in Vincoli we yet see some ruins of the Baths of Titus Vespasian ; but it is not here that we must learn what and how great they were. Under the Esquiline mount I have been examining what they call the Settee Sale ; vaults consisting of nine corridors that are divided into two stories, and had vistas cut through them, by means of several doors that answered to one another in a right line. These magnificent ruins are no more than part of a reservoir that furnished water to the baths. These baths have been the storehouses as it were of most of the fine antiques : the Laocoon of the Vatican was dug here. In those of Adrian, which are not very far from these, the famous Antinous was dug ; and in the year 1565, an immense treasure was found among the ruins of those of Titus. It consisted of innumerable intaglias cameos, and small figures wrought in agate and other precious stones.

The baths of Dioclesian take up a great deal more space even than Caracalla's ; but they do not make so august an appearance. They are now more ruinous, and the buildings have been originally

originally more scattered. Forty thousand Christians, we are told, were fourteen years at work upon this vast fabrick, and two-thirds of them murdered by fatigue and famine during the time. Their form appears to have been an oblong square, with a cupola at each angle. One of these stands yet, and serves as a chapel to some monks. The church of the Carthusian cloyster was part of one of the wings of this vast fabrick. There are eight pillars of granite, which support it, larger than those of the Pantheon. They have been collected from different parts of the old fabric, for they are not all of a size. Some hundreds of other very fine ones, though not equal to these in size, have been also at one time or other carried thence. Eighteen of the choicest busts of the grand Farnesean were discovered in a vault under this ground, by a fellow who was digging the foundation of a hut there. Beside the bathing-rooms, there were always schools, academics, and noble apartments in these buildings; though, from their general use, they were called *Thermæ*.

The baths of Constantine on the *Mons Quirinalis* stood where now are the gardens of the constable Colonna. I was astonished at an immense fragment of a Corinthian entablature there; 'tis cut out of one block of Grecian marble; the size amazing.

It is astonishing that, after all the expense of these vast buildings, there yet required another to make them fit for use. The aqueducts by which they were supplied were in general more magnificent and costly works than the baths themselves. The two principal of these were the *Aqua Appia*, and the *Aqua Martia*. Appius Claudius

Claudius brought the first eleven miles, from the hills of Fiescati to the port of Caena, and thence carried it on under the Aventine and Claudian Mount: remains of the work are to be seen there at this day. It furnished twenty canals along the streets of Rome; but if this surprises, what must be the world's astonishment at the other. The Marcian had the springs in the country of Piligni for its source. The immediate distance was thirty-five miles; but its necessary turnings and windings made it no less than sixty before it fell into the aqueduct that conveyed it to the city, and this alone was nine miles in length, and carried all the way upon arches in the manner of an immense bridge. With what astonishment must one look upon the remains of such a work; but they are too palpable proofs of its having been executed, to leave the suspicion of fable upon the writers who have told us of it. Ancus Martius laid the foundation of this wonderful work; and Q. Marcius, prætor to Agrippa and Nerva, finished it. The water came in at the Esquiline gate, and sent out near them fifty canals to different parts of the city. This aqueduct supplied Dioclesian's as the Appian did Caracalla's baths; and the vent-holes, which let air into the several parts of it, are yet to be seen in form of so many deep wells, on the mountains of Tagliacozzi, and in other places at a considerable distance from Rome.

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L E T.

L E T T E R LXXXII.

IT is an odd method I have taken to speak of the grandeur of the ancient Rome. If I were an author, people would laugh to see me come to triumphal arches after aqueducts; but you must give me leave to think the Marcian work, be what will its subject, one of the greatest undertakings in the world.

We are told of more than ten triumphal arches that once dignified and ornamented the old Rome; but there are only four of them to attract the eye at present, and one of those hardly deserves to be included in the number. Let me mention them to you in the order in which I saw them. I was led by its antiquity to that of Titus: it is not the most noble or elegant of them; but it was the first. Triumphs had been in use at Rome from the very days of Romulus; and Camillus, Fabius, and some others in the consular times, had perpetuated the memory of the noblest achievements during their time, as Lewis XIV. has since done those of his on the Porte de St. Dennis, &c. by trophies and ornaments on the gates of their city, and by erecting gates on these occasions. These buildings have been confounded with the triumphal arches by some antiquaries, if such as were capable of the blunder may be allowed that name; but undoubtedly the building pompous and noble arches on these occasions, which served for no other purpose than commemorating them, was not in custom at these times.

These

These are the arches under which the victor made his public entry into the city. Those of Severus and of Constantine, for Gallien's, which is called a fourth, is worth little notice, consist of each three arches, a large one in the middle, through which the victor entered, and a smaller on each side. This of Titus has only one; it consists of no more than one vast sweep. Within the arch there are three noble bas-reliefs; one over head, and one on each side: that on the left-hand, going through toward the Campo Vaccino, gives the true figures of the ornaments of the Jewish temple, things of which we can no other way have any tolerable idea: the table of shew-bread, and the golden candlestick, of which we read in the Scripture, are figured here. The others are equally elegant, and highly finished.

The senate and people of Rome erected the arch of Septimius Severus, in honour to that emperor, and to his son Caracalla: it stands at the very entrance of the Campo Vaccino, part of the old Via Sacra. We are not to confound this with the portico of Severus, mentioned by the old authors. The victories and triumphs of that emperor were recorded we find upon that, as they are upon this arch; but there is now no remain of that structure, nor have we so much as a guess at the part of the city in which it stood.

There have been, as I observed, people who have confounded porticos and triumphal arches; but I need not again put you in mind of their difference. The arch of Severus has suffered less on the outside,
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and in the building in general than that of Titus ; but it is singular that the bas-reliefs in that of Titus, though so much older, are better preserved. Spartianus has suspected, that the bas-reliefs and ornaments which appear upon this arch were brought from some more ancient structure. He thinks them too good for the time of Severus ; but this is without all foundation. There are silver coins of Severus, on the reverse of which is this arch as a new work ; and it is evident, on the slightest inspection, that the ornaments must have been cut on purpose for the places in which they stand ; one distinguishes that they don't fit, in places where it is otherwise. We see this most obviously indeed in the arch of Constantine ; the ornaments of that noble pile were in great part brought from Trajan's forum, and we may see where they have been cut to bring them in, and where they are not enough for their place : but more than all this, the subjects of these are incidents in the reign of Severus ; there must have been a spirit of prophecy in any body that could have described them thus at an earlier time.

The victories of Severus over the Parthians and Armenians, and the vanquishing Albinus, his rival in the empire, were the principal occasion of this triumphal arch ; but when we recollect the situation in which he must have stood with his subjects, we are not to look upon its being an act of the senate and people, however pompously those words may sound as proof that it was an act of their choice. Severus did not want good qualities ; but even his gratitude to the Antonine family, who had raised him from nothing, could not be pleasing to the people, who hated Commodus,

modus, and with reason, when it urged him to cause divine honours to be paid him. Beside, the cruelty of his nature must have rendered love impossible; the number of Patrician families he destroyed, must have made him odious to the rest; and the throwing the bodies of Albinus's wife and children into the Rhone, after he had murdered them, was a method of extirpating the race that fullies all his glories.

Constantine's arch is vastly the finest of the three. It consists of a great opening in the middle, and a smaller on each side, in the manner of that of Severus. It stands near that of Titus, and when the eye is at first carried from one of them to the other, the latter makes but a poor figure; but, on close examination, there is a purity and uniformity in that of Titus that charm me. I do not set it at all upon a level with that of Constantine in grandeur; but 'tis entire and regular: and the beauty and magnificence of the other are in some degree lost upon me, when I see them the effect of a kind of botch-work. Another thing that hurts me extremely in this splendid edifice is, the vast difference between the style of the old and that of the later work. It is chiefly made up of the parts of Trajan's forum, which stood where his pillar now stands; but the necessity of completing some parts of the arch where the materials were different, and the equal necessity of adding some part of the story of the emperor to whose honour it was erected, made those who erected it employ the artists of that time in what appear now as parts of its ornaments. In Trajan's time sculpture flourished; in Constantine's it was at a low ebb; and consequently one easily distinguishes

guishes the work of that time from the rest, and is vexed at the apparent inequality. Whatever immediately regards Constantine's story is indeed poor in the greatest degree; what was of the time of Trajan is as remarkably august.

You will distinguish nothing of this in the print of the arch. Rossi, Constantine is much obliged to him, has made his miserable bas-reliefs as pompous and as elegant as Trajan's; but this is not the first proof I have had that there is no way to form any idea of these things but by seeing them. What gave me most offence was, to see Trajan's victories forced in to do honour to Constantine. There are two pompous inscriptions I took notice of addressed to Constantine; they are, *Libertori urbis*, and *Fundatori quietis*. They are written over bas-reliefs, and these are understood to represent the actions by which the emperor merited those titles. The inscriptions are indeed to Constantine; but the figures and the story belong to him who had the honour of the original. 'Tis easy to see the fragments not entire sculptures that stand under them. A long bas-relief, which was entire, was cut into four parts, to adorn this arch, and these are two of the pieces. The story was the victory of Trajan over the Dacians. These two pieces of it are within the middle arch; the other two are on the outside, one at each end; but these have no inscription. To a man so fond of antiquities as I am, you need not wonder this butchery and misappropriation was hateful: it not only disguises, it destroys all the use of the study.

There

There was originally a figure in a triumphal chariot, drawn by eight horses of brass gilt, on the top of this arch. This noble piece of splendor had originally belonged to Trajan's forum; the Goths long since carried it off as plunder, and have prevented all farther mistakes on that head. We have not only tradition for this, medals struck on the occasion shew, that several of the triumphal arches had originally such ornaments on them; nor indeed can any thing be more in character.

The destruction of these glorious remains gives me also a sensible pain. There are many fine and noble statues here that want the heads. Lorenzo of Medici, he that murdered duke Alexander, was the author of this other butchery: he did it in favour of a collection, before the finest in the world; but he was banished Rome for doing it. It was in these days, however, that the destruction began. I cast my eye upon a part of an elegant cornice, brought from Trajan's forum, and used in the building this arch as a common stone: 'tis in that part of the wall next the amphitheatre: the plain side is turned outwards; but on that there are some letters of the inscription; we saw the wrought part in a room within.

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L E T T E R LXXXIII.

I Cannot pass from the mention of the triumphal arches better than to that of those columns which were erected for the same purposes, and served to commemorate the same kind of events. It was but late in the empire that the arches became in use ; these columns were much earlier. The two greatest things of this kind that ever the world saw, or probably ever will see, are at this time in Rome ; and, excepting the sides which face the Tramontane Wind, are very perfect. They are the Trajan and Aurelian columns ; the latter, from the dedication to Antoninus, commonly called the Antonine. They are both of white marble, and may be, with justice, called two of the noblest antiquities of Rome. There is something very august in the manner of building of these Columns. The shaft of Trajan's is more than twelve feet in diameter at the bottom, and more than ten at the top ; and yet the blocks of marble with which it is built are so large, that there is no where a joining seen in the breadth ; one block always does it in each front. But it is not in the shafts that the largest stones are seen ; the plinth of the base in Trajan's pillar is one-and-twenty feet square, and in Antonine's it is eight-and-twenty feet, and yet one stone does it in each. All the way up it is the same ; these immense blocks of marble cut into form, are piled up one above another all the way, till the pillar is carried to its height.

The

The outides of both are covered with figures, carried in a continued spiral, running all the way from the bottom to the top; and within these is hollowed out of the solid stone a stair-case, winding in the same spiral form round a newel, or solid pillar, of the stone, left for that purpose. The windows, or openings, that give light to the stair-case, are finely contrived. They are very small on the outer surface, that they may not intrench upon the bas-relief; but they are widened all the way inwards, so that they each diffuse very considerable light, and the stair-case is, upon the whole, very well enlightened.

I have occasionally mentioned to you the rise of the earth in the modern Rome, and its effects; the place where this monument stands was more than any other subject to it: beside the common accident of earth washed down, the ruins of that vast pile, the Trajan forum, had added greatly to it here. The pillar was buried to the height of twenty feet in this accumulation of earth and rubbish; but they have cleared away a space about it, and walled it in, to prevent new mischief, and we now see the column entire, the ground being clear to its bottom.

The Trajan pillar has been in the general finely preserved; the bas-reliefs are noble beyond all expression: the prints of them are too common to suffer me to enter into the particulars; but of this you may be assured, they convey little more than the subject; the workmanship is not to be conceived otherwise than by seeing it.

The Antonine pillar contains the acts of Marcus Aurelius ; but, by one of the inscriptions it appears to have been dedicated to his father-in-law Antoninus Pius. It has not been so well preserved as the Trajan. One side of it in particular has been damaged by fire ; but the famous figure of the Jupiter Pluvius, alluding to the storm which gave him a signal victory against superior numbers, and which was looked upon to be a miracle in his favour, is fully preserved. 'Tis at once one of the greatest and most perfect pieces of the antique sculpture we have. There is a more than mortal grandeur in the countenance, and indeed a greatness in the whole figure, that astonish and surprise all who have any degree of taste or judgment.

On the Monte Citorio there lies another column, different in many respects, indeed, from these ; but not without its beauty and grandeur. It was dug up in the time of Clement XI. and has the name of Colonna Citeria generally given it, from the place where it lies ; for it has never been erected. The shaft is of one entire stone, a granite, well cut, and of a beautiful colour ; there are no figures on it ; 'tis only a plain column. The pedestal consists also of a single stone, and on one side has an inscription, declaring that it was dedicated to Antoninus Pius, by Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus, his adopted sons. The letters are large capitals, and in brass ; they are cemented into the surface of the stone, but they rise also some little way above it. On the other three sides are bas-reliefs ; that on one side represents the apotheosis of Antoninus and Faustina. They are carried up to heaven by a genius, having in one hand a globe, with the figures of the
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the Zodiac on it; the most conspicuous is that which marks the time of the emperor's death; a serpent crawls round the globe, and above there are two eagles. Rome is represented below, in form of a woman in a disconsolate posture, one of the eagles looks toward her, the other towards the emperor. At the other corner below is a woman sitting, and holding an obelisk; an emblem of eternity. This is the side on which the principal pains have been bestowed: the other two represent no more than the funebris decursio of the soldiers, as marching round the Rogus; but the Rogus itself is not expressed there. The apotheosis is much better done than these; but even that has nothing of the elegance or grandeur of the figures of the other columns: 'tis but a poor piece in comparison with those.

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L E T T E R LXXXIV.

I Am almost in tears when I sit down to write to you of Vespasian's amphitheatre. The remains, the little remains which appear of it at this time, shew it to have been one of the greatest buildings in the world. When I lament its fate, I am more incensed at the means of it. Would you imagine that there could be greater enemies to the remains of Roman splendor than war and fire, than conquerors and barbarians! there are. There are popes. What the fires under those commanders spared; what the Goths and Vandals left untouched, the holy fathers have destroyed. We have not wanted instances of fools who

have done this out of piety ; as in the temple of Bacchus, where the figures, some of the finest of their time, have been destroyed, because they regarded Pagan superstition. But the destruction I lament on this occasion is of another kind : 'tis the indulgence of popes to their nephews, which has given leave to pull down works of the old Romans, never to be enough admired, in order to build palaces out of the materials.

There is hardly a Roman prince whose villa has not been erected on the ruins of some Roman building. This has been the fate of the Coliseum, the amphitheatre of Vespasian, before called the Colosseum, from a colossal figure of Apollo, of a hundred and twenty feet high, that stood before it. Paul III. gave the permission to this destruction in favour of his nephew, who built the grand Farnese. Angelo advised him to it; Angelo, who was impatient to see a work of earlier time standing, in comparison of which all his own were poor.

The amphitheatre was an oval building ; it consisted of four arches, one over another, each supported by eighty large piles or imposts ; and the seats that surrounded the arena were capable of holding between eighty and ninety thousand persons at their ease. Vespasian begun, but Titus finished and dedicated it. Dioclesian is obliged to Martial for doing him honour about it ; but he had no share in the building. It has been one of the most august and immense works of any period of time : at present the little that remains of it declares as much. It is easy to conceive what a quantity of materials it must have consisted of, when we find that long before the
Farnese

Farnese built out of it, the Romans, so long ago as in the time of Theodorick, repaired their walls with stone brought from it. The lower story is at present in a great measure buried, and what remains of the rest is only a few vast arches. People have dug about it, and discovered that the ascent to it was by steps. The arches were all ornamented with stone-work within, and there are still the remains of it on some of them. The seats are gone; but the slope on which they were placed remains. The stone of which it was built was the Tiburtine of the ancients; 'tis not a fine one, but a very durable. The outside of about one half is intirely gone; but that of the other half is intirely standing up to the top.

The body of the amphitheatre behind the seats consisted of galleries, divided all along the middle by a row of pillars, so that they appeared double. Each gallery went quite round the building, and there were four stories of them. Three of these were properly porticoes of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders; the uppermost is adorned with pillasters of the Corinthian or Composite order, and is lighted by windows in the wall between the pillasters, and not laid open as the other three are.

Some parts of the galleries are yet intire, with the several communications between them: and the seats by the vomitoria, or mouths of the passages, through which the crowds of people passed in to the shews, and the other parts that are standing, give us a grand idea of the whole when the circle was compleat. Some of the fornices also, the places where the wild beasts, and the slaves

who were to encounter them, were kept, are yet intire ; they stand under the seats.

The part of this amazing structure which is yet standing is but a morsel of the whole ; and yet this is strangely damaged ; the stones are full of holes, dug in them by the Romans themselves, when poor enough, after the conquests of the Goths and Vandals, to steal out the iron cramps and bolts that fastened the several pieces, for the sake of the metal and of the lead that served to fix them there.

In what contempt must we, my dear ****, hold our playhouses, when we cast an eye upon the ruins of the Roman. Marcellus's theatre, built purposely for the representation of dramatic pieces, was capable of containing sixty thousand people. 'Tis undoubtedly the noblest pile that ever was or ever will be erected on the occasion. Augustus built it, in honour to the young Marcellus, son of his sister Octavia, and declared heir of the Roman empire. The orders of which it was composed are the Doric and the Ionic, the Doric was not much in use at Rome, but it has a fine effect in this building. Octavia's portico was adjoining to this : the greatest masters of Greece had made statues for this : these are gone, but a part of the building is left ; and the remains of the theatre are very noble, and in a very fair condition.

'Tis odd that there are no remains of Pompey's theatre. I have examined with great care the place where it stood, but find nothing of them. Others have fared no better who have employed

employed more time, as well as great abilities, in the search. That it was in the Campo di Fiere is certain: 'twas here that the noble statue of Pompey was dug up; that statue, probably, at the feet of which Julius Cæsar fell; for it was here he was killed, not in the Capitol: Appian and Plutarch prove the common story false. A blacksmith and a shoemaker claimed equal shares in this statue, which is now the noblest ornament of the palace of Spada. It lay under a common wall, half in the ground of the one, half in that of the other: the head was going to be sawed off as the property of one, the legs as that of the other; the trunk was to have been left under the wall. A cardinal, who heard of the accident, bought out the Shares of both, and took it away.

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L E T T E R LXXXV,

THERE remains nothing of the antiquities with which the ancient Rome has enriched the modern to be spoken of but their mausoleums and sepulchres; but this alone would furnish subject for volumes. I think there is no part of the architecture of these reputed times that more bespeaks their genius and their knowledge.

All the avenues to Rome for some distance before we arrive at the gates, are covered with the remains of sepulchres, tombs, and mausoleums. The custom was to bury by the sides of their ways;

ways; and hence the old custom of beginning epitaphs and inscriptions on them, with *Siste viator, Stop traveller*; a method still continued, though the occasion of it is lost. One sees them in all kinds of forms and shapes; but there is an air of grandeur in them all: and the finished mosaics, stuccos, and paintings, with which we see they were originally decorated, shew that they could only belong to the great among the people. One every now and then discovers some remain of this kind among them; but no part of the works of their time are so much decayed. None of the Roman works have indeed been so plundered as these: 'tis hence the world has been stocked with that vast abundance of idols, urns, lachrymatories, as well as busts, cameos, itaglios, and every other kind of treasure that one sees among the collectors. The paintings are in most quite decayed; but, till the time of Clement XI. there was one, the Sepulchrum Nasonum, on the Flaminian-way, that was ornamented with a great many, and those in very fine order. This noble monument was at that time a harbour for thieves and robbers, and there was no way of preventing this but by walling it up. The next in merit to these were those of the pyramid of Cestius, shut up on the same occasion.

You will form some idea of what these sepulchres were, when I have told you that erected to Cecilia Metella was, in the civil wars between the Orfinis and Colonnas, used as a fortress: nor will you be surpris'd at this, when you learn that the walls were twenty-four feet thick. This famous monument stands upon the Appian-way, where indeed there are more of them than on
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all the rest. In the frieze that went round this sepulchre there are a number of bulls-heads, joined by festoons; these served to commemorate that pompous sacrifice, a hecatomb, a feast of a hundred oxen offered on this occasion as a part of the funeral solemnities of the lady only to Proserpine. The name of Teste de Bocce, by which this sepulchre is commonly called, is given in allusion to this festoon.

On the Appian-way I have observed there are also a multitude of other august and noble monuments; we hear them very familiarly called after the names of Cethegi and Servilii, the Lentuli and Scipios; but this is arbitrary. People who are fond of having some name by which to call them, have given them any illustrious one that came uppermost. This to Cecilia is indeed appropriated beyond dispute, by the inscription which is in vast capitals, Cæcilie Q. Cretici F. Metellæ Crassi; but for the rest, no such testimony remains of whom they belonged to. Those who broke open and ravaged them, had the gold, and the silver, and the precious stones which were buried in them more in their eye than the enquiry after the person to whose memory they were erected; and consequently while these have been preserved with the utmost care, the inscriptions have been destroyed and forgotten.

The ground of the Monte di Grano, 'tis a little wide of the road that goes to Fiescati, and just without the walls of Rome, was opened rather by accident than with any particular design, in the pontificate of Urban VIII. The tomb of Alexander Severus was at this time discovered,

covered, where it had been not by chance but purposely buried under the earth. At present it makes no figure on the outside; but I had great pleasure in examining the cell that held the ashes of so excellent a prince. The peasant, whose spade fell upon the sacred vault, found at the farther end of it the sarcophagus in which were contained his ashes, and those of his mother. No inscription pointed out to whom the remains belonged; but there was much more than inscription for it. On the sarcophagus there was a noble bas-relief, the story Severus's expedition into Persia; and, on the lid, two figures of the finest workmanship, and sufficiently like in face to be known for his and his mother's.

I saw the sarcophagus in the court belonging to the Conservadori, and went out of my intended road to enquire after the famous Lachrymatory found in it. 'Tis one of the finest pieces of antique workmanship extant: 'tis of one intire agat; the figures on it allude to Olympias, the mother of Alexander the Great; 'tis in the Barberini collection. It has been supposed an urn; but 'tis too small.

It appeared odd to me, at first sight, that the Romans should have buried a prince, so dear to them, in so clandestine a manner; but it must have been for fear of Maximine his murderer and successor. 'Tis singular in the story of Severus, that he preserved the busts of Abraham and of our Saviour in his Lararium, his private chapel. His mother was a Christian; but we are not to conclude from the one of these that he was such. He seems to have preserved them only

as remembrances of great and good men; for they stood in company with that of Orpheus, and, what is still stranger, of Apollonius.

'Tis odd that, excepting this single and obscure monument, there is not, without the walls of Rome, any known burying-place of any of the emperors; and within the walls only two, those of Adrian and Augustus.

The mausoleum of Adrian, after the Pyramids, deserves the title of the noblest structure in the world. It stood in the Horti Domitii of old Rome; and if we look into the accounts of its splendor or dimensions, we shall be amazed. The circumference it took in seemed intended for a town, rather than a tomb. Enquire for it at present, and you find it under the name of the castle of St. Angelo; it was too massy a building to be lost and decayed. Alexander VI. turned it into a fortress, as one of his predecessors had that of Metella before. Antoninus Pius dedicated this immense and superb structure to his predecessor's remains. Adrian died at Bajæ, and the first resting-place of his remains was at Cicero's villa, near Puzzolo: his successor removed them hither, but 'tis to Antoninus's own taste and spirit that we are to ascribe the honour of the structure. He built it in his life-time, and seemed to intend it as the rival of that superb edifice which Augustus had raised to the Julian family. At present 'tis of use to the pontificate: there runs a long corridor from the Vatican to it, and the popes usually retire to it in any commotion. There are at this time two peacocks of brass, and an immense pineapple of the same metal, preserved in the Belvidere

videre gardens : they were originally part of the ornaments of this stately edifice. They are supposed to have belonged to the monument said to have been the Scipios ; but this is conjecture quite unsupported.

The mausoleum of Augustus, which could create an emulation in Adrian to rival it in that amazing structure we have just mentioned, remains at present but in a very ruinous condition ; 'tis a rotunda, and is of a very considerable extent ; but its elegance was its character, not its circumference ; the vaulted roof of which we are told so much is at this time destroyed, but the walls remain quite round, and shew enough of that magnificence and elegance that once ennobled it, to justify all its praises. Augustus built it as a repository for the remains of Julius Cæsar : it became afterwards the burial-place of the Augusti : at present the walls surround a garden. This is the use to which the whole area within is now put.

The sepulchral chambers in which the urns were placed go round the outside in three stories, and there is a great deal of the old opus reticulatum seen in them : and there yet remain some statues, an Æsculapius is one, and a Copia another. At the entrance into this sepulchre there were originally two obelisks ; we are not at a loss to know what they were. One of them stands before the church of St. Maria Maggiore at this time.

It will be impossible to close an account of sepulchral monuments left us by the hands of the old Romans, without mentioning the most singular

ingular of them all, and those which be the most durable, the pyramid of Cestius. This, from its figure, will last longer than any of the famous remains I have been describing. They are all decaying apace, that is, intire, and will continue so. 'Tis an imitation of the old Ægyptian vanity: 'tis built of white marble, and stands half within and half without the wall of Rome, near the Porta Tergemina. Alexander VII. was at the expence of taking away the earth from about its base, with which, till that time, it had been in great part buried; and in this digging were discovered the two pillars which now stand at its two corners within the wall. They lay along under the earth near its base.

It will be judged an omission too, if I omit the mention of Nero's monument without the gates. Your own candour will not excuse a negligence, as it will appear, of this kind, unless you have already heard what I am fully assured of, that it is an imposition. What is called by this name is on the Flaminian-way, about a mile from the city; but there is not the least foundation for believing that it belonged to that emperor. The mausoleum of the Domitian family is the place where he was doubtless buried, and that was within the walls of the city, on the Pineian Mount: but I have told you already all is conjecture on this head with regard to those tombs which are without the walls of Rome.

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L E T T E R LXXXVI.

I Have seen the Vatican, and I would, if it were possible, give you some idea of the amazement and pleasure I had in the sight of it. You must not imagine that I mean by this exordium to describe the Vatican to you as the finest building in the world. 'Tis one of the largest, but of all that I have seen the most irregular. It consists of a heap of buildings put together at different times, by different popes, and with different taste and judgment. What is good in it, is rendered bad by the things near it; what is august, mean because not regular.

No building was ever less calculated to strike a person in the approach: the entrance is very poor; but it must be confessed that some of the courts are very fine and noble. There are in some of them rows of porticoes one over another very magnificent. What the palace wants in regularity, it has in extent. The rooms are not less than twelve thousand in number, and the furniture of some of them is called, and is, inestimable.

I have met with nothing comparable to the vast picture preserved here; the battle of Constantine with Maxentius. All other pictures of the kind are poor to it; but this is saying little. Objects of this astonishing kind admit of no comparison from any thing of their own kind. The descriptions of the battles in Virgil, nay, those in Homer, come short of the greatness of action, number of combatants, and variety of incidents.

incidents of this. 'Tis a fresco of prodigious extent; the design is Raphael's, the colouring by Julio Romano. Raphael has ransacked the Trajan and the Antonine pillars, and every other bas-relief of the old Roman times, for a variety of arms and weapons for his combatants; and he has added infinitely to what he found there from the store of his own genius. There is the largest field, and the greatest number of figures, that ever met in one piece; and the confusion is grand in the highest degree, while the soldier will as much admire the disproportion of the two armies.

The same inimitable master has enriched other apartments of the Vatican with pieces containing the story of Constantine, Aetila, and Charlemain. The school of Athens, by his hand, is another of the prodigies of the Vatican; but, though all are fine, it is not in all that he has had opportunities of shining in this divine and astonishing manner.

You would hardly imagine any thing could dispute the prize with the pictures of this master; but if there be any thing that can, the Vatican has the honour to shew it; and it is the last judgment, in the chapel of Sextus IV. This is by Michael Angelo. I declare to you, that, while I stood before it, my blood was chilled, and I felt as if all was real, and the very sound of the painted trumpet had pierced my deafened ears. It will appear odd to mention faults in so great a composition, as this, and yet it is not without them. The faces express passions of the strongest kind, and that so strongly, that they communicate them to all who look upon 'em;

but the bodies are all of too strong and masculine an appearance. The strength of a Farnesian Hercules is seen in the sinews of every one of the men ; and for the women, they are quite out of nature, too robust for any thing that is in that sex. The face of our Saviour carries a dignity that words cannot describe ; only his pencil was formed for describing it. There is a mixture of severity and sweetness in it, that one would think he must have gone to heaven to see, who painted them.

The pictures of the Vatican are numberless ; but, after these, it were impertinent to praise them : whatever can be said of pictures must be due to these. The statues and other antiques in the court of the Vatican, adjoining to the Belvidere, are a treasure beyond all price, and as much beyond description. Here is preserved the Laocoon and his sons, dug up at the Baths of Titus Vespasian, the work of the three great Phœdian sculptors, celebrated by Pliny, and the admiration of the whole world.

Apollodorus, one of the three who joined their whole force in the Laocoon, finished alone the Antinous of the Belvidere, the statue which disputes, among People of the first taste, the prize with the Apollo. The means of the comparison are open : both the statues stand in the same square, and they are equally perfect : both are of male figures, and both of the same age : the stature is much the same, and both seem to have been intended as models of perfection in the human frame. There is a superiority in the air of the Apollo ; but the subject is to be called in on that occasion. The sculptor, if he was
able,

able, could not wish to give the divine air and majesty of the god to his youth, who was but a mortal.

We hear the writers of taste say, that there is something of an air more than mortal in the figures of the deities by the old sculptors; and indeed one sees it: in all other respects I think the Antinous is equal to the Apollo; but in the latter, there is an air of majesty and command in the face, and a lightness in the whole figure, that makes you forget that it is marble. It is the attitude that does this; but 'tis so finely done, that you seem to see the figure treading on the air, or scarce weighing down some light cloud, as he stands upon it.

The Torso, supposed to be the Trunk of an Hercules, is the next wonder in this place. The proportion and muscles are here in a perfection never to be met with elsewhere; what must this statue have been, when entire! The Cleopatra, the two Venuses, the Commodus, that ornament this place, how shall one say less of them than of the Antinous or the Apollo! 'Tis impossible to speak enough of any of them; and though there are degrees of the perfection, words cannot convey it, unless words could first do justice to those which have least of it.

Round the court in which all these treasures are placed, there stand in small niches twelve very singular pieces; they call them the Maschere: they are vizards of odd countenances: they are four or five times as large as the life, and were dug up among a multitude of other curiosities in Agrippa's Pantheon. These were consulted

of old as oracles, and they gave answers of the ambiguous kind to those who applied to them ; that is, the priest behind gave answers. There is something of a horrible greatness in the aspect of all these figures, and the sound conveyed from their mouths was delivered through a kind of speaking trumpet ; so that in a half-dark temple, and among a people scarce less addicted to superstition than the people of the present Rome, it is not a wonder they passed for oracles.

The church of St. Peter, the glory of the modern Rome, is not unlike our St. Paul's ; but it has a prodigious advantage in situation. Ours stands inclosed with buildings, and there is no place from which you have a proper view of it ; on the contrary, nothing can be more magnificent than the approach to St. Peter's. It stands near the place where was once the Circus of Nero ; and there are some who, for that reason, assert, that the obelisk which now stands in the middle of the circular theatre made by that noble colonnade, which is continued each way from the church, actually now is in the same place where Nero put it : but these people have not read the inscription ; it says, *Priori sede avulsus*. Beside, the topography of the old Rome shews it could not be here.

In this area there are two noble fountains ; they serve for more than ornament ; they refresh and cool the air in a degree more than could be conceived by those who have not known what are the heats of these countries, and what the effect of water in motion.

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There are a great number of statues over the colonnade, and they are continued also over the portico which joins it to the church, and forms a square court before the ascent to the building. The colonnade itself is too massy ; but a building was intended to have been erected over it.

St. Peter's has its irregularities, and has been built on the designs of different architects ; Raphael altered the original plan of Bramante, Angelo brought it to the form of the Greek cross, and Fontana extended it to the length of the Latin one, the facade and portico are by Moderna. The portico is a noble one ; it is extended the whole breadth of the church as a gallery. The pavement is marble, the cieling stone gilt. There is near this an equestrian statue of white marble, by Bernini : 'tis a Constantine, his eyes directed toward a cross in bas-relief on the portico.

There are some fine statues in the body of the church ; but that which gave me greatest satisfaction was the St. Veronica ; 'tis by Mochi. She has a handkerchief in her hand, with the impression of our Saviour's face on it : you know the story. The handkerchief and her robes seem moved by the wind. Bernini illnaturedly asked whence came the wind that disturbed them, the answer caused his banishment ; It was from the crack you made in the cupola ; a secret Innocent X. was not in before.

St. Peter's has no choir ; from the entrance you see to the top, where stands the chair, so they call it, of St. Peter : 'tis supported by St.

Jerom, Austin, Ambrose and Gregory. The whole is of copper, and very finely executed. The service is performed in a chapel on one side; the great altar stands under the cupola: the pavilion over it is the noblest thing of its kind in the world; 'tis the work of Bernini. Four wreathed pillars of Corinthian brass, the plunder of the Pantheon, support it; they have festoons and foliage of the same metal, disposed in an extremely elegant manner,

Near the altar there is an image of St. Peter sitting, and in the act of blessing. The people have worn out one of his feet with kissing and rubbing their beads against it. Malicious people say this was a statue of Jupiter new christened; but 'tis too bad to have been antique. It seems of the time of Constantine, and we have more reason to believe the accounts that say he gave it to the old church.

The great cupola is all wrought in Mosaic, and at the top of the Lanthorn is the figure of the Almighty, an old man, with his hands extended. 'Tis finely executed, and is after the design of one of Carrachis. But what absurdity in all these painters! Because the Creator of all things has been from all eternity, is he to be represented old! is he not also to continue to all eternity! or because of the long period, are we to suppose him under decays from age! absurd and impious!

The statues, paintings, mosaics, and bas-reliefs with which any part of this noble fabric abounds, are almost innumerable; the monuments of the several popes are adorned with sculptures

tures equal to any thing of modern date ; and that of Christina queen of Sweden I think excels most things of its kind. The imagination is as much lost in the recollection as the eye in the first meeting with them. I no more know at this time what to describe first, than I did where first to fix my eye as I entered ; but there are better reasons why I should be silent. There is nothing for me to say that you have not heard already, and I set out with a resolution against every thing of that kind. St. Peter's is incontestibly the noblest piece of modern architecture in Italy ; but it were well if some of its ornaments were demolished. What think you of a Jupiter and Leda on the gate of a Christian church ? There is a Ganymede also and the eagle in the same place ; they are intermixed with the foliage on the brazen gates. They have been formerly some ornament to an antique temple of Jupiter ; but they commemorate things by no means suitable to our ideas of religion. There is something very fine in the disposition of the illuminations in this church ; there are certain views in which it appears a temple of fire ; the whole decoration is so superb, that it is a strange partiality that has led some of our countrymen to compare St. Paul's with it ; yet, on the outside, it must be confessed, that both the materials and the workmanship appear better in ours.

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L E T T E R LXXXVII.

THE Town-house of Rome, the Campidoglio, stands where the Capitol once stood ; but it does not take up a third part of the extent of that venerable building. It abounds with curiosities, many of them of the first rank. At the foot of the steps there are two lions of black marble, equal to any thing we have of the kind ; they were found near the temple of Minerva ; and at the top of the ascent there are two horses together, with the Giganti as they are called, statues of Castor and Pollux ; they are of the first rank also and were found on the other side the Tiber. There are also two statues of Constantine the Great in the same attitude, very good pieces. Here are also the trophies erected by the old Romans to Marius ; those trophies which Sylla threw down, and Julius Cæsar set up again and repaired : they are worthy the time in which they were executed.

These, and many other of the kind, do honour to the Campidoglio of modern Rome : but these are trifles to the great equestrian statue. 'Tis of Marcus Aurelius : he is represented in the same attitude as we see him on some of his coins. 'Tis doubtless the finest equestrian statue in the world. It was found among the Lateran ruins, and lay many years there as a piece of lumber. How happy that it escaped the common destruction ! Some accident has preserved the finest piece that the modern world knows. After the ages of ignorance that followed the discovery of it, Paul III. removed it to the court of the Capitol,

pitöl, and Sixtus VI. raised it on its present pedestal, the work of Michael Angelo. He chose for this purpose an antique capital of a Corinthian pillar; 'tis of the finest Grecian marble. There was once a slave under the feet of the statue; but there is no account of what is become of it. What remains, however, is beyond all praise. There is a courage and spirit in the horse that never was expressed in that animal before. One would think the statuary had been acquainted with the book of Job, and had taken his ideas from the description of that creature there. In the face of Aurelius one reads all that historians have said of him, the monarch and the philosopher joined; the king, the hero, and the father of his people. What was that art which could represent the passions thus in brass; and could convey a character in the lines of a countenance! You see a soul painted in that face, that became the man who was the idol of mankind.

At the upper-end of the square is a Roma triumphans; 'tis of porphyry, and is inestimable. There is also, in the same court, a colossal head of Domitian in marble; and another larger of Commodus: 'tis in brass, and is said to be that which Commodus caused to be put in the place of Nero's, on the statue that stood near Vespasian's amphitheatre; but, if this be so, the statue was not a hundred and twenty feet high; nor indeed can we easily suppose it was, though we are told so: people who describe great things love to exaggerate.

Here I saw also the Columna Rostrata, the commemoration of the first naval engagement of the Romans; it was erected in honour of
Duillius,

Duillius, who had beat the Carthaginians in that fight. This was the custom with the Romans before triumphal arches came in fashion. It were endless to tell you of every ancient remain here; but there is yet one which I cannot omit to name; 'tis the boldest piece of sculpture that I have seen, or expect to see: 'tis a horse fighting with a lion; the figures something smaller than life, but the postures amazingly fine; and though bold to an extravagance, yet, considering the circumstance, not out of nature. Among other glorious pieces, I must name to you the Adrian in the Toga in the act of sacrificing, some large statues of Isis in black marble, the remains of a Colossus of Apollo: the remains of a statue of some one of the river gods; this is the famous Marforio, so called from the Martis forum near the foot of the old Capitol, the place where it was found. 'Tis probably the genius of the Rhine, which was originally part of a group, and was placed under the feet of Domitian's horse. The She-wolf with Romulus and Remus is also a glorious antique preserved here; 'tis of bronze. The statue of Junius Brutus is another, as is also the Caius Marius; and both the more valuable, as they are the only ones of their kind. The Faustina is also another whole figure: she is represented under the character of Pudicitia. The Heros Aventinus, or son of Hercules, the Ceres, the Sibyl, the young Nero, and the Angerona, or Goddess of Silence, are also others of the immense number preserved here, that deserve to be the subject of extravagant praise. Nor are the antiques all that demand attention here, the Alexander Farnese, and the M. Antony Colonna, are noble figures from the modern masters. The paintings,
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of Gioseppe also, in the saloon of the Conservator's palace, particularly the rape of the Sabines, and the fight of the Horatii, are masterly in the highest degree; nor are the Trufcas by Peruginò less to be commended.

The Capitol, which stood where the Campidoglio now stands, was once the greatest building in the world. Tarquinius Priscus laid the foundation of the prodigious fabric, the second Tarquin added greatly to its beauty. We may guess what it was in extent, when we read that sixty temples stood within its circuit. The whole building was burnt down no less than three times, during the Marian wars, in the reign of Vitellius, and in that of Vespasian. Domitian raised it to all its primitive glory; the very tiles of it as he finished it, were of brass gilt, and the expence at which he did it incredible. But what is become of all this grandeur! the very ruins have been carried to other places, and the tiles have served to decorate the old St. Peter's. We are not to wonder that the works of art are no more, even those of nature lose their original face. I have been viewing the Tarpeian rock, the scene of capital punishment among the old Romans; believe me, my dear ****, a man could, at this time, hardly break his neck off it.

From the Capitolian mount I was naturally led to the Palatine, the first seat of the old Rome, the spot where Romulus first built the mud-wall habitations for that band of vagabonds who founded the greatest empire that the world ever saw. It was not till the time of some of the last kings that this mount made any figure. A palace,

late, but not a very noble one, was at this time raised on it, facing the Via Sacra. Under the consuls it was but thinly inhabited, till about the time of the first triumvirate. Temples were now raised upon it to Cybele, to Victory, to the Penates, and the Palladium. Under the emperors it became again the royal residence, and we find it now covered with the remains of their splendor and magnificence. Its first neglect was recompensed by the succeeding favour. Heliogabalus, who built a temple on it to his Syrian god, paved the whole mount with porphyry; and the bridge by which Caligula joined it to the Capitol, was in these days esteemed one of the noblest ornaments of Rome.

Among the remains of ancient splendor which it has afforded, one of the greatest was the bathing-room under the house of Augustus. Those who saw it intire, describe it as elegant beyond every thing of the kind that has been seen. Would one imagine that, in times when the study of antiquities was at some height, this should be destroyed, its walls stripped, and its very floor pulled to pieces, for the sake of the materials of which its ornaments were composed! In the gardens of the duke of Parma on this mount is the famous Agrippina. The statue thinks. So profound a reverie was never seen, even in human nature; contemplation and sorrow are the characters of the expression in the countenance, and they have stolen the soul as it were from the body, and left it beyond the power of external sensations. It seems to represent that lady on the instant of her receiving the news of her banishment.

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L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

I Shall not carry you with me for the future, my dear ****, from place to place, as I am visiting the palaces and churches of the modern Rome; it were an endless task to but enumerate these several curiosities; take a slight mention of them as they live in my memory, and be assured that I could have pleasure in making each the subject of a letter.

The story of Dirce, represented by Apollonius and Tauriscus, is extant in the grand Farnese; they call it the Toro Farnese. The figures are all bigger than the life, and the whole group is cut out of one block of marble. The terror and distress of Dirce, and the severity of the two executioners, are expressed in the most masterly manner in the countenance; the bull is a noble figure: you know the story.

The Farnesian Hercules, the work of Glyco, expresses the most perfect human strength; but there is also lassitude in the figure: 'tis Hercules resting from his labours. The drapery of the Flora in the same palace is high beyond all conception; and the statuary, though he has perfectly clothed the figure, has shewn every limb through the drapery. Here is the superiority of the ancient sculpture over all that is modern. This is larger than the life, and 'tis remarkable, that though it looks the lightest statue of all the antiques in Rome, none under the size of the colossal has so much marble about it.

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The cruelty and savage fierceness of Caracalla are perfectly expressed in his bust preserved here. There is something horrible in the aspect. Nor is the head of Socrates less remarkable for the debauchery expressed in its aspect. We see in the countenance the marks of all those vices which the philosopher confessed it was such a labour to him to suppress.

The Castor and Pollux of the Bracciano palace declare themselves at first sight in the figures. They stood before the temple of Jupiter Tonans. The figure of Clitie here is also a noble piece of sculpture. She is looking at the sun, and anticipating her metamorphosis into the Heliotrope. The sleeping Faunus of the Barbarini is one of the most capital statues in all Rome. Every muscle of him sleeps; and 'tis paying a very ill compliment to the sculptor, as well as to our own judgment, to look at his eyes for the notice of his not being awake. The Venus and the Roma Triumphans of this palace are two of the finest antique paintings I have seen. The latter is in the very attitude of the porphyry figure I described to you in a former letter. And the story of Europa, a Mosaic, from Adrian's villa, is a most elegant thing. Let me mention a modern piece as equal to any thing of the antique in its kind; 'tis the Clara of Farnese, by Titus, the beautiful niece of Paul III. Her statue, under the representation of Charity, on one of the corners of that pope's monument at St. Peter's, was too beautiful to be exposed. They tell us of a Spaniard falling in love with it as the occasion of the concealing some of its charms. The finest Diana Ephesia I have seen
here

here; and the Hegycia, or image of Health, with a serpent in her hand, is extremely beautiful.

The modern pictures of this collection are numerous, and excellent in the highest degree. I have hardly ever been more struck with a picture than with the dying Germanicus of Paupin here. Had he never painted another picture, all that has been said of him would be too little for the praise of this.

If I have seen a picture that excels it in the attitudes and action, it is the Three Graces of Titian, at the Borghefe. The Last Supper, by the same hand, at the same place, is also astonishingly fine. And there is also there a Madonna of Raphael; it is not pretended that he ever did a finer. There is here an imitation of the Mosaics of the ancients, by Giacamo Provencale; but 'tis an imitation that excels all we have seen of the originals; 'tis a head of Paul V. in Mosaic. The face alone consists of more than two millions of pieces, many of them no larger than a grain of sand.

The hero and the beggar are finely joined in his figure of the old man asking alms in the Borghefe. Some suppose it a Diogenes; but the air of the face alone renders that absurd: 'tis much too well executed for the time of Belisarius, otherwise it seems to be his story. There is here also a dying Seneca, an inestimable antique: the figure is of black marble. He stands, but in a bending posture, in a basin of the same stone, and the face expresses in a noble manner the hero and the philosopher, while the whole frame is languid, and looks as if it had lost

half its blood. The Somnus is also a very beautiful figure in the same collection; 'tis of the basalt, or black marble; and there is a tranquillity about the whole figure that very happily characterises the deity.

Another of the statues of the ancients, which express all that stillness and repose so famous in their works, and so deficient in ours, is the sleeping Hermaphrodite, preserved here: it lies stretched on a quilt, with the face downward; Bernini made the quilt, which is a very finished thing; and a Frenchman, Berthelot, repaired the statue: it was dug in the old baths of Dioclesian.

How shall I describe to you the Borgheze Gladiator; 'tis a most finished statue; 'tis allowed one of the finest in all Italy, and its subject is the happiest that could be conceived: the sculptor's business was to represent a human body the most perfect that could be imagined, and he has done it finely. The Farnesian Hercules has strength without softness; and the Antinous of the Vatican, with all the softness in the world, wants strength: there is something effeminate in the delicacy of that figure. The gladiator is just a medium between them. It is what human nature, when perfect, should be: I must confess I have never seen any statue with so much pleasure. The bas-reliefs of the villa Borgheze are innumerable; the walls of the house are in a manner covered with them; but this is highly blamable; they are worthy a place in the noblest apartments. The busts also are a vast number; among these the Appollonius Tyanicus, the Berenice, the Julia, the Titus, and the Per-

turax appear to me the most conspicuous ; they are all extremely rare. But nothing surprised me more than an Egyptian *Ælurus*, a deity under the shape of a cat. Herodotus mentions him ; but, till convinced by this antique, I thought there was some error in the account.

Among the bas-reliefs on the outside of this building, many of which are out of the distinct reach of the eye, and many already greatly injured by the weather, I took particular notice of the hunting of the Caledonian boar ; a *Curtius* leaping into the gulph, a glorious piece for the expression of the hero's countenance ; and a *Mithras* upon his bull, a fine figure, bigger than life.

The Colonna gallery is one of the noblest and most elegant rooms in Europe. The materials are worthy the design ; the four pillars that support it are of the antique yellow marble. The pilasters are of the same, and the floor is paved with alabasters, granites, and the green and yellow antique thrown into compartments with a perfect fine taste. The walls are covered with pieces of the great masters ; and between the windows there always stands some antique statue. The ceilings are finely painted, and the actions of the great Colonna are the stories. The *Medusa's* head, a mezzo-relievo on porphyry, is a fine piece here : the apotheosis of Homer also has prodigious merit. The temples built to him, and the divine honours paid to his image by the corporations, are proofs in what esteem that poet has been held in the different ages of the world.

The Niobe and her children, at the Medici, are supposed the work of Praxitiles. We know he cut a group, and it was a celebrated one, on this story. This deserves all the praise that has been bestowed on that. There are thirteen figures, and the postures and faces of all express the different effect of the same passions in all the variety that it is possible to conceive. Niobe is forlorn and distracted; in the others, the different degrees of courage mark the several stages of the terror. This palace is after a design of Angelo's; it stands on the Pincian mount. 'Tis in a ruinous condition: but the antiquities it contains are glorious ones. Beside the Niobe, there are a head of Jupiter, and a statue of Apollo, both amazingly fine. There is also a head of Constantine, a bas-relief of transparent alabaster, worthy great praise.

At the Villa Matthei there is a female figure which almost disputes the prize with the Farnesian Flora in the matter of dress. 'Tis exquisitely finely cloathed, and yet every limb is seen through the drapery; 'tis of Faustina. There is here also a colossal head of Alexander the great. The statue was sixty-four feet high; yet the face is beautiful: through the exactness of the proportions, the size is scarce perceived, while we examine the features. To conclude the list, for it is no more, of curiosities of this kind, the statue of Pyrrhus, I must declare, in my opinion, one of the finest I have ever seen. There is only this one extant of that great prince; 'tis somewhat larger than life. 'Tis armed in the Grecian taste, and strikes one with a kind of fear and veneration from the air of the countenance:

rehance : there is a noble fierceness in it that I have no where else seen. If there is another, I have seen with equal satisfaction, 'tis the Pompey : he has all the majesty of Pyrrhus, but nothing of his roughness. Indeed both these are of a kind that inspire one with a reverence and honour for human nature.

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L E T T E R LXXXIX.

THE churches in Rome, my dear ****, cannot be fewer than three hundred; you will not wish me to describe them all. Many of them are the remains of Roman temples; those you have had my thoughts upon before : the others, after St. Peter's, are hardly to be mentioned; though many of them, if out of the way of this unlucky object of comparison, would have a right to be called superb and elegant. They distinguish seven from the rest as repositories of the choicest reliques. These are the St. John Lateran, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Mary Maggiore, St. Laurence, St. Sebastian, and the Holy Cross. These are distinguished by the pilgrims as the principal objects of their adoration; but there are others, in many respects, equal to some of them. The generality of the churches in Rome are indeed as fine as painting, sculpture, and gilding can make them. They don't regard the east and west situation in them, as we seem to do religiously here; but they always have respect to the figure of the cross: most of them are evident representations of it;

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and those which have a cupola, and in which the whole body of the church is comprized as it were within the round, have always a wing extended on each hand, which makes a side chapel or altar; and beside these, another part carried on beyond the circle for the great altar; so that the cross is still preserved. In most of them the great altar is at the end of the church; but not in all. In St. Peter's I have already observed it is directly under the cupola; and in many of the oldest churches it is at some distance from the end; and has, as at St. Peter's, a pavilion over it, supported by four pillars. This is the custom also of the Greek churches in the east. In all these churches there are several altars, beside the principal, or great one: they generally are carried along the sides of the church, and are sometimes inclosed in chapels, sometimes not. There is frequently, indeed almost always, mass going on at the same time at several of them. These side chapels and altars generally belong to private families, and these seem to endeavour each to out-do the other in the ornaments they bestow upon them. There is often the relique of some saint preserved under the altar, if dedicated to a modern one, and there are a greater or lesser number of lamps burning before it, according to the rank of the saint. These holy people being distinguished by the lamps, as the bashas in the east by the number of their horse-tails; and I think a saint of five lamps would be as good a term of superiority over one of the common rank, as a basha of two horse-tails over him of one. Over the altar there is always a piece of painting or sculpture, generally ornamented with the orders of architecture; and the whole entablature is of marble;
often

often inlaid in the frieze with lapis lazuli, or other oriental stones, and supported by the pillars of the finest marbles.

Many of the chapels are covered with votive pictures. People in distress have prayed to the holy virgin, and some particular saint, and they have been relieved. Accident has done the business, but the saint and the virgin have the honour of it. 'Tis commemorated in a picture hung up against the wall, with a representation of the sea, the enemy, or whatever else was the distress; and the virgin and the saint are represented in some corner, leaning upon the clouds, and granting the requests. The ornament is not all the church gets by this: there is generally a donation into the bargain, and the pictures serve the good purpose of putting other people in mind of the same recourse in their danger. If they perish, no body knows any thing of the matter; if they are saved, the church has the honour and the profit of it.

The pulpits are better contrived than ours for doing grace to the orator, they are a kind of gallery, and the preacher courses along them with great earnestness and vociferation. They speak without notes; but often not without a prompter, who has the discourse before him.

The splendor of the Roman palaces you will understand by the occasional mention I have made of them: it remains that I say something of their villas, and I shall then close the account; and pride myself in having given you a relation of so vast an amass of things in the

compass of so few letters. Their villas are some of them without; but many, as I observed before, are within the walls of the city. These are however distant enough from the rest of the buildings; for the walls are much too big for the city. Our nobility in general make their country seat the place of splendor; their houses in town they only look upon as places of business, and their very servants often are at board-wages while there. At Rome it is just on the reverse, the villa is little and plain, at least the generality are so, and the town-house is the place of splendor; the other is only the retreat for the hot season.

Though the villas are often small, the gardens in them are usually good ones: scarce any but have shady hedges, and tall trees; and in most there are fountains and jets of water, that refresh the air, and lay the dust. They play tricks with strangers by means of these; but 'tis generally only with the footmen or attendants. Most of them are also decorated with antique statues, and each the meanest of these is always a companion to the man who has any idea of sculpture. There is something wonderfully pleasing in all this: the play of the water, and the variety of shade; the objects that are every where about, and the very retirement, give infinite satisfaction to the man who hurries from the heat and bustle, the opes & fumum strepitumque Romæ. My dear ****, adieu. I shall, tomorrow, turn my back upon Rome; though I confess to you not without reluctance. Whence you will next hear from me I know not. I do not foresee, after these things, what I shall think worth describing.

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L E T-

L E T T E R X C.

I Told you I should leave Rome before I wrote to you again. They told us of great pleasure and convenience in the going to Naples by water; but I had an unsurmountable objection. I was not willing to lose the sight of so much of a country which I had no business in my journey but to see. I write to you at this time from Setia, as romantic and as remarkable a place as I have seen. Martial has not done amiss in calling it the pendulous Setia: it hangs as it were on the brow of a high and steep hill; but what they mean by the Setian wine so celebrated, I know not. We enquired after it with care; but, if what we got was the best, they have lost the secret of brewing it. 'Tis a white-wine; but they regard it so little themselves, that they have their best from Fiescati and Velitri.

We passed Velitri in our way hither; that Velitri, where Augustus is said to have been born; but 'tis more probable he was born at Rome, though nursed here. The inhabitants at this time, however, stand hard for his having been absolutely born in their territories.

At Sermonetta we were poisoned with Brimstone; the earth teems with it, and we saw waters quite white with the quantities of it they had washed from among the rocks, and that was then floating on their surface. The roads from this place are horrible, over vast, rough, and loose stones. Before we arrived at Setia, which I would visit, we saw the remains of the three

taverns, at which St. Paul's friends met him. You hear me say I was obstinate in seeing Setia; I believe you would have been of my opinion; I don't know whether I had not a mind to make you share in the disappointment. My letter must be a blank, like the field of my observation. I shall be obedient for the future, and believe those who tell me where there is nothing to be seen.

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L E T T E R XCI.

THE Appian-way, though now two thousand years old, is in very good condition in many parts: we entered on it before we came to Terracina; but the marshes along which it is continued rendered it in some places unpassable. The middle part of this way, along which the horses and coaches go, is about four yards wide, and is perfectly flat; and on each side of this there is a flat border, raised for foot people. It is in many places lower than the rest of the ground; and, as we are told, after rains, is a kind of brook. About half way from Terracina to Fundi we leave the pope's dominions, and enter the kingdom of Naples. Our guides made me smile, by desiring us to look at an epitaph, as they called it. 'Tis an inscription to tell you you are on the boundaries of the kingdom of Naples. Philip II. of Spain set up the inscription.

From this place the road became surprisingly pleasant. Indeed a great part of the way is so;

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a vast profusion of evergreens decorate the sides of it; and we see oranges and other excellent fruits, loading the trees all about us. The Anxur of the ancients, is the modern Terracina. 'Tis situated among the rocks, and makes a romantic appearance. The situation of Fundi is just of another kind; though it is also pleasant in its way. Fundi stands in a fertile plain, at the bottom of an hill; the Appian-way goes through it. Here Tiberius is said to have been born; but there is no great foundation for the report. Suetonius mentions it; but dissents from it, and supposes him born at Rome, in the palace of the Augusti.

The Formiæ of the ancients is the present Mota; we travelled up to it through groves of olive-trees. I staid here to see the Villa Formiana of Cicero; they call it his garden, but a great part of it is covered with a floor, in some parts wrought in Mosaic, and there are vaults under it. They led us also to his Fish-pond, a hollow, but at present dry. We went down into the vaults, and though I was not much pleased with their dampness, M——s was charmed with an observation very singular, and to him very entertaining. The walls were all covered with a kind of sparry matter, forming a kind of crust over every part of them. He soon convinced us that this was the same substance with those icicles and marbles, those stalactites and stalagmites, so he called them, that he had brought out of the caverns in the Æolian hills. You at that time, said he, supposed I erred in saying they were formed of matter-raised in vapour from the lower parts of the earth: you thought them separated from water trickling down through the
rocks

rocks above. You see the same thing here, where there is nothing above : this must have been from stony matter, raised in vapour from below, and here is abundance of it.

I am very perfectly convinced of my friend's system; but, must I confess to you, I am not so settled in my opinion of these ruins having belonged to Cicero. That he had a villa here, we know; but this has been too great a building. It was more probably the residence of Mamurra, the friend of Augustus, and lord of the place.

Between Mota and Copta is the port into which Homer brings Ulysses and his friends, when they were so frightened with the Lestrygons; and Ovid tells us Æneas found one of them, who was left there. Cluverius, if I remember right, compliments Homer on his accurate description of this port, and of the promontory that rises behind it; but that poet is accurate in all things.

One is charmed with seeing places we have read of in the earliest days. The poets have immortalized the places they name in a manner far more affecting than the geographers and historians; we never forget them. The name of Cajeta determined me to see the place where the pious Æneas buried his nurse: we avoided a tedious circuit round the gulf, or Sinus Cajetanus, by crossing it. 'Tis about forty miles over, and Cajeta is in full view all the way, and affords a beautiful prospect.

The town stands on a promontory, and there are vineyards all the way behind it; but what I
admired

admired most was the Speccata, the rock rent, as the tradition says, at the death of our Saviour. 'Tis a surprising sight ! the height of this rock is that of a very high church-steeple ; 'tis bare a great part of the way, and is burst into two parts, and the crack four or five feet wide : 'tis all of solid marble, and the appearance has something surprisingly august and great in it. The sides are very rough and irregularly broken ; but they perfectly correspond with one another. They shewed us another miracle there. 'Tis their way to take off the credit of real miracles by pretended ones : this is an irregular depression in the surface of a stone ; they fancy it has the appearance of a hand, and tell us it was owing to a man who did not believe the rending of the rock, and who struck his hand against it as he spoke, on which it became miraculously soft, and retained the impression. We walked along this clift fifty yards to a chapel much visited by pilgrims, and before we left the place we climbed up to the castle, and saw the effigies of Charles of Bourbon, who was killed at the siege of Rome ; he is set upright in a case, and dressed in modern cloaths.

In the dome they led us with great reverence to a pillar, which they say was one of the beautiful ones of Solomon's temple ; but 'tis a very modern piece of workmanship. Their font, however is a true antique, and a fine one ; 'tis a vase of white marble, with a fine bas-relief, the birth of Bacchus. The monument of Munatius Plancus stands on the top of a high hill ; 'tis round and large.

About

About eight miles from Mola are the ruins of the old Minturnæ. The amphitheatre and aqueduct still shew themselves in some splendor. When will these amazing works of the Romans decay! Soon after we had left this, we passed the Liris, the Garigliano of the moderns, the quiet Liris of Horace; but it can be rough and rapid enough after rains. A little farther we saw the Sinnessæ, immortalized also by Horace. Ovid talks of white snakes here, and our friend M——s was very eager in his enquiry after them. We heard of them, and he, with the assistance of some of the peasants, caught a viper: 'twas paler than ours are, but not any thing like white. We could not find they ever were any whiter. We passed the new Capua, a little place, with nothing remarkable in it; the old Capua, which we saw soon after, on the contrary, is full of antique pieces. The arena of the old amphitheatre is still entire: 'tis oval, and is larger than the famous one at Verona. Some pillars also remain that have belonged to the arches; they are of the Doric order, but not very fine. The vaults are brick; but what remains of the outside is stone. Capua was once the largest and the richest city in all Italy, the country about it the most fertile, and the most pleasant in the world. The summer lasts almost the whole year; the flowers and fruits have two seasons in one year. The hills are covered with vines, and the plains with every useful vegetable in abundant plenty. The old writers tell us the luxury of the people was their ruin; at present enough remains to shew they did but justice to the soil; but nothing of the grandeur of the city, or its inhabitants. Aversa, a little town built by the Normans on the ruins of Atellæ, is
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the last town on the road to Naples; we drank good wine there, and agreed with those who had praised it under the name of the Asprine. This is about eight miles from Capua, and from this the road is all the way through gardens and vineyards to the place whence I write this letter to you, my dear ****, which is Naples. I think I have led you by the hand with me from Rome: I shall, to-morrow, prepare for leading you in the same manner through a city which promises as much.

* * *

L E T T E R XCII.

I Little imagined, till to-day, my dear ****, that I had not before seen the finest city in Italy; you must give leave to call Naples so. I have never been in so agreeable a place. There are more palaces in Rome, and there are gaudier buildings in Genoa; but the buildings, if not magnificent, are all beautiful, and the streets are strait, broad, and in excellent condition. The situation and the temperature of the air all join in making it delightful. It is not midsummer, and yet nothing is so common as to see children quite naked, playing about before the houses.

Naples stands on the declivity of a hill, and has before it one of the finest bays in the world. Nothing can be more delightful than the prospect every way from it, unless the prospect that itself affords as we approach it. It appears a city of wax-work, rather than a reality. 'Tis the

the capital of the kingdom of Naples; and, if we consider its situation, we are not to wonder that it is of great antiquity. The old Parthenope stood here; when the Cumani rebuilt it, they called it Neopolis. The city lies in form of a crescent about the bay, which is between twenty and thirty miles in diameter, and is sheltered in the greatest part by woods and mountains; and even to the sea-ward has the little island of Capri to break the violence of the waves that roll into the bay. What can be so beautiful as the situation of this place! every way that the eye is directed from it there appears a scene of enchantment: the bay is a glorious sea prospect; the little hills that rise to the north are covered with vineyards, and lead to that charming country I have already described, the Campania felix. The plain to the east runs towards Vesuvius, and the castle of St. Elino, and the Corinthian convent, have a fine effect on the hill to the west.

The whole town, including the suburbs, cannot be less than sixteen or eighteen miles in circumference; the city alone is said to be near nine. It has the shew of a fortification; but there is no strength in it. The streets are all well peopled; the churches are not fewer than three hundred; and the inhabitants are computed at three hundred thousand.

I have not any where walked so agreeably as in their streets; the stones are broad and flat, but they are cut to a roughness that they may not be slippery. Their house-tops also afford so many terraces; they are all flat, and floored with stone, and in an evening are crowded. The
Stada

Stada del Folido is, I think, the finest that I have any where seen ; 'tis very long, as well as broad. Near the end of it I examined a beautiful piece of architecture of Fontanas ; 'tis the viceroy's palace. They are very fond of a colossal statue which stands near it ; 'tis a Jupiter, and is an antique ; but the modern reparations strangely impair its value in the eye of a real judge.

The churches of Naples are not more numerous than rich ; but they are too gaudy in their ornaments. There is a strange profusion of the finest marbles to be seen in them ; but they are too glaring : they throw all the bright colours together, without taste or judgment in the incrustations.

The cathedral, which is dedicated to St. Januarius, is a magnificent structure, and it is nobly decorated and enriched within. The variety and splendor of the marbles in this, are lost in the more glaring ornaments of gilding and painting, and to the judicious are rendered inconsiderable by the sculptures. There are a multitude of copper statues, and among them a very laboured one of their patron St. Genuaro, or Januarius. In a chapel under the choir they have the body of this wonderful saint buried : but his head, and a quantity of his blood are preserved with the highest veneration in the chapel. On the anniversary of the saint, and one day beside, every year, they shew the miracle of the blood, which is hard and dry in a Phial, growing soft and fluid on the approach of the head of the saint. It used to be a very bungling piece of legerdemain ; but, at present, they perform it in such a hugger-mugger way, that it is not easy to see whether they take
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the pains to do it at all. The people are to keep at an awful distance, and the thing is scarce to be seen. This chapel has a facade of marble toward the church; the walls and roof are marble, and the floor is inlaid with a variety of beautiful stones. There are some good bas-reliefs in it, and the niches of the walls hold copper images of the saints. There are two fine pillars near the great altar; they are of Jasper, and their pedestals of the verd antique, both very fine. The gate is of pierced brass-work, and is indeed a very elegant one; but the paintings of the cupola give me most pleasure: they are by Larfrane, and those under them by Dominichini.

The ruins of a temple of Castor and Pollux have helped to build the church of St. Paul Maggiore; part of the antique building is the portico of the present church. The pillars are fluted, and of the Corinthian order, and they shew what the building must have been, for they are very noble. This is also confirmed by the fragments of other very great ones, which lie useless on the ground. 'Tis here that they say the statues of these deities tumbled down at the preaching of Paul and Peter, and they believe it. Massimis has finished the cieling in a fine taste, and there are two frescos of Solimisi in the sacristy very fine ones. Luca Giardino has adorned the church of the Theatins also with a very fine piece in fresco: the story is Christ driving the money-changers out of the temple. There is also a St. Francis there, by Guido, equal to any thing he ever executed.

The convent of St. Dominico Maggiore is a very rich one. They have a crucifix, statues of
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saints,

saints, as big as life, and ornaments and utensils of vast bulk, particularly candlesticks of seven feet high, all of silver, and of exquisite workmanship. 'Tis here also the famous ~~script~~ script of St. Thomas Aquinas is kept; they value it more than all their real treasure. They preserve also, if you will believe them, in one of the chapels of the same church, the crucifix, which miraculously spoke to St. Thomas in praise of his writings. They shew also his cell in the convent, and pay it great veneration.

The pavement of the church of St. Sanseverino, is the most extraordinary I ever saw; the arms of the principal families are done in bas-relief on it, and rise to a considerable height. A most ridiculous and troublesome ornament! people stumble over them, and tread and kick them to pieces. There is merit in a monument to three youths of the Sanseverino family; the inscription tells you they were all poisoned for their estate. Zingare has done himself great honour by the fresco of a cloister here; the story is the miracles of St. Benedict.

I was startled at a piece of workmanship of Maddavino's, in the church of the Mount Olivet: 'tis a dead Christ, with a number of figures the disciples, &c. about him. 'Tis in terra cotta, and the figures are as large as life. They are very well done; but this is not all that favours the deception, through which most people take them to be living persons. I confess at the first glance they appeared so to me. There is something singular in the work, and the statues do not stand on pedestals, but immediately on the floor, which, with their natural attitudes, gives

much colour to the description. There is a St. Christopher here, a fine piece of Solymini.

In the church of St. Catherine a Farmello, they shewed us a curiosity of a new kind, a collection of natural rarities, at least of what they took to be such. You will guess with what propriety, when I tell you a pair of mandrakes are of the number. They exactly represent the male and female sexes, and, I must confess, passed upon me for very great curiosities; but M——s shewed me in what manner they had been made from the roots of angelica, by cutting them into form, and afterwards putting them into the ground again, to get them a new coat. They smell of angelica to this time; but I never suspected the falacy.

The Annunciata is very rich, and there is a very worthy use made of part of the riches. There is one of the noblest charities in the world. 'Tis a kind of hospital for foundlings; they take in all that are offered: they educate them well, and when grown up, such as chuse a monastic life, have it: of the rest, the boys are put to trades, and the girls married, with portions from the stock: if they become distressed afterwards, they are again received into the house.

I mentioned to you the Carthusian convent on the hill, as one of the prospects from Naples. It is just under the castle of St. Elmo, and itself stands so high, that the view from it is much finer than that it affords. The whole city and bay seem under one's feet, as one views them from this convent. It is indeed, I think, one of the most pleasant, as well as most magnificent

nificent I have seen. One way is seen the sea and the island of Caprea, famous for the debauches of Tiberius; and another the view is terminated by Vesuvius, which from no place appears more beautiful. The finest point of view, for all this, is from a gallery in the prior's apartments. They have a crucifixion here, a small picture of Michael Angelo's; but an extremely fine one. The great expression of the face has led them to father upon this the story of that painter's stabbing the man whom he had tied to a cross for his model, in order to see the real agonies.

There are two or three others in different parts of Italy, of which they tell the same story; but it reflects as much on the judgment as on the humanity of the Painter; for he could never expect expression of face proper for the Saviour of the world dying voluntarily on that glorious account, from a murdered beggar.

The great square of this convent is a very noble piece of building; 'tis encompassed by a cloister paved with marble, and full of good sculptures. The galleries above go all round the sides, and are supported each by sixty pillars of Carrara marble, each of these is cut out of one entire piece. And at one corner is the burying-place, inclosed with an elegant balustrade of marble. The cells of the monks of this order are ranged along the outside of the cloister, and they live like hermits in them. They eat fish and vegetables, and they do this alone four days out of the seven. On the other three they eat together in the refectory. Their church is not large; but it is finely ornamented. The pavement and walls

are marble, the cieling is divided into compartments by stone divisions, and these are finely painted by Lanfranc. They are also very rich in pictures of Guido, and the other great masters. The baptism of Christ, in this place, is the last piece of Carlo Morat's. 'Tis finely designed; but you see decay of the great hand in the execution.

I was greatly pleased with some pieces of Solymini's, which I saw in the palace of the marquis Jansons. They shewed me the head of the famous brazen horse, supposed to be made by Virgil, by the assistance of his skill in magic, and to have a power of curing all diseases in horses. The body of the beast is converted into a bell in one of the churches; but by the head, which is in the court of the Caraffa palace, the loss is not greatly to be lamented. I was pleased with a manuscript of Pliny's epistles in the Valleretta library, and with some original manuscript notes of Erasmus, written with his own hand in the margin of a copy of his Adaja. The library is a good one, and there are not a few good paintings in it.

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LETTER XCIII.

IN my last, I gave you, my dear ****, what observations I had made on the principal curiosities of Naples, in the order in which they occurred to my memory: if you perceive me, less

less warm in my encomiums than I have been used to be, remember I have been at Rome.

Since I saw all these, however, I have visited what is worth the highest observation, the Catacombs of Naples. They are at a little distance from the city, and are the most amazing work of the kind I have seen. They are indeed great in their way beyond all that I had formed any idea of. They are a little way out of the town, and are burying-places cut out of the solid rock; their aspect is awful, their extent surprising.

We went into one of them, and took a survey of another; the entrance of the third is blocked up; some accident has thrown a vast quantity of the rock upon it. That which we examined consisted of three stories, and they tell us the rest are like it in all particulars. Each story begins with a single gallery long and large; this, at some distance from the entrance, branches itself out into others on each hand, and these again divide themselves into others in the same manner. Some of these last arrangements are much larger than others; but in general they run parallel with the first. It is an awful and amazing sight; for within the body of the rock, out of the reach of day, run these long isles, they told us, to ten miles extent.

On each side of the galleries all the way there are cut niches in the solid rock; they are about six feet in length, and run to a considerable height. There are generally five or six rows of them; the bodies were put in sideways, and the mouth of the niche afterwards stopped up with a stone

cut for that purpose, so as to lie level with the surface of the rock. Each of these niches held only one body. There are, in different places, openings cut through the rock to the surface; but none of them at this time clear. We saw the mouth of one of nine feet wide; but long since filled up with earth. These served to let out the stench, though it could not be much where all was so well closed, and to let in fresh air. The closing was not with rough stone, but very artificially. The grooves in many places remain, and in some, part of the stone that stopped up the hole. There are many little hollows cut in the sides of the larger galleries, and niches in the walls of them; and in some the rock is hollowed in a more expensive manner, so as to make a kind of chest, or sarcophagus for the body. There is a front wall of the rock left to these chests, and a flat stone covers them or has covered them; the hollow is worked down to the level of the floor, and the front wall about four feet high; the rock is sometimes hollowed over it into an alcove, sometimes cut out all the way up. These seemed designed for particular families: there are in some of them two of these chests behind one another, probably for the father and mother; and above them, in the walls, horizontal niches for the children: in some of these are mosaics and inscriptions, but strangely defaced.

The smell is nothing, for there are only dry bones left, but the place is very damp. We saw, in some parts, the remains of some very bad paintings in water-colours upon plaister. Among the letters and cyphers cut in the rock, the names of Christ and the apostles are frequent,
and

and the figure of the cross is seen in many of them. The mosaics have been no better than the paintings, so that there is nothing of curiosity in this kind; but the whole scene itself is awful and solemn in the greatest degree. Such an extent of subterraneous regions, filled with the dead, is an amazing sight. The galleries do not seem to have been done all at once; but cut farther and farther as there was occasion.

You are not to wonder, my dear ****, that I write to you of no Roman antiquities from Naples. I have named to you the colossal Jupiter; there is hardly another statue in the place. Naples has been viceroyed out of all its treasures of this kind: its governors have seized or bought every thing that was found worth notice there, and carried it away with them. As to public buildings, we are no more to expect any remains of them. Naples has not only been plundered and destroyed again and again, but earthquakes have added to the desolation. All that I have to name to you of curiosity farther than I have already spoken, are the Aqueducts. These are another subterranean work, like the Catacombs, and undermine almost the whole city. They convey the water from the river; and no city in Italy is better supplied; but they have been fatal to it. Belisarius took the town by means of them; and, long after, Alphonfus I. got in the same way.

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L E T T E R X C I V .

IT would be unpardonable to have been at Naples and not to have visited Vesuvius. 'Tis about four miles south-east of the town; and M——s has been so earnest in his application to go up to it, that there was no withstanding him; though I must confess I had no great stomach to the expedition. At the foot of the mountain is a long inscription on a table of marble, giving an account of the eruptions of the mountain, and at the top of the table is a figure of it.

From this monument, which is four miles from Naples, we had four more to the summit of the mountain, and all was at this time so quiet, as to tempt us greatly to the journey. The first half we went on horseback, the rest we were obliged to walk.

From the very bottom we saw loose remains of the eruptions. The first things we met with as marks of it, were large and light stones, like pumice-stones, and heaps of vast cinders, or flags, such as we see thrown out of forges. They build the enclosures of their vineyards with these about the foot of the mountain; but we soon got beyond all plantations. We rode for some time along the side of a strange ridge of matter, the remains of one of those burning rivers of melted metals and stones that run over the mouth in the great eruptions. This was fifty feet wide, and raised to some height above the level of the surface, and seemed to bury itself to some depth
below

below it. The lower part seemed an uniform mass of minerals that had once been melted together and fluid; but all the upper part was rough with vast masses of stone stuck in it. What a sight of horror must this be at the time! a river of liquid fire, with red-hot rocks, and masses of other solid metals, floating upon it.

As the ascent grows steeper, the ground grows worse. 'Tis covered a foot deep or more with ashes, and broken pumice-stones, which mixed with the natural sand of the place, make a strange and unpleasant kind of walking. M——s threw off his cloaths, and taking a large stick in his hand to feel before him, led the way. Nothing but a love for curiosity beyond the common degree will ever carry a man to the top of this horrible mountain. We followed our leader rather through shame of giving out, than through any real liking to the expedition. You would have thought he had been often there. Eagerness to get up stood in the place of knowledge how to do it. Sometimes he climbed the heap of once liquid matter, and we followed him along its surface, till the stones were so vast that we could not get over them. Sometimes we pulled ourselves up on hands and knees along the rough natural rocks of the surface; and at others, combated all the difficulties of Alexander in the Libyan deserts, walking in loose matter that every step was up to the knees, and scarce any ground gained; for we slipped back as fast almost as we advanced: and, but for the rough masses that lie scattered about, we should not have been able to get up at all.

At length we arrived at the top of the first ascent, a plain, that once was the place of eruption of the mountain. From hence we looked down upon the ruins of the liquid fire that we had passed, and saw all the roughnesses of their surface was thrown into a kind of waves. This was the plain from whence the eruptions used to proceed; but it is now covered with matter thrown down from those in the upper parts, and its hollow filled up.

At this place it was that we entered on the scene of horror. All did not now appear so tranquil as at first. The noises we had originally heard became louder and more frequent; and what we had taken for wind, proved the roaring of the inside of the mountain. The ground sounded hollow under our feet, and was so hot, that it burnt us. It was full of cracks, out at which issued smoke and a smell of sulphur. It was with difficulty, and I must be allowed to think, not without danger, that we gained the top of the second or highest ascent. The way to it was among burnt rocks and slags, and the sides steeper than the others by a great deal. All this part of the mountain, which seems a lesser mountain placed upon the greater, has been formed of matter thrown out at former eruptions, and every one adds to it, so that the hollow within must increase vastly. The top of this highest ascent, that is, the summit of the whole mountain, is tolerably flat, and of some extent. We walked upon it, among slags and cinders of various size and colour, and saw a vast variety of half-burnt minerals, pieces of which M——s picked up with great care. The scene was now very terrible, the roaring increased,

creased, and, while we were looking toward the mouth, a burst of pitchy smoak rose out in a terrible volume. Our guides said there was going to be an eruption, and we were hurrying away, only M——s intreated our staying; and such is the courage that attends on curiosity, he went forwards toward the opening. The rest you must have from his account; but he is faithful as hardy. For my part, I gave him up as lost: a cloud of smoak followed the first, and quite hid him as he approached the mouth. I thought of the fate of Pliny, and supposed it over with him. As the wind blew off the smoak we saw him again, still marching forwards. A roaring was heard again, a second cloud of smoak succeeded it, and he was lost again, till the air once more cleared up, after a few minutes. He had the intrepidity to march on in this manner till he could look down into a part of the hollow. Nothing can be so horrible as his description of the mouth. All was clear, he says, as he looked in: he saw to a considerable depth, and a great part of the surface of one side. The eye would have gone deeper, but a body of pitchy smoak, disposed in waves, prevented it. The side of the well was glazed with a thick coat of various-coloured glass, formed of the petrified rocks within, and every here and there some vast stone stood out, or some slag adhered to it. A noise louder and more terrible than the first was heard as he stood there; the hill shook under his feet as if in a earthquake; and immediately that vast volume of smoak, which he saw at the depth of the hollow, was thrown up into the air, and some flame after it. We were in more pain for him now than ever; but, after two minutes, all cleared up again, and we saw him still in his station.

He

He had the courage to see the flame issue out ; he saw it grow fainter, and as he continued his observation, he now saw much deeper than before into the well ; but still he saw only an empty hollow : the sides of the lower part were more ragged than those of the upper. By degrees now all was calm again, he saw the smোক gather itself at the bottom in a cloud : it ascended higher and higher, and was getting toward the top of the opening, when a noise was heard under-ground vastly louder than before, and more terrible than thunder. In a moment an explosion followed ; all was smোক and darkness, except that the air was full of red-hot masses of matter. We all got down as fast as we could, and, to my surprise, I must confess, as well as great satisfaction, we saw M——s following us.

We had set out in our expedition downward in absolute darkness ; but the air by degrees cleared up about us, and there was no harm from the explosion ; for all the matter that had been thrown up had fallen back again into the mouth. We found the way down the second descent very easy ; and when at the bottom, the guides, who had long before the worst explosion warned us to come down, pretended not to have been at all frightened ; and, like masters of a vessel when got on shore, called the tempest only a brisk gale. We were surprised from the bottom to see all so quiet again ; but they told us this was a very common state of the eruption, and had only appeared terrible to us while near it. They assured us, that what we had seen was the constant course of the volcano ; that immediately after every roaring within, a cloud of
smোক

Imoak was thrown out, and now and then a little flame, or a few small cinders, as we had seen. How different is the language of danger and that of security! If this appeared terrible in so high a degree to us, what must be the horror of one of the great eruptions, when neither sun nor sky is to be seen for weeks together! when the trembling of the earth, and the roarings under its surface, threaten what will certainly some time happen, the swallowing up of the whole country; when rivers of melted metals run down the sides, and burn and bury every thing they meet with, overwhelming whole buildings, and when at the same time every particular explosion tosses up rocks of a vast bigness glowing into the air, and the whole neighbourhood is covered with cinders and ashes. This is the tax which nature has laid upon what would be else the pleasantest country in the world. The whole place undoubtedly stands upon an arch of sulphureous matter, within which is a continued fire, and the consequence must be, at one time or other, the sinking in of the whole together.

The vein of sulphur here is immense: there is no doubt of its being continued westward as far as Baiæ, where the famous baths at Tortoli, Nero's baths as they are called, are owing to it, and where in some places about the shore the sea-water is hot enough to boil an egg in two minutes. The other way there is great reason to believe that it communicates with Ætna and the Æolian islands, the vein running under the bottom of the sea. The Solfatara is also doubtless another part of it, and seems to have been in some early time a volcano like Vesuvius, which

which has fallen in at once, and choaked up the whole opening of the fire. The vast basin on the top of the mountain seems to evince as much; and it is cracked, and burning hot, and full of sulphur, just in the manner of the first plain of Vesuvius. The whole vein seems to be on fire at a great depth under-ground, and to burst out at one or other of these openings; the one being always quiet when the other burns.

The Solfatara abounds with minerals, from which they at this time extract alum and sulphur in great abundance; and there is a quantity of bubbling and boiling bitumen in one part of its surface, which rises higher as the bay is more stormy, and therefore evidently communicates with it. They say this bed of fluid matter shifts place; but I cannot well understand how that should be. No bottom has ever been discovered to it. Poor W——m paid dearly for his foolhardiness, in attempting to ride over it: he sunk horse and all, and was never heard of after.

LETTER XCV.

THE country about Naples is one of the pleasantest in the world; but it has suffered strangely. I have been paying a visit to what they call the Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, and to the ruins of the ancient Cumæ. We see remains of ancient grandeur every where. All the country about Baiæ you well know was once covered with palaces and temples; but earthquakes

quakes have overturned them all. The hill of Punfilippo affords a thousand beautiful prospects; the sea is in view, and the whole country is a garden. Vineyards and plantations beautify every spot. At the bottom of the hill there is a little church, but a very elegant one, built by Sannazarius. What a sound! a poet build a church! when will it happen again! His monument is a very elegant one in it; but they have changed his name: they call him, as he called himself, *Actius Sincerus*. And the *Apollo* and *Minerva* in white marble, that decorate his tomb, are now a *David* and a *Judith*. If these old statues could speak, would not each say, with all the indignation of *Oroonoko*, "I am myself, but call me what you please."

On the side of the hill is the celebrated tomb of *Virgil*; it stands on the brink of a precipice. The area is a square of about fifteen feet, and in the wall there are some niches; but there is at this time nothing in them. All that commemorates the bard is a cluster of little bay-trees at the top, which they tell us grew there spontaneously. The grotto of Punfilippo is a very surprising work: 'tis an archway cut through the body of the hill, and wide enough for carriages to go two a-breast. They call it a mile in length; but 'tis not so much. 'Tis wider at the ends to let in light; and there are two openings going slanting through the sides of the hill; but they are of little service: 'tis a very strange, but a very uncomfortable passage. The inside of the hill is as dismal as the outside is pleasant. The passage is very old: *Strabo* mentions it, and so does *Seneca*, under the name of *Crypta Neapolitana*.

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The Lucrine Lake, so famous for its oysters, has little of the extent it once was celebrated for. An earthquake two hundred years since reduced it to its present narrow bounds. And in the same shock the Monte Nuovo was raised from the level ground to the height which it yet shews. It is a dry and barren hill, consisting of sand and burnt stones, and is evidently hollow within. The Sibyl's Grotto is a vast subterraneous work. There has been a passage of three miles from the entrance near Cumæ, to the opening just by the lake Avernus; but at present it is in great part choaked up: an earthquake has filled it with dirt and stones; 'tis only open about half a quarter of a mile at one end, and but much less at the other. The descent at the opening next Cumæ is very rugged; and that next the Avernus is so low and narrow, that one crawls into it.

The tradition seems a very idle one in regard to this grotto; the rocks about Pozzolo and Cumæ all abound with these vast caverns; nature has probably made them all, though art may have improved some, in ages when the inhabitants thought it proper to use them as retreats from the superior force of their enemies, and a thousand idle stories have since been set on foot about them.

Whether fancy or fable have given origin to all the stories of these places, certain it is that there appears nothing to support the fabulous and romantic accounts that we have heard of them. The Avernus no longer is fatal to animals; fish are plentiful in it, and swallows catch flies

flies upon its surface as peaceably as about any of our fish-ponds. The Sibyl's bath is a little room far in the cavern, with a mosaic floor, and the remains of some gilding and other ornaments of the old Roman time; and at a little distance there is another cell, which they call the Sibyl's lodging-room. Whether this was ever the habitation of a Sibyl, let those doubt who please; I am satisfied that it is the grotto of the Æneid, and was vastly pleased to see how it, at this time, in many things, answered the description the poet gives of it.

The ancients were not unacquainted with the pernicious qualities of the Grotto del Cane; Pliny mentions them. There is something singular in the poisonous vapour of this grotto, as most of the caverns there-about abound with wholesome springs. We tried the common experiment with a dog in it, and the creature was strangled with it. Whether he would have died if kept longer in the vapour, I don't know; we had more humanity than to try the experiment. They told us that Charles VIII, when vice-roy of Naples, tried the effect upon an ass, and killed the creature. Another of their vice-roys, Peter of Toledo, sacrificed two human subjects to the same curiosity; the punishment ought to have been his perishing in it himself.

M——s, who was very intent upon observing the manner of the operation, immediately saw the whole matter. The grotto is a cavern of eight feet diameter in the side of the rock; its height is hardly six feet: the floor is flat and even, and there rises a thick vapour from it to the height of about eleven inches; it is easily seen,

and has a wavy appearance like a smoak, and is of a bluish colour; the walls of the grotto are ringed with it. Out of the reach of this vapour all is safe and wholesome; but if the head of any animal be plunged into and kept under it, so that it be obliged to breathe it, the effect is suffocation. We put in a little but a stout dog; on the instant of his being put into it, he sneezed violently, soon after he foamed at the mouth, and his tongue hung out; his breath we could in a minute more perceive was very difficultly fetched, and his eyes rolled wildly about. After this he struggled and became convulsed, and in a few minutes more lay as dead. The whole time of the experiment was not less than a quarter of an hour, and the creature seemed at last to be quite dead: he was only left a few minutes on the grass, and he perfectly recovered. They sometimes throw them into the lake that is just by, and the cold bath restores them. At other times, when the creature has been in very long, they lay him with his body in the water, and his head upon the bank, and he never fails to recover. A lighted torch immediately went out, when plunged into the vapour, as if it had been thrust under water. A chicken was killed in a few moments; and a viper, which we found near the place, in twenty-five minutes; neither of these recovered. M——s found a poisonous mineral, Cobalt; together with the Rufina in the rock, and to these are attributed the vapours. 'Tis odd that some affirm a liquor distilled from the earth and stone about the place should be a good medicine. Cobalt should furnish worse principles.

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The sweating grotto is but at a little distance from this ; it breathes nothing but sulphur, the air within stinks of it, and the whole place is surprisingly hot. This is used medicinally.

Cumæ shews very little of what it once was. It appears by the testimony of the ancients to have been one of the oldest cities in Italy. The entrance into the territory of Cumæ is by the *Archo-felice*, an old arch, which is the most considerable remain of all that once stood there. 'Tis of brick, and is very well preserved ; the bricks are very large, and the cement strong and firm to this day. But you are not to suppose the goodness of the materials all that has preserved it ; it stands between two hills, which finely screen it from the weather. Not far from this are the remains of what they call the *Temple de Gigante* ; the colossal Jupiter was taken hence. There is a great nich at the upper-end, and a smaller on each side. The roof is vaulted, and divided within into square compartments. Beyond this stands another ancient edifice, with a vaulted roof also. The disposition of the niches in the walls of this shew it to have been a burying-place.

Very little more than this is to be seen above-ground of the old Cumæ ; but, wherever they dig, they meet with fragments of pillars and cornishes. There have been some statues also found there ; but they have been bought up as soon as discovered, and sent off.

At a distance from this place stand the ruins of the old *Linternum*, the retirement of the

great Scipio Africanus : they call it now *Terre de Patria*, from a town erected in the place where he was buried.

Even *Baiæ*, celebrated by every Muse, shews very little of what was once its splendor. The few ruins that remain of its once magnificent buildings are almost intirely under water ; but though these are no more, its happy situation still remains ; 'tis certainly the sweetest spot in the world. Near the shore of *Baiæ*, which is still a noble port, they shew the temples of *Venus*, *Diana*, and *Mercury* ; but there is no great proof that they belong to them, except that in the dark recesses of that of *Venus* there are some bas-reliefs that would not have been out of character in a temple built to her honour. Not far from these is a little monument, which they call the tomb of *Agrippina*. We learn from *Tacitus*, that her domestics did raise a little sepulchre to her in this part of the country ; but there is no proof that this is it. 'Tis on such foundations that many of the old remains are named. There is something like a hint toward it in some old author, and who can contradict it ? They shew us also the remains of *Cæsar's*, and of *Pompey's*, and of *Marius's* villa here ; but we are to take the accounts on the same kind of authority.

I must not close my letter, however, without remembring another kind of ruin ; 'tis the *Piscina Mirabilis*, so famous, and indeed so deservedly famous in story. The descent into it is by forty steps, the roof is supported by pillars, and both these and the roof itself are encrusted with a kind of plaister that is harder than the stone

stone itself: 'tis a surprising place, and worthy the epithet which accompanies its name. It has probably been of old a reservoir of water. The Cento Camerelle is also another structure of the same kind. 'Tis not easy to say with what intent a reservoir of water should have been so divided; but neither does it appear to us what other use the edifice could serve for. They say a prison; but this is without foundation, and improbable.

The entrance into this is also supported by pillars; but 'tis so low in the farther part, that a man cannot walk upright into it. The disposition of the cells, and the passages out of one into another, are very surprising. When we had left these edifices, we entered into the Elysium Fields, as they call them; but there is nothing in the Place that answers to so founding a name.

At Puzzolo there are still some remains of the old Mole. Some of the arches yet stand; they call them the ruins of Caligula's Bridge. We examined also the ruins of an amphitheatre, and of what they call two Circus's; but of these I am in doubt. In the market-place we saw a square piece of marble, with bas-reliefs on it. There are fourteen figures, and they are supposed to refer to the fourteen cities of Asia, which Tiberius restored after the destruction of an earthquake; but the workmanship is not good enough for the time of Tiberius.

While we were busied in examining these figures, and some fine Corinthian pillars that yet remain in a building which they call a temple of Jupiter, M——s was bending all his enquiries

ries another way. He was eager to know where that kind of sand, or cement, or by whatever other name it was to be called, was to be found, which he had read of under the name of Pulvis Puteolanus. With some difficulty we found it running down the side of a steep promontory into the sea, and concreted into hard masses toward the bottom. It is a grey powder, resembling sand, only not so harsh between the fingers. What is singular in it is, that, when wetted, it does not continue loose and incoherent, as other sands do, but concretes into a mass, in some degree resembling our Plaster of Paris. We tried it with the sea water, and with fresh, and found that it answered with either, but best with the salt water. One of the first discoveries which M——s made, on breaking one of the lumps of this, was, that the hard incrustations which we had admired so much upon the roof and pillars of the Piscina Mirabilis of Baiæ, were of this matter; a very natural circumstance, but not attended to by any before. Puzzolo, the old Puteoli, is near enough to Baiæ, and the ancients were full well acquainted with the property of this powder in making a kind of plaster or cement that would hold strong under water; indeed they have said too much about it. Pliny says, that the dust of the Puteolan Hills running down into the sea, hardens into a kind of rocks, that are not to be broken to pieces afterwards by the waves, and that gather new strength every day. Seneca also asserts, that if the Puteolan powder touches water it becomes a stone. That the powder which ran down the sides of the hill into the sea, ever collected itself under water into a stone, seems too much to suppose, since the powder thrown into water remains a powder at its bottom;

tom; but what gave rise to the opinion is evident enough. The sides of the hill were at all times covered with the powder, and especially on the lower part; the high tides and storms would throw up the waves so far, as to make them wash parcels of this, that were dry before, and were to be dried again afterwards: these, from such an occasional wetting, would doubtless harden into a kind of stony masses, and they do so to this time. The lower part of the promontory, where we gathered this, was covered with such; but such of the powder as ran into the sea was washed away in that form.

The effect, in this case, is very much like that produced by the common plaister, and the cause is also in a great measure the same. There has been at all times mention made among writers of a substance called *Gypsum Tymphaicum*, and *Calx Nativa*; the first is the name given it by Theophrastus, the other has been given it by writers of our own country and elsewhere. This is a kind of earth found in England, and many other places, and it has some of the properties of plaister, without any previous burning. This earth makes a considerable part in the composition of the Puteolean powder, and 'tis to this that it owes its property. The builders of the *Piscina Mirabilis* did well to use it in the encrusting of that building: the Italian architects at this time employ it in their cements, especially for buildings that are to be under water.

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L E T T E R X C V I.

PORTICI, the Herculaneum of the ancients, lies, my dear ****, at the foot of Vesuvius. You may be assured I have not omitted a visit to it; but to what purpose should I begin to enumerate the antiquities dug up here, since you have already had so many accounts of them, and will have, ere long, so authentic and so full a one from their royal possessor. The old writers tell us, that the city was destroyed by an earthquake; but it rather appears to me to have been buried under the cinders and ashes thrown out of Vesuvius in some vast eruption. The people seem to have had notice of its destruction; for they were none of them buried in it, nor have they left any thing, so far as yet appears, behind them, that they could conveniently carry away

The statues that have been dug up hitherto are most of them good, the paintings have been most spoken of; but if you will take my opinion of them, the greater part are very indifferent. The curiosities that pleased me most were the innumerable little utensils found in the houses; they are of an infinite variety, and many of them unlike every thing I have seen, either in the reality or in figure.

But adieu to Herculaneum; I have already given you all my observations on the environs of Naples; this letter is destined to the mention of my last expedition to the island of Caprea.

'Tis

'Tis a sweet place ; nor can I wonder that Augustus retired to it, or that Tiberius revelled in it ; nature has calculated it for the purpose. The island stands about three miles from the main land, at the entrance of the gulph of Naples. 'Tis near four miles long, though hardly quite a mile any where in breadth. The west-end is a high rock continued for two miles, and upon this stands the largest tower in the island, *Ano Caprea*. The east-end runs almost to as romantic a height ; but between these two extremes of the island, there runs a slip as it were of plain ground across it, which is by much the sweetest place I have ever seen. On this charming spot stands the town of *Caprea*, with the bishop's palace, and some convents.

Nearly in the middle of this fruitful and pleasant spot stands a little hill, once covered with buildings ; the ruins of noble piles are seen all over it. Here was the great scene of Tiberius's revelry ; but the whole island was a garden planted and divided in the most superb and elegant, and at the same time in the most romantic, manner. The rocks were hollowed away into artificial grottos, galleries, and subterraneous apartments, fitted for the purposes of his scandalous debauchery. We are not to attribute all the ruins of these to time : the Roman virtue abhorred the scandalous practices, while it was obliged to suffer them ; and, at the death of the abandoned emperor, erased the very memory of them by all the means they could ; among which were the pulling down and destroying all the places in which the scenes of infamy had been transacted. Thus was *Caprea*, in a few years,

years, rendered the finest spot in the world, and reduced again to its primitive situation.

LETTER XCVII.

AN accident, my dear ****, has brought me back to Rome. I have great reason to be satisfied with the occurrence, since 'tis impossible to examine such a place too much, or too often. To say any thing more of what I have seen in the city, I must say a vast deal. I have given you the detail, and there is no entering into dissertations on the particulars; let me mention to you what I have been entertaining myself with in some short excursions.

I have been greatly pleased with the hydraulic organs at Fiescati; the thought is very familiar, and consequently it is very old. Archimedes forfeits his claim in the invention to the Ægyptian; but I never before saw it brought into practice.

They have great advantages for it here; there is abundance of water at a vast height above the town, and therefore they can play a thousand tricks with it. These organs are of the number; the water performs the office of the bellows-blower, and also of the organist. There is another of these also at the villa Belvidere of the prince Pamphilio: Apollo and the Muses are sounding their instruments in concert with an organ, and the whole is performed by water.

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A Polypheme, a vast marble statue, sounds his pipe by the same means, and a Centaur his horn.

Tivoli is as famous for its water-works. In the Villa d'Este, belonging to the duke of Modena, there is another water-organ. The variety of cascades here is amazing; and, at the end of a long row of them there is a representation of some antique temple. 'Tis in marble, and must have been expensive. There is a good statue of a fighter with the ancient cestus; he has a Phrygian cap, and the thongs of the cestus reach up to his elbows.

The Teverone, the Anio of the ancients, throws itself down a precipice at Tivoli, and forms a cascade, a very noble one, but not so tumultuous as that of Terni; the sheet of water is much broader, but the fall is not so high. The Sibylline remains, or at least what superstition calls by that name, meet one in many places. On an eminence, opposite to the cascade, stands the temple of the Tiburtine Sibyl. Tivoli is the ancient Tibur. The name of Gallius stands on the architrave: he is supposed to have restored it from former ruins; at present it shews that it was once a noble building. The pillars of the portico are very elegant; they are fluted; the order is the Corinthian; but there is something singular in the capitals; the frieze is adorned with a festoon of bull-heads and roses over them. There are two statues of granite in an open piazza; they are Ægyptian, probably of Isis, and have no relation to the pedestals on which they at present stand. We ascended a little farther, to take a view of what were once
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the villas of Mæcenas, Horace, and Quintilius Varus. They are all in sight from this spot, and still disclose themselves in ruins. The villa Adrianæ is in the way to Tivoli; it must have been of vast extent. We saw the remains of a temple of brick-work; but injured greatly. There are some vaults of the old reticulated work.

The Lago de Castello Gondolpho we visited, to see the present state of what was the famous Alban Lake among the ancients. We saw from this the mount Algidus, famous for the view which Hannibal took of Rome from it. The lake is yet large, though less than in earlier time; its circumference is about two miles, and it lies in the middle of the series of mountains. 'Tis a vast basin, incapable of discharging its abundance any other way than by an artificial passage cut through the solid rock: this was a work of the old Romans, and done in pursuance of an oracle, which had declared an extraordinary swelling of the lake, and such an emptying of it the presage of a conquest of the Veientes. The passage must have been a work of vast labour and expence. 'Tis four yards high, and so long, that as one looks up it, the top of the arch and the water seem to meet to close the view. There is now a constant current from it, and they have flood-gates to make it large or less, according to the state of the lake. Toward Genzano we saw the plain immortalized by the battle of the Horatii and the Curatii. There are also the remains of five pyramids on one common base not far off; this has been an honorary monument to the five that fell in the fatal conflict: the real tombs were, according to Livy, placed distinct on the several spots where each hero

fell. We saw, at Genzano also the Nemus and Speculum Dianæ. The lake is square, and near a mile in circumference; the spot is called Nemio, from the old tradition, and the lake Lago de Nemi, and Specchio di Diana.

The Lago de Bolsara is a vast one, they say thirty miles in compass; at one corner of it stands the town of Bolsena. I admired extremely an antique Sarcophagus here; 'tis in the church-yard, and 'tis supported by two pieces of pillars. The figures on it are very numerous, and, for a funereal occasion, very whimsical, some of them almost bawdry; the whole series of them Bacchanalian. A satyr, with his hands tied behind him, and butting with his head at a goat, is a very whimsical one, and a drunken Silenus, a very fine one. There are also some of the old instruments of the Romans finely expressed on it. I have studied this bas-relief extremely, and am of opinion, that if those which remain in other places hereabout were more carefully attended to, we should see more explanations of the instruments of sacrifice and of festivity, and more accurate ones than we have at present. I have understood by those in the hands of some of those figures, some that I saw dug up at Herculaneum, which I never should have known what to make of, if I had not here seen figures using them.

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L E T.

L E T T E R XCVIII.

AT length I am set forward on the continuation of my tour. I write to you from Sienna, a town rendered famous in England by giving name to one of the most beautiful marbles of Italy; the yellow streaked with purple. 'Tis singular that, of this which they call with us the Sienna marble, I did not see one slab in the whole place, nor is there one quarry of it in the whole neighbourhood. Sienna is a pleasant town; 'tis in the duchy of Tuscany; the arms are the wolf suckling the heroic brothers; you need not be told, after this, that it was a Roman colony. It was once a free city, and the head of a republic; but Charles V. destroyed its privileges, and sold it to the Florentine. It is a clean town, but disagreeable for walking, the streets stand on so very uneven ground: it has a wall, with a number of towers, and a citadel.

The cathedral is a fine Gothic structure: nothing is seen but marble, both without and within. The pavement is of white marble, inlaid with a black matter, and representing scripture stories; Abraham's sacrifice, and the passage of the Red-sea, are in the part next the choir. The roof is blue, and sprinkled as it were with stars of gold. The ornaments are all Gothic; but they are very nice, and the workmanship throughout of the most elaborate kind. The pillars are of blocks of black and white marble, placed alternately; but this looks as awkward and ridiculous as the floor is elegant.

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The figures are engraved on the white marble, and the hollows filled up with a black composition run into them, which has at this time the appearance, and very nearly the hardness of marble. Meccarino had the care of the designs, and many of them are finely executed.

Alexander VII. built the Capella Chigi; it is in true taste, and very beautiful. There are two statues of Bernini in it, a Magdalen and a St. Jerom, very finely finished. The history of pope Pius II. Æneas Sylvius, is painted on the wall of what they call the Old Library; but this is a place where there are now no books. The designs are Raphael's, the execution by Puiturriccio; and in the middle of the room there are the three graces in marble, true antique, and very fine. There is something singular in the great square at Sienna; 'tis hollowed in manner of a great shell, and may be filled with water on occasion. The buildings are elegant, and there run piazzas all round it. Sienna is much the seat of learning; people come a great way to study here, and their own language is not neglected: I have not heard the Italian language spoken any where so well.

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L E T.

L E T T E R XCIX.

LEGHORN is a gaudy and pleasant, tho' not a large town: there is something in it that puts one in mind of Genoa at first sight; though, on a distinct view, there is no real resemblance. It has at all times been known as a sea-port. The Liburnian galleys of the Romans, the swiftest vessels of their navy, were built here. The tower stands low, and upon the Tuscan-sea. The streets are strait and large, and the great square a very noble one. Leghorn is of late ages vastly improved in all respects. Ferdinand I. who purchased it of the Genoese by exchange for Sarzana, first set it on the reputable footing on which it now stands; but the canal that has been cut to Pisa, and the filling up the quagmires with the clearings of the harbour, are what have put an end to the unwholesomeness of the air, by, in a great measure, drying the marshes, which its low situation occasioned it to be encompassed by: but, in return for the drying up their marshes, they want water; they are obliged to bring a great deal fourteen miles from Pisa.

There on the quay a statue of Ferdinand I. in marble, with four slaves chained to the pedestal. The figures are twice as big as life, and the whole group very noble. Palena cut the figure of the duke, the slaves are cast in copper. The slaves are three of them young, and one old; of the young ones, one is a negro: the three are the work of Pietro Tacca, the old one is by Giovanni de Bologna, and is worth all
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the rest of the group. There is not much of the master in the principal figure; but the whole is very grand.

There stands an octangular tower of marble out in the sea, at some distance from the new port; a regular building, and of a pretty effect. The Palazzo Inglese is four miles from Leghorn; the name carried me to it. What was my disappointment to find the edifice to which this pompous title belonged a place of refreshment for the English, who are very numerous in Leghorn, when they go out a shooting, or upon other such expeditions. The Greek church at Leghorn is worth observation; and the Jews synagogue is a handsome building.

I was much entertained with the story of St. Peter's landing at the place where there is a church, of the name of St. Pietro en Grado. The place is far enough from the water now; it stands at the end of a wood of cork-trees, which are very frequent thereabout; but we are told the saint was thrown on shore here, as he was in his voyage to Rome from Antioch.

Pisa, where I am at this time writing, is by no means what Pisa once was. The city was founded by the Greeks, and once able to fit out a hundred gallies, to extend its conquests in an uncontrollable manner, and add to its natural territories from the distant Tanis and Damiette at the opening of Nile. Pisa, that once was terrible to the whole Levant, is at present a poor city, and so ill inhabited, that I saw grass in many of the streets. No city in the world can stand more happily; its extent, next to that

of Florence, is greater than that of any city in Tuscany; and its university was once the most famous in this country. Since the time it fell to the Florentines it has been declining, and I am afraid it will not recover its ancient glories. The Arno is large, and was once of vast importance to the town; but its keys are now of little use: the mouth is so blocked up with sand, that nothing but small vessels can enter it. The plain in which it stands is naturally fertile; but there are not inhabitants to cultivate it. Even the business of the sportsman is not attended to: the woods all about are wonderfully pleasant, and they are stocked with game: there are parts of them reserved for the great duke and his dependants; but the peasants are now and then let in to destroy the abundant game there, which would else starve one another.

The streets of Pisa are large and spacious; the houses are in general well built, and as the streets are strait, they make a very fine figure from the number that are seen together. There are several noble squares, and there are not wanting magnificent buildings. Here are, you see, all the appearances of splendor and greatness; but the reality is wanting. What Homer has said of his soldier, may be applied to a state,

The hour a free-born man is thrown in chains,
Half his worth dies.——

The cathedral is a noble building, and it carries great marks of ancient splendor. 'Tis very advantageously situated in the middle of a large piazza. 'Tis all of marble, and was built of the spoils of Palermo, when the then flourishing Republic

Republic of Pisa took it from the Saracens. There are no less than seventy antique pillars; but they are not regular: they are of different marbles, and of different orders; a proof that they were once parts of much more antique buildings. The gates are of pierced brass; the story is our Saviour's life. These were part of their plunder at the Baleares, and are extremely fine in their kind. The roof is richly gilt; the floor is of very beautiful marble, and the paintings are by Andrea del Sarto, Meccarino, and others of the Florentine school, and many of them are very fine ones; but alas, after the pictures of the Vatican, what can appear great to me! Rome destroys all the pride of the places one sees after it.

Near the gate that leads to Lucca there are the remains of an ancient sudatorium of Trajan, Decius, and the Battisteria and Campo Santo offer to the eye a number of remains of the old Roman workmanship. There are pillars, and parts of friezes, that I have viewed with great satisfaction. On the right-side of the great entrance of the cathedral there stands a monument to the memory, and containing the ashes, of St. Beatrix. This the inscription tells us, and to this use the tomb may have been put; but they lye who say it was erected for that princess; the basso-relievos, which are very elegant, declare it antique. Over the Baptistry there stands the bust of a man in a modern habit, with a letter stuck in his hatband; 'tis a Gothic relievo: the subject is one Hawksworth putting by the letter which would have countermanded his former orders, and not reading it till he had succeeded in his attack.

The Baptistry is in the same square with the Dome, a round building, supported by noble pillars, and famous for its echo. The Campo Santo is very near it : this is a burial-place covered with earth brought from the Holy Land. 'Tis enclosed by a noble portico, and it abounds with venerable remains. They say 'tis built of the same length and breadth with Noah's ark. 'Tis an elegant structure, though Gothic ; 'tis not less than five hundred years old. The cloyster is of white marble, and the holy earth is truly of the place whence it has its name. The Pisans brought it back as ballast for their galleys, after one of their attacks upon the Turks. The pavement is marble of different colours, and under it are buried all the nobility of the ancient Pisa. All along the walls of the cloyster next the area, and under the windows, there are arranged a number of antique Sarcophagi : they are of white marble, and have very noble bas-reliefs on many of them. The other walls are ornamented with frescos, by Giotto, Meccarino, Buffalmachi, and other of the first restorers of painting in Italy. The triumph of death is one of the first, and has great merit ; the judgment, heaven, and hell follow, and are, if not equally good, yet very fine in many parts. The lives of the hermits take up some room after this ; and beyond these six compartments are filled up with the works and miracles of St. Rainerius, the old patron of the city. Six more compartments are taken up by the story of Job, all by Giotto, and all very masterly. Scripture histories take up a great part of the west-end : and the north has for its subject the story of the creation. There is something extremely singular in the plan and design of these ; and we are let into much

much of the old conception of painting by it. Death is an ugly old woman, flying with black wings, and with a scythe. A cluster of people of all ranks, princes, popes, and beggars, lie confused together under the destroyer; and angels are taking the souls of the virtuous out of their mouths, under the figure of little infants. I smiled at the battle between an angel and a devil about a fat friar; they have him in the air, and are pulling him to pieces, rather than part with him. Some miserable people in one part beg death to strike them; but the phantom refuses, and directs the scythe among the gay and happy.

They pretend that this Jerusalem earth has the property of reducing a body to a skeleton in one day, and they produce a representation in one of the corners of this picture to avouch it; but till some proof is produced of this miraculous quality in the ground, I shall be of opinion that the painter meant no more by his representation of the different appearances of the body after death, than to shew the different stages of his triumph of mortality.

The painter was no friend to the friars of his time; he has continued to satyrise their order, and to pay a very sensible compliment to some of his patrons at the same time, in his piece of the judgment. Pope Innocent IV. and others of that time, who had been his patrons, are put into his paradise; and a friar, who is got in among the blessed, is lugged out by an angel, to take his place on the other side. In hell there are the representations of a number of tortures,

people roasted, and the like; some of them much too hideous for the occasion.

The Vergogna or Bashfulness is represented in the piece of Noah and Cham : the virgin is going out ; but she blinds her eyes with her hand in such a manner, as to peep between her fingers. I should accuse these sort of pleasantries in such serious pieces, as the effect of a false taste in these old masters, had not Angelo, in his famous last judgment, admitted some things of a like kind, and our Hogarth been ludicrous in his immortal pool of Bethesda.

In all the paintings of this cloister there is something harsh ; there wants the softness of the succeeding masters, but there is great expression in the countenances, and the architecture, where any is introduced, is executed with judgment. But I am too long upon this subject.

You will be eager to know my opinion of the famous leaning tower of Pisa. It is a noble piece of architecture, and its position is as singular as you can have conceived. It stands in a slope, instead of being upright, as all the other buildings in the world are ; and the sloping is not a little. 'Tis all of marble, and the several blocks are cramped together with iron in such a manner, that it cannot fall, unless the whole go together. The general opinion is, that the architect built it in that slanting posture to shew what his skill could accomplish ; but Galileo discountenances this opinion, and is for proving that it has sunk on one side by a defect in the ground. In support of this opinion he produces

produces the observation, that the pedestals of the pillars, which are under-ground, are in the same inclined position with those above; and that the scaffold-holes, which remain unfilled, are all sloping. But, after all, might not the architect, who designed to amuse the world in this singular structure, do all this on purpose? The fastenings of iron between stone and stone, which holds it together as if the whole were cut out of one block of marble, seem evidences of this. After all, if it was built thus, it was a whim, and a very odd one.

There is no part of Pisa which gives me so much satisfaction in the view, as the noble ranges of houses on both sides the Arno. Many of them are of Michael Angelo's architecture. The entrance to the Torre di Fame, in which the unfortunate count Vyosin, and all his sons, were starved to death, is fastened up by a wall. This Gibbelin Ludenus, on the prevailing of the Guelph party, was locked up in the dungeon, and the keys were thrown into the river. Ruggiero, an archbishop, was the Christian creature who executed this more than Barbarian cruelty; but it was revenged, though too late, and his ashes were afterwards thrown into the Arno, as he had thrown the keys.

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L E T T E R C.

LUCCA stands sweetly; 'tis situated in a fertile plain; and, though none of the largest cities one shall see, it is the head of a little republic. The hills at a distance add greatly to the beauty of the prospect, and indeed to the fertility of the valley, by their defence of it against the winds. The town is well built, and well fortified, and the ramparts are laid out into delightful walks, which are shaded with trees, and in the openings shew a very fine country every way. You will be sensible that the circumference of the town is not very great, when I tell you that we walked round the ramparts in less than an hour; yet there are many elegant buildings and fine churches in it. The better sort of houses are all adorned with architecture at the entrance. They shewed us the tomb of a king Richard of England in the church of St. Fredian; who he was, or how they got him, or when we lost him, they are as silent as our own chronicles; but they seem to have had many illustrious English buried there: in St. Michael's church they have a monument of a bishop of Worcester.

The cathedral is dedicated to St. Martin, and is a handsome building. The Volto Santo, so famous in all the stories of Lucca, is an image of Nicodemus. The Luccese pay great veneration to it, and even stamp their coin with the figure of it. It stands in a chapel in the great church, which is insulated, or no where joined to the walls, and has on its outside the four
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Evangelists, and a St. Sebastian in white marble. We saw a chalice put under one of the feet of this image, and heard a very whimsical story as the occasion of it. The image had originally a silver slipper on this foot, and it kicked the precious ornament off in favour of a poor old man, who prayed to it for relief in his want. The slipper was soon missed, and soon found, and the unbelieving people, they tell you, took up the poor man, and accused him of having stolen it; but, on his being brought before the image, it once more kicked it to him; on which he was permitted to carry it off, and the foot supported in this manner for the future.

This is not the only moving piece of human workmanship, if you will believe them, that the Luccese have to boast: they led us into one of the side chapels in the church of St. Austin, in which is the miraculous picture as they call it. It is a Madona, with a Christ upon his left-arm, and a hurt on the other shoulder. Over it, on the wall, is painted, in fresco, a naked figure, with flames all about him, and stuck up to the middle in the ground. The story they gave us is, that this unfortunate mortal, a gamester that had lost all he was worth in the world, threw a stone at the picture of the Christ, which was at that time on the Virgin's right arm, and that the picture immediately was endued with a power of motion, and shifted it to the other. The stone, they tell you, wounded the side of the picture, and that blood issued at the bust; the man was immediately plunged into the earth up to his middle; and, after two hours blaspheming in that position, was swallowed up entire; they shew the hole at which he sunk over-against the picture,

picture, and assure us it is not to be fathomed; but they keep a grate over it at a certain depth, to prevent impertinent curiosity.

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LETTER CI.

NEXT to Rome my expectations were highest in regard to Florence. I am at length arrived there, and I find all my expectations satisfied. Many cities in this part of Italy are pleasant; but I think this is the most so of them all. Florence is the capital of Tuscany, a noble, a flourishing, and a very ancient city. The Romans found it a thriving place, and they added to its strength and riches: we read of it under the name of Fluentia in Sylla's time. It became a free state after the declension of the Roman empire; but it was too delicious a morsel not to attract the longing of many a noble family: at length that of Medicis succeeded, after a variety of attempts, in the design, and erected it into a sovereignty, together with the country about it, under the name of the grand duchy of Tuscany.

The Arno adds great beauty to Florence, and the hills about it form a very grand amphitheatre on the sides of it. One sees them from a very gradual ascent; that part which is next to the valley rises to a more and more steep height, till the prospect is terminated by the towering tops of the Apennines. How grand a prospect this! nor is it less beautiful: we do not
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look here upon barren rocks, or naked declivities, as in some places where the distant country is mountainous; the whole slope is every where laid out into groves and gardens, planted with vineyards, and with ranges of orange-trees; and the multitudes of villas toward the lower part, where the scene is most immediately under the eye, diversify it in the most pleasing manner. The valley to the west is not less beautiful than the mountains on all the other sides, and it is yet more beautiful; 'tis that rich plain watered by the Arno that extends quite to Pisa,

Florence is not strong in proportion to its elegance and its riches; it is walled and fortified in the common way, but the redoubts are of no great strength; nor are their stores for service in time of war in any great order. The citadel of St. John Baptist has some strength; for the rest, there is very little any where; nor are any other parts of the fortification much looked after. The circumference of Florence is not less than six miles; the streets are well paved, and they are strait and spacious. The common houses are in general well built, and the palaces and churches vie in splendor with those of any place in Italy. If there be a blemish in this city, which has been called, and with reason, Florence the Fair, it is the paper windows. They use oiled paper, instead of glass, on this occasion, in most parts of Italy for the sake of coolness; but it has a very dirty look.

There are four handsome bridges over the Arno, in its course through the city. One of these, the work of Ammanati, is a very extraordinary one. The arches are not of the usual form;

form; but, after a rise of a few feet from the place whence they spring, they are turned in form of a cycloide. This I have not seen before in any bridge, ancient or modern, in the world. The bridge is all of white marble, an elegant as well as pompous work; and at each end there stand two statues of good taste; the four represent the seasons.

The city abounds with statues; there are a great many of the antique scattered about in the several parts of it; and Michael Angelo, and other of the finest among the modern statuary, have also left remembrances of themselves in many of their best pieces. There is something in the heavy rustic charge with which all the palaces and public buildings abound, that gives them a uniformity one with another; but this Tuscan ornament does much better on the larger than on the lesser buildings. The Gothic churches are in their stile most of them very good; but the modern ones are all in the highest and truest taste. I have no where seen architecture in greater perfection. But Florence, more than any city in Italy, laments the unfinished fronts of its churches. Some great plan has generally been made for the making this part superior to all the rest in beauty, and the expence has been so much, that it has been let alone; and the part intended to be most ornamented left naked. This we saw in many of them; and even that of the cathedral, though not left in the rough like the rest, is finished with painting, instead of the intended porphyry: all the rest of this immense pile is overlaid with marble, the pannels white, and the borders of darker colour. Arnolfo de Couchio was the architect,

architect, and though architecture was at that time but in its revival, the structure is a very elegant one. The cupola was added afterwards, and the proposal of such a thing looked to people like madness; but Brunellesce finished it according to his design. 'Tis painted within by Zuccare; the resurrection is the subject of the upper part, and hell of the lower; but there are a great many extravagant and idle conceits among the figures, according to the fashion of that time. The floor is marble, and there are some good statues; but for the rest, the ornaments of the inside of this church are not at all equal to its outside.

The tower of Giotto attracted my eye on the instant of leaving the church; 'tis all of white marble. The architect lived at a time when the state of architecture had not arrived to any great perfection, and the antique had been little studied; but though the plan be somewhat Gothic, there is great elegance in the design and disposition of the ornaments. All the parts indeed are very happily placed, and the tower one of the highest in the world: 'tis surprisingly fresh and fine, for a building that has stood between three and four hundred years.

The Baptistry, which fronts the church, is an octagonal building; it was once a temple of Mars: 'tis cas'd on the outside entirely with marble, and has three pair of brass gates; those which face the citadel are the finest I have any where seen. The histories represented on them are those of the New Testament, and the figures are of the highest reliev'o of any I have seen, and are most of them extremely fine. Lorenzo Ghi-
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berti made them, and Michael Angelo complimented them sufficiently: he said they were only fit to be the gates of heaven.

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LETTER CII.

YOU will say I have trifled, to spend a whole letter about Florence, without naming the great duke's gallery; but I cannot introduce, in a part of a letter, a thing that is worthy to be the subject of a thousand. 'Tis the greatest repository of curiosities in the world, and the taste is not less than the value of the collection. The gallery consists of two sides and an end, each of the sides is about equal to twice the length of the end, and the entrance is at the middle of one of them from the outer part. The whole is of a surprising extent, and the walls are all faced from the top to the bottom with statues, busts, bas-reliefs, and antique inscriptions. Each side or wing of the gallery is more than six hundred feet long, so that you may guess at the treasures that the whole must contain.

The furniture, and not the apartment, is the scene of admiration. Indeed there seems to me a happy propriety in the leaving the building plain, that nothing may take off the attention to the antiquities with which it is stored. You may have conceived an idea of it as a noble edifice: I have told you that it is spacious; but that is all its praise. The walls are plain, the ceiling

ceiling is low, and the floor is brick. It takes up all the upper part of what they call the Old Palace of Medici, and one ascends to it by a very ordinary stair-case.

'Tis common to see people hurry through the vestibule at the last landing-place of the stairs, in order to get into the gallery ; but they omit seeing a great deal by this. The vestibule is, in my opinion, worthy as much notice as any part of the building. 'Tis filled with antique bas-reliefs, and inscriptions in Greek and Latin, and gave me a very long and a very high entertainment. You will guess at the different eyes with which people see the same objects, when I have told you that a party of English, who went in just before me, came out again through the vestibule before I had done examining it.

A little beyond this vestibule, on the side of the same wing, is the painter's chamber. Florence is the city in which the art, after its long decline, began to revive ; and in this room there are the several masters, under whom the plan of restoring so noble an art began, and was carried to its perfection. There are some got in lately that do not deserve their places in such company. It vexes one to see partiality (for this must be the case) take the place of judgment on such an occasion.

The apartment into which I was next shewn, contained an amazing collection of vessels and utensils of earth. M——s heard what was above it, and having no sort of curiosity for a parcel of old pots and Welsh dishes, as he called them, gave me the slip in a moment. The pieces of
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the old Porcelain are greatly valued here; but I was much more charmed with the amazing variety of terra cotta, in different forms and various colours and consistences, superior undoubtedly to all the collections in its kind in the world. I had like to have got into disgrace, by pointing out to some English, who had fallen in with me after the departure of the others, an urn of the same earth with the famous earthen platter of the holy family preserved in the house of Loretto. I don't know whether any body has suspected those sacred reliques to be Roman; but that dish at least doubtless is so. The greatest curiosity are some vessels of a natural green earth, they have the colour of that green clay which the painters call *Terre Verto*. I never saw any thing of the kind: they were a present from a foldan of Ægypt.

If I had been greatly entertained here, I found my friend in raptures over head among a parcel of dried flies, snakes in spirits, skins of fishes, and Ægyptian mummies. I left him among them, and heard nothing of him till after two hours, at the end of which time he was fuller of the beauties of some of these dirty reptiles; than I of those of all that I had seen.

You will not expect a description of all the things contained in this rich and amazing collection; but I must name to you some of those which struck me most; though I hardly know with what right, where all are capital. Air, earth, and water, in a bas-relief of five feet by eight, represented in characters of three women, amazed me. Mark Anthony producing the robe of Julius Cæsar, and the will, are two other noble ones. One sarcophagus I admired, a maritime

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ritime Bacchanal, a poor pun on the name of the woman who was buried in it, Marina; but the figure is a glorious one. The chariot-race of young Cupids commands every body's attention; and a Canopus in bronze took up a great deal of mine. A bas-relief of Ulysses and the Syrens has more of true expression than any thing one shall see. The head of Galba in bas-relief, on an urn of oriental alabaster, is a piece at once of art and elegance, that no body can forbear admiring. The inscriptions are innumerable, and many of them full of curiosity; but you won't expect me to transcribe them. A dedication to Lightning dio Fulguri, and another to Fortune, by the name of Primigenia, struck me extremely.

The heads of Sappho, Sophocles, Cicero, Seneca, and a multitude of other philosophers, heroes, and divinities next crowd upon the eye; and the series of the Cæsars in busts gave me an extraordinary and surprising pleasure. One wishes to be acquainted with the form and manner of the face of those men, whose exploits we read of so frequently; we see those only in profile on their coins, and most of the general air of the head is lost in this manner. 'Tis only in the bust that we can see the whole, and view it in what light one pleases. The series runs down from Julius Cæsar to Gallien, and is complete within six; and the empresses of many of them front them. Among the emperors also there are the busts of Agrippa, son-in-law to Augustus; and the famous Antinous, the favourite of Adrian. One discerns, in the bust of Augustus, that air of majesty and unconcern given him by Suetonius, and sees that it was the face of one who was emperor of the world.

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These however are the admiration only of the judicious few. The statues are objects that no eye can pass by without the highest wonder. These, including intire groups, are not fewer than between sixty and seventy. The Laocoon, a copy from the famous antique in Rome, and the other noble group of Hercules and the Centaur, terminate the view on either side, as you look down from the upper part of the gallery. They are placed at the farther end of each wing; but detached from the wall. The Phrygian commander strikes every eye by the oddness of his dress; and the gladiator in black marble is a glorious figure; the Cupid and Psyche are excellent; and the Venus and Mars, under the form of the young Faustina and her favourite are very noble. The Narcissus is also a beautiful statue; and there is as much of the master in the Vesta with the sacred fire, as one shall see in any piece of the kind.

In the height of my praise for the antique, let me do justice to a modern. The statue of Bacchus and Faunus, by Michael Angelo, deserves as much praise as any one of these that I have named; though all fine ones. Do not misunderstand me, my dear ****, so far as to suppose that I set it upon a level with any thing of the ancient workmanship: that were absurd; but indeed it is equal to these. Angelo was piqued to do his utmost in this by the malice of his enemies when his fame was at the height. They were always depreciating his performances by comparing them with the antique: to put their judgment to the test, he cut this group, and he finished it to the highest perfection. He struck
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off the hand with the cup in it, and locked it up, the rest he buried in the ground, and at a proper time had it dug up with all proper precautions. The artists cried it up as the finest antique that had been discovered of a long time; and when they were depreciating Angelo's works in comparison of it, he produced the hand and convinced them it was his own.

La Stanza delli Idoli is a chamber at the farther end of the communication between the wings. It contains an innumerable multitude of antiques, in general small, but of various materials. A Vespasian in compleat armour, a figure in brass of about six inches high, is a very fine piece; an antique Corona Muralis is also a very fine thing. There are also two fine brass tripods, and many other utensils of like kind in brass and terra cotta, all fine in their kind. The military charity, a little group of two soldiers carrying away their slain commander, is a most finished thing. There is also a little Telepharus, with a head of Arubis: a god of recovery from sickness, is another fine piece. A priest of Isis in terra cotta is a good piece; he holds in his hand the table of Isis, or the Ægyptian theology cut in hieroglyphics. A little Titus, and a Berenice, both cut out of oriental agate, are very beautiful. The Minotaur in bronze is a delicate piece of workmanship. The model of the Flora of the Farnese, in little, is also an undoubted piece of great elegance. There is also a model of the Laocoon of the Belvidere; but about this authors are not so clear. The Amphitrite on a dolphin, with her hinder-part terminating in two fishes tails, is another

elegant piece. The Orpheus with the Nebris or panther's skin, playing on an instrument, by some supposed an Apollo; and the wounded Amazon, are also of the highest value.

Before we arrived at the celebrated tribune, we pass through four other chambers, all of them full of curiosities of different kinds. In the first, where the antiquarian gives his lecture on the coins of the collection, there is a strange representation of the human penis three feet and a half long, and raised on a pair of lion's paws, by way of pedestal. There was a female pudendum of the same enormous size in the same room; but 'tis removed, and not shewn. These were representations carried about by the old Romans in some of their religious ceremonies; and over the door is a cast of Oliver Cromwell, the strongest any where extant.

The medals are a most glorious collection, and the cameos and intaglios are equal in their kind. Among other things that pleased me in the occasional ornaments of this room, there was a diptique in ivory, a kind of little scone ornamented with relievos: the consuls gave them to their friends as memorials of their preferment; but they are at this time very rare. The first sketch of Angelo's famous piece of the last judgment, which is preserved here with all the veneration it deserves. There is also here a model of that great master's for completing the famous torso or trunk of the Belvidere. I also observed here an Hermaphrodite very intire, but not of the first taste; a Faun, a Terminus of three feet high, with a hat on, a pitcher in his hand, and

a kid thrown over his shoulder; and, to close the list, a most excellent drawing of Belthasar of Siena, a Bacchanal.

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L E T T E R CIII.

YOU imagine I have said a great deal of the collection which has made so much noise in the learned world; I imagined I had seen a great deal when I had gone over all that I have mentioned to you; but I had not then seen, nor have you yet heard any proportional part of the praise that is due to this amazing and superb congeries of all that has been great and elegant of former times.

I have now been in the Tribuna, the great repository, the place of the first treasures, the building, to which all these serve but as so many avenues. You would imagine yourself, as you entered it, coming into a temple inhabited by goddeffes; for such are the forms that appear before you. The vault of the roof is inlaid with plates of mother of pearl set in a rich ground; the floor is paved with the richest marbles, and in the finest taste; the walls are hung with crimson velvet, and are covered a second time with the finest paintings and mosaics. The windows are at a great height, and they tell us are of crystal, not glass; indeed they look pure enough to be so.

Holbein has furnished this glorious room with a Luther, and an Englishman, one Sir

Robert Southwell, of Harry the eighth's time, that are worthy of the places they have in it. There is also a duchess of Buckingham, by Rubens; and a Charles V. on Horseback, by Titian, that are equal to any thing by those masters.

In the middle of the room stands a most superb table, composed of Lapis Lazuli, and other of the finest ornamental stones, beautifully put together. Round this Table stand the six famous statues. They are all of white marble, and three of the six are Venus's in different attitudes. The most conspicuous and elegant of the three is that known by the name of the Venus of Medicis, of which casts are so frequent throughout all Europe. There is no describing it to you so as to give any idea of its excellence. 'Tis the finest woman that can be conceived, cut by the finest hand that perhaps the world ever knew.

The other two Venus's are known by the names of Venus Urania, and Venus Victrix; they are both exquisitely fine statues, and appear so even in the view of this model of all perfection. The Venus Urania stands on the left of the famous one, and is of about her size; the other stands on the right, and is a foot taller: her hand is brought over her head, and has the apple in it. The head of this statue is modern; 'tis by Hercule Ferrati. The famous Venus is not entirely the work of the old sculptor; the arms were wanting; they are the work of Baccio Bandinelli. They have a pair of very fine arms of an antique statue at Bologna; they are in the possession

cession of the mauchese Cospi, and are said to belong to this statue.

The other three figures are the Faunus, the Rotatore or Whetter, and the Wrestler. They are of the highest value, and appear to no disadvantage in such company.

The Faunus is represented dancing, and has in his hands the Crotalus, a kind of instrument of the nature of our castanets, which was to make a noise to the time in which he danced. This is a kind of dish or platter of a round circumference, and not very deeply hollowed. One of these he carries in each hand, with the convex side toward the hand. Under one foot he has a scabillum, a machine which has the appearance of a little kind of Bellows. This was of great use in the dancing of the ancients : it took in the air as the foot was lifted up, and let it out again at a little hole as it was pressed down. One would not imagine that the head of this valuable antique had been lost; Michael Angelo has supplied it so happily, that there remains no room to suspect that what it has at present was not always upon the shoulders.

The Rotatore is not less excellent in its kind; the attitude is an odd one. He is whetting a knife, and at the same time listening with great attention. There have been several guesses as to this statue : it has been supposed the augur Anius Navius. Livy mentions a statue of him; but he says his head was veiled, that of this figure is bare, therefore at least it is not the statue mentioned by Livy. Others will have it a slave that discovered Catiline's conspiracy; but that was a woman, therefore not this. The most probable

conjecture is, that it represents Vindicius the butler, who revealed the plot of Brutus's sons to bring the Tarquins back to Rome. We are told that he suspected mischief by their sending away the servants, and staid at the door, whence he saw them through a chink subscribing letters. The whetting a knife was a very probable business for such a servant to have been about, at the time the suspicion came into his head, and he might be too intent to lay it down afterwards.

We have so many copies of the Wrestlers in England, that 'tis hardly necessary for me to say any thing about them. You are not to imagine, my dear ****, that these copies give you any great idea of the originals; but no more can my words. You see the form in them, and that is all I can describe to you. The elegance, the spirit, the expression of the muscles, and the disposition of the limbs are fine beyond any thing I have seen; and their countenances so beautiful, that it has been called a fault to represent wrestlers so amiable.

The Tribuna abounds in other antiquities. There is a sleeping Cupid, a most elegant figure. The young Hercules promises all the strength of the growing hero, and yet with all the softness of an infant. The heads of Nero and Aurelius, when children, shew the rudiments of their succeeding different tempers. The head of Tiberius on a turquoise stone is also a very excellent thing. There are a thousand other little antiques also disposed round the shelves of this cabinet. Nor is this all: there are in the same place, though not exposed to common view, a vast number of vessels, basons, beakers, and the like,

like, cut in pure rock crystal, and ornamented in very high taste, with foliage and figures; and several vessels of agate, onyx, and lapis lazuli. Valerius de Bellis, the Vincentine, was the cutter of many of these; one of them has his name to it. They have also here a very singular curiosity as they term it, a white Cupid naturally impressed in a red stone; but 'tis a trick. There is a method, though few know it, of discharging the colour of the cornelian and other stones, by covering the part so to be bleached, while the rest of the stone is naked, and then exposing the whole to the heat of a kind of oven. The method is described in the memoirs of the French academy; and I have seen a stone with the date of the year in white figures on it, done by this artifice. They keep this Cupid as a vast rarity; 'tis in a ring: the trick is not sufficiently known to betray them.

Among the intaglios of this famous cabinet, I was charmed with those of Caius and Lucius, Cæsar, with Romulus and Remus. The Domitilla also is an elegant work, and the head not extant on medals: it was probably the stone of a ring of Vespasian. The Pescennes Niger, the Pyrrhus, and the Mithridates are also glorious expressions of the characters of those heroes. There is also a Pallas, a whole figure, in an onyx two inches long, the head of an Apollo; and on the other side of the same stone, a whole figure of Mars, a Cameo, and a very fine one; a Hercules perfectly like the Farnesian; a Bacchanal, the drapery of which is incomparable; 'tis thrown about with a wildness scarce to be conceived; an antique scene with the masks; the she-wolf, with the royal infants; the Circus,
with

with a race of the Quadrigæ. These, and a vast number of others, scarce less curious, are miracles of workmanship, and seem to elucidate in the strongest and most certain manner many passages in history.

Among the Cameos, which are in workmanship and elegance at least equal to the Intaglios. I was extremely pleased to find one with the figure of a satyr butting with his head at a goat. I had seen such a figure on an antique sarcophagus, and was vastly pleased to meet with another here. I was also greatly charmed with a history piece in a cameo; there is a building finely represented in it; the pillars are of the Corinthian order, and the frieze Doric; a young Hercules and a lion, an Iole, a Milo and the bull, a beautiful Bacchanal, Tiberius and Lucia in profile, and a Vespasian in alto-relievo, with almost a full face. These are as venerable antiques as are in the world; nor do the modern things in the same way want merit. The Centaurs and Lapithæ is a fine one of these; and there is a murder of the innocents on an heliotrope, and some others, that will bear to be seen even after the antiques.

In the room which they distinguish by the name of the Arsenal, there are some drawings, and among them not a few of Raphael's, very fine; but the others are not equal in value; nor indeed is the collection worthy the place in which it stands. Raphael's pest or plague is a very glorious thing. The design of the cartoon of Paul preaching, that of Christ delivering the keys, and part of that of the wonderful draught
of

of fishes. These and some others are equal to any thing of their kind that the world ever saw.

It is not only the gallery and rooms belonging to it that are the receptacles of antique as well as modern curiosities in the old palace of Florence: the passage from the gallery, and every other part of the building is full of them. The great hall is a very noble though neglected room. There are several very good modern statues, and some fresco paintings. The statues here and in other parts of the house, that make the most considerable figure among the modern works, are those by John de Bologna. In the piazza before the old palace, there are also a great number of fine modern statues. The rape of the Sabine women is by John de Bologna, and might pass for an antique, and be esteemed a very fine one. 'Tis a group of three figures, a soldier, a woman in his arms, and another figure under his feet. The whole is cut out of one block of marble. There are a great number of others not only in the palace, but dispersed about several parts of the city, that greatly deserve the attention of the virtuosi, though they are greatly neglected.

The present residence of the great duke is not in this old palace, but in the Palazzo di Pitti, so called from a Florentine nobleman who built it. 'Tis an august and noble building, and abounds with the rustic or great rough stones standing out beyond the surface. This is a Tuscan invention, and in buildings of this size it has a fine effect, giving a look of great weight and strength. It is built about three sides of a court, the fourth is open to the gardens of Boboli.

boli. All along the three sides below there goes a Doric portico, and over this are two others, an Ionic and Corinthian. I have not seen so remarkable an elucidation of a philosophic problem a long time, as I met with accidentally here. You have been told, that metals increase in bigness when they are hot. A rod of iron, when red hot, is longer as well as thicker than when cold, and every degree of heat has a proportional degree of this effect : 'tis proved that it has so here. There runs along one of these porticoes an iron balcony, and in this there is one place where the joining is bad. The two ends of the iron in this part meet very closely in hot weather, which was the season in which the work was finished ; but in cold they recede to a very considerable distance.

The statues of Hercules and Antæus in this court, and the Cupids in the grotto represented as swimming, are very fine. There is also a Moses in porphyry, an Alexander taken out of the Cydnus, and a Hercules, the same with the Farnesian. Under the Hercules is a bas-relief of a mule that had laboured very hard in the building the palace, with a Latin distich under him ; the figure is in bas-relief, and the inscription says how the creature came to be honoured in such a manner. There lies a loadstone of a vast size at one corner of this court ; 'tis five feet long, four broad, and three thick. 'Tis a real block of solid magnet, but it is not a good one. It has the attractive power in some places, but unequally. They tell us that they have been obliged to burn it, to diminish its faculty of attraction ; for that it used to draw the bolts out of the doors, and the bars out of the windows.

I saw some of my countrymen measuring the stone, and gazing at the story; one of them was computing its power in proportion to its bigness from that of a little one which he had in his pockets, and convincing people by experiments that all that was related of it was true. The magnet is a very common stone where there are iron mines; but 'tis only but here and there a piece that has the attractive virtue in any degree. The rock of Lisbon is all magnet; but 'tis only here and there a little portion of it that will draw or sustain even a needle. I am told your ingenious Dr. Knight has the art of communicating the full power to these poor and weak blocks of the natural magnet, as he does to iron. I would be glad to know if it be so, though I hardly doubt it: it must be as easy to do it to these as to the metal.

The palace itself is a noble building, and is worthily furnished. The ceilings are painted by Pietro da Cortona, and they are the best things he has ever done. The summer apartments below are very high, and very spacious: they are vaulted with stone, and the walls and ceilings are painted: Giovanni de S. Giovanni, a professed rival of Catonas, did a great part of them. The pictures preserved in this palace are in great number, and many of them of the first value. There is a portrait of Lord Somers, by Kneller, which, the painters at that time did not like, nor do they now; but the grand duke, when he received it, said it was not the picture of lord Somers, but lord Somers himself.

The library of this palace is spacious and nobly furnished; and the chapel of Lorenzo is a noble building:

building: 'tis an octagon; its height is about twice its diameter; Ferdinand II. was himself the architect: but there is nothing in this noble building that charms one so much as the gallery or covered corridor, which makes a communication between this palace and the gallery of curiosities in the old. 'Tis half a mile in length, and is carried over the Arno. Its height is twenty-four feet, and its breadth eighteen. The walls are painted in fresco, the subjects are the memorable incidents in the life of Charles V. his son Philip, and Henry IV. of France, and of Ferdinand II. great duke of Tuscany.

The family jewels of the house of Medici are more than those in the possession of almost any European crowned-head. Two of these that are most remarkable are a topaz, undoubtedly the finest in the world, and esteemed of vast value; and the diamond, which, till Pitt brought over that which the French king is now possessed of, was the finest in Europe. This was part of the spoil of the last duke of Burgundy, Charles le Hardi, and fell into the hands of an ignorant Swiss, and was first sold for a trifle; but its real value was soon known, and Leo X. paid a sufficient price for it.

Among the valuable pictures in this collection none appears to me to have greater merit than the Medusa's head of Leonardi de Vinci. That master has left abundant proof in his writings that no man ever more perfectly understood the theory of the science; and in this, as well as in many other pieces, though I really think in none so much as this, that he excelled in the practice. We see the face of the Medusa on some antiques
repre-

represented as very beautiful ; but, in this picture, there is horror and ugliness to an amazing degree in it ; and I think this greatly more in character, as well as more consonant to the descriptions of the poets.

Florence has many palaces beside the royal ones, and most of them abound with entertainment for the traveller of taste. That of the marquis Ricardi was once the royal residence : 'twas in this duke Alexander was murdered, and they shew the room to this day. The court of the palace is not large, but it is full of curiosities of the Greek and Roman times. One of the finest relievos I have seen, is a Thetis delivering Achilles to Chiron, in this court : 'tis by a Grecian hand, and well executed.

The palace of Nicholini contains also a vast many antiques. A head of Julia Somnias, a Manlia Scantilla, a young Philip, and some other noble pieces. Among the bas-reliefs there is an inestimable one, Ulysses and the Syrens, and the labours of Hercules on a sarcophagus, are a most noble piece of antiquity ; but the first and greatest curiosity is a bust of Marciana, Trajan's niece. 'Tis very perfect, a fine piece of ancient sculpture, and well preserved. She has the same head-dress on that she is figured with on medals, and 'tis the only bust of her that is known. A great price has been offered for it, to add it to the great duke's gallery ; but the family know its value too well to part with it. The duke Salviati, the prince Corsini, and a number of other people of quality here, value themselves also on the antiques in their possession.

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The fame of the grand duke's has rendered the taste univerfal among the Florentines; but it makes all others poor.

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LETTER CIV.

I Have ftopped in my way to Bologna at a villa of the great duke's at Pretoline; 'tis in the proper Italian taste. There are a number of grottos for running away from the fun, and a great variety of water-works in them, and of figures in thofe moved by water to various purpofes, and fome of them agreeably enough: but the thing that amazed me moft, and is the fitteft fubject for this letter, as it is different from every thing I have feen, or you have heard of, is a coloffal ftatue intended to represent the Apennine mountain. It ftands in front of the palace, but at fome diftance, and from the palace makes a very pretty as well as noble appearance. I had the curiofity to go up to it, in order to have a full view; but was obliged to go back again in order to fee it properly; it was made for the diftance, and makes a very fine appearance when we are there; but at hand it is only a fhapelefs pile of rough ftones. I admired the fkill of the mafter, while I laughed at my own folly in going up to it. I had the curiofity, however, to meafure one of the feet while I was there, and found it nine feet long; the whole ftatue is in proportion to that; I need not give you any more of its dimenfions. I went into its body alfo, where there is a large and noble

ble grotto, adorned with mother of pearl, figured stones, and petrefactions. As we retreated from the mass of rough stones, we found the statue disclose itself more and more upon us, and when we came to the proper point of view, could not but own it had a very noble effect. It is the work of the deservedly famous John de Bologna : it is the figure of a man sitting naked, and looking down upon a pond of water that is just below him ; one hand is rested upon the ground, and were there not two eyes, one would be apt to think it a Polypheme consulting the sea by way of looking-glass. The statue is itself a mountain of stone ; the limbs are vast, and, what is very extraordinary for a work of this rough kind, the principal muscles are not ill expressed. The head has a lank hair hanging down over the forehead ; the eyes look like a couple of bottles ; the beard is monstrously long, it reaches almost to the ground ; and this, as well as the hair, and different parts of the limbs, have the appearance of icicles dropping or hanging from them. Rude and gross as it is, there is in it something of the representation of the Jupiter Pluvius of the Antonine pillar, and the master seems to have modelled himself on that figure.

A few miles beyond this we fell in with the convent of Lastrap ; the monks are of the Cistercian order, the strictest of all in the Romish church, and they live very rigidly up to their rule. They eat only vegetables ; all things are in common among them ; and their obedience to the will of their superior is unlimited. They rise at midnight to prayer ; they wear no linen ; and, notwithstanding that their whole life is an

abstinence of this kind, they have their regular fasts; and, when any one of them is dying, they are all summoned to attend.

I have not minded, in all my travels, a steep like that of the Giogo. 'Tis the highest part of the Apennine, and one would think at sight inaccessible. The top is considerably above the clouds. As we descended it we entered a somewhat more level country, and had the advantage of the dusk of the evening for seeing the fires about Pietra Mala, going toward Fierenzola; 'tis a pale blue flame that issues out of the surface of the ground in several places, and seems like our will-o'-th'-wisps in fenny grounds. Kircher says it burns, and that it smoaks by day; but he depended upon some false account. The flame is quite lambent, and in the day-time there is no appearance at all to mark the place.

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L E T T E R C V .

I Had intended to make no stay at Bologna, consequently not to have written to you from thence; but my eager attendant is often in the place of fate to me, and, when I have laid the plan, disposes very differently. The chaise was at the door after a short refreshment; but M——s was not to be found. My enquiries after him were stopped by a person, of whom he had an equipage and a guide to conduct him a very little way, and whom he had commissioned to tell me, as soon as I should miss him, that an

hour would bring him back. I have been used to these unexpected flights, and I have been used to have a tolerable account of them. I love him for his unwearied assiduity and eager earnestness in the pursuits that engross his whole mind, and I generally profit by the incidents more than answers to the uneasiness.

It was considerably more than his time before he came back. I had settled my stages, and I don't know that I have been more peevish a great while, than as I was waiting and watching for him. At length he returned sweating under a strange load, and his attendant sweating after him. They had quitted their equipage at the place where it stood, and M——s entered, his legs knee-deep in dirt, his face covered with sweat, his pockets all sticking out, and in his right-hand a handkerchief filled with some dirty matter, that had torn several holes through it by its weight and roughness.

He had forgot all thoughts of delay he had occasioned me, in the earnestness of his heart on the occasion of it. He made no excuse about it; but throwing down his load, and emptying his pockets, he ordered his attendant to do the same, and filled the corner of the room with the ill-looking lumber. I had now opportunity to ask him where he had been, and about what? He told me, to mount Paterno. But for what? replied I, mount Paterno is a league off: with what intent did you go? what have you brought back all that earth about, and what is it? I tell you, replied he as eagerly, I have been at mount Paterno, and taking up one of the lumps, which was of the bigness of a large French walnut, he

began to wipe it, to blow it, and one way or other got it tolerably clean. There! exclaimed he, with great eagerness and triumph, don't you know what mount Paterno is famous for producing? there is the Bolonian stone, and, before night, you shall see me make a phosphorus out of it.

I was still in the dark, as you probably are, about the history of all this. It is M——s's custom to suppose every body as well acquainted with his favourite study as himself; and, to do him justice, if he does not find, he is always willing to make, them so. The stone he had put into my hand was very heavy, and in many places sparkled on the surface. It was of an irregular figure, approaching to round, like one of the pebbles of our gravel: it was brown, and, where it glittered, whitish. I could not imagine it less than an ore of silver, or a richer metal. I thought, by his transport, as well as by the appearance, that he had found a treasure; and imagined, when he talked of a Phosphorus, that he had expressed himself in figures, and meant that he should make an éclat with the success. He snatched the stone out of my hand, and threw it on the hearth; it broke, and I then saw that it was throughout in the inner part, of the same glossy and bright appearance, with the few sparkles that appeared on its surface. I was the more confirmed in my sentiments: You see how natural it is to the ignorant to think every thing gold that glitters. M——s laughed at my inexperience, and bad me expect to see what, if I had not been detained by his expedition, I never could have more than heard of. We were fixed to Bologna for the night, and he prepared with

with great attention and assiduity for his experiments.

You have seen a kind of conveniences for fire exposed to sale about the streets of London ; they are made of a baked earth, thick and clumsy, and consist of a hollow separated into two portions by two or three pieces of an iron hoop, by way of bars. The upper cavity is for the charcoal, the lower for the ashes. The top is not even, but cut down in the manner of the old battlements on Gothic buildings. The poor people I believe boil the kettle for their tea on them. The fashion seems to have been brought from Bologna ; the poor people are never without them here, and they serve all the uses of fire-places. M——s soon furnished himself with a couple of these ; he cut down the tops a little, so that the raised parts regularly answered to one another ; he took out the grating or bars from that which was to be uppermost or inverted on the other end, and called out to me to see as good a furnace and dome as ever the best elaboratory of a German chemist afforded.

The house was fought over for a piece of open brass-work, and by strange good fortune a neglected closet afforded one of those open-work'd brass flaps which we see to the old-fashioned grates in England, and which are at this time universal in many parts of Germany. The Dutch women roast chestnuts, and our people apples on them. This was all he could have wished. He separated the two furnaces, laid the brass-work by way of second grate on the top of the first, and fitted again the other over it in its inverted situation. The whole apparatus was

now ready; charcoal was procured, and the process was destined to be done in the room where we supped.

I observed to you that the stones in general which my chemist (for after this expedition, I shall always assert M——s's title to that name) brought from the mountains had a dirty look. They had got no good by the carriage, and from the first had not been over delicate. He selected four of the brightest of them, and partly by brushing, partly by rubbing and blowing, made them very bright, and perfectly clean. When these were prepared, he selected another very good one, and making it clean in the same manner, called for the brass mortar and pestle, which decorated the centre of the kitchen chimney, to powder it. It seemed a kind of religion with him that no other metal should come near the matter.

He sweat at the powdering the stone; but he never ceased till he had reduced it to a fine grey dust, and sifted it through a sieve. The powder was carefully put into a sheet of paper; some brandy was ordered, and the landlord's oath was taken that it was genuine. The four stones which had been first cleaned were thrown into a basin of this liquor, and, when thoroughly wetted, were rolled over and over among the powder till perfectly and thick covered with it.

Every thing thus far prepared, the charcoal was called for, and the fire lighted with his own hands. He filled the whole cavity of the lower part partly with charcoal, and partly with half-burnt cinders from the fire-place. He laid his
pow-

powdered stones on the brass hearth which covered the top of the lower furnace; he put coals and cinders all about them, and covered them so deep, that the upper-part could but just be put on. The bottom of this inverted furnace served as a dome or arched covering for the fire-place; and he told me there was the whole of that famous machine, the reverberatory furnace, so celebrated in the writings of the learned.

The pains he had taken to prepare all this merited the success of the attempt; but the pains were all taken now; the preparation finished itself. The machine was set in a chimney; there was a good draught of air, and the fire continued to burn till the materials were consumed. M—— had proportioned their quantity to the operation, and gave himself no farther trouble. The process was performed while we were at supper. When we rose from table he took off the top of the structure; blowed softly on the brass hearth; to send off the ashes, and he took very gently out the four stones.

These were now of a pale colour, like that of wood ashes; the wetted powder had formed a thin crust about them, which had baked into some degree of firmness, but was cracked in a few places. My operator prepared two boxes, with cotton in their bottoms. He struck gently on the stones, to separate the cake of baked powder. It came off in flakes. This he put up in one of the boxes, covering it with more cotton; and the stones thus cleaned of it, he put into the other, covering them also with a quantity of the same materials. Now, said he, they are in a condition to be carried any where with-

out injury, and so up they were put into his portmanteau.

I could not but smile at the parade my friend had made about the baking four pebbles; but I supposed the operation of the furnace was what he had intended to shew me. Perhaps I am not the first speculative chemist who have taken the means for the end. About an hour after all this, when I thought he was in bed, for he had some minutes taken leave of me, and when myself was preparing for it, he came into the room with his usual earnestness of aspect, and an unusual smile of satisfaction joined to it: "Come hither! give me your hand! come into this gallery!" He led me in the dark through two rooms into a long gallery, at the extremity of which I saw three globes of a very bright and peculiarly-coloured fire.

We approached them, and my surprise was heightened to see that they illuminated all the space about them into a kind of bluish-green light, of the colour of their own flame. This was so distinct, that I could read, by means of it, the inscription at the bottom of a print which was hung against the wall just over the table on which they lay. They seemed, as we came up to them, to be masses of burning matter of the bigness of one's fist, covered with an undulating blue-green flame; but nothing astonished me so much, as to see the surface of the table all about them; and to observe, that, while they glowed in this manner, the wood was not burnt.

My wonder was greatly increased, to see M——s, soon after, take one of them up in his hand; he held it for some time, gazing at it

it with a wild pleasure; and then put it into mine. I startled; but that which had not burnt him, I recollected could not burn me. He took up the other two: we walked into my chamber; but what was my astonishment to find, on approaching the candle, that these were no other than three of the four stones which he had been baking, and which he had affected to put by, only to heighten the surprise of my seeing their operation. The bigness of which they had appeared was owing to the brightness about them. When they approached the light, they shrunk into their own proper diameter again, which was about that of a walnut. I could scarce believe my senses. I carried the stone, dead and dull as it appeared in the light; into the dark again, and it flamed afresh in my hand. He put them by, and assured me that we should have an opportunity of amusing many people with them; for that at any time they need be only laid in the open day-light for a quarter of an hour, and they would then shine, on being brought into the dark, as they have done to-night.

I don't know whether I should not have had the curiosity to have enquired what was to be done with the crust of these stones, which he had taken off, and preserved so carefully; he prevented my enquiry. He took out a piece, and throwing it into a dark corner, soon shewed me that it shone as brightly as the stones themselves; indeed I think more so: but with this, he told me, we should have yet farther diversion. There was an English maid-servant in the house, her bed-chamber was immediately over ours; M—s found his way into it, at least he supposed he had done so: he wrote with some paste, which
he

he made out of flour and water, the terrible words, "Remember death," in great capitals on the inside of one of the bed-curtains. Over the wet letters he strewed some of this crust, which he powdered for that purpose in the mortar, and, when he had done, called me up to see the words in letters of fire. We sat up for the discovery ; but something very different from what we had expected happened. The Italians are bigots, and consequently superstitious. It happened that the room into which M——s had found his way was not, as he had imagined, that of the maid-servant, but of a couple of devout people, who accidentally lay in the house. We heard them undress ; we followed our scheme, by getting on the upper stairs near the door of the room ; we heard two voices, and we saw the candle on a table near the bed-side. The lady was first in bed, the good man was no sooner set down in it, than he put out the candle. On the instant of the extinction appeared the terrible words.

The lady screamed her prayers, the husband trembled over his Ave Marias. The letters were absolute fire, and the bed was not injured. The language was unintelligible to those who saw the words, and perhaps it was in that more terrifying than if the admonition had been understood. The Mene tekem of the prophet came into both their minds at once : they joined in one long prayer, the words of which we could not distinguish, and they jumped out of bed, and alarmed the whole house. We were nearest, and were first in the room. M——s took occasion, in their confusion, to scrape off the whole matter very clean with his pocket knife. The com-

company brought candles; there was nothing to be seen. Both husband and wife pointed to the place where the writing had appeared; but nothing but some smeared dirt was to be seen there. M——s kept his counsel, and the miracle was blazed all over Bologna the next day, and we left a legion of priests in the house at our departure.

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LETTER CVI.

YOU will wonder that an incident occasioned by the calcined stone of mount Paterno should appear so strange at Bologna; I'll tell you what the author of the mirale has said to me on the subject, and you will be satisfied. Would you imagine that, famous as this stone is, and has long been, in the world, it has scarce been known at all in the place where it is produced, or any where in the neighbourhood of it. Mount Paterno is so near Bologna, that one would have expected every house to have furnished specimens of so uncommon a curiosity; on the contrary, there was scarce a person to be met with who knew the name of it; most of those that did so, imagined it a composition, invented by one Cascariola, an alchemist of their town, with whom the secret had been lost; and even these few knew nothing of it as a phosphorus, or body capable of being made luminous, but as a kind of caustic and depilatory, or medicine to take off superfluous hair. When calcined, it does indeed become a kind of lime, and may therefore

fore answer this purpose. As to the other, no man had any idea of it, more than by hearsay; and its burning quality was understood to express its action as a caustic.

So perfectly ignorant are the Italians who lived on the spot of the nature and properties of one of the most singular productions in the world. M——s had asked of the people with whom he had any opportunity of conversing, after it; but all was blank silence. The name of Monte Paterno was perfect in his memory, and he went to it in search. He found the mountain covered with a good soil, and cultivated to advantage toward the top; the lower part of a barren kind of earth, and neglected. Scarce so much as weeds grow upon this part; though, on the upper, there was a profusion of all kinds of herbage. On the steeper parts of the mountain, principally about the mid-height, he discovered the abrupt ends of some strata of a greyish marle. This was of a very crumbly texture, and mouldered away after every smart shower. It was under the hollowed beds of this marle that he found the first of the stones; but he soon afterwards discovered that the few he saw loose in these places had only been dislodged from the strata; and it was among the marle that he found the vast stores which he had brought away.

Among these there were of different sizes, from half an ounce to seven or eight pounds in weight; but, in general, the smallest were the purest; the others often were foul throughout, and the larger were seldom without veins either of stone, or of pyrites, or some iron ore
running

running through them. They were generally of a figure approaching to round, though very irregularly so; and all, except the small ones, were dark and dirty on the surface.

Vincenzio Cascariola, to whom the world owes the discovery of the stone, was bred a shoemaker; he had a head turned to experiment, and had many years left off his trade, to endeavour after a shorter road to fortune by alchemy. He had succeeded like the rest of the madmen of that time; that is, he had not succeeded at all. He was starving, though within a hair's breadth of his discovery. When walking in a disconsolate condition one evening at the foot of this mountain, he saw some of these stones. A hasty shower had washed many of them out of their beds, and at once rolled them down the hill, and made them clean. Their glittering surface attracted the eye of the ruined shoemaker; their weight gave him an opinion of their being metalline, and their colour led him to imagine the metal silver. He laboured by many processes to get out the imagined treasure, and he discovered this strange property in them, that, having been properly calcined, they would appear luminous in the dark, and would retain the quality a long time, only requiring, before the experiment, to be exposed for a little while to the day-light. Cascariola entertained his acquaintance with the phenomenon, and it was much talked of; but the fashion of alchemy was then to make every thing a secret. Cascariola would never discover any thing farther of the nature of the body than what was learned from his calling it a stone; and the general opinion was, that it was not a natural, but an artificial

tificial composition. When the inventor died, the secret of the calcination died with him; and, as was generally understood, of the composition also. It was not till in the time of Homberg that the world was let into the secret of its real origin. This indefatigable enquirer into nature made a journey on purpose into Italy. He found that the discoverer of this phosphorus had been used to visit the mount Paterno; he understood the term stone in a literal sense, and he sought it where it was probable the other had found it; he did not seek in vain. He soon discovered a fossil in that place, the structure of which was unknown to him. He was induced, from its native sparkling hue, to suppose it the famous stone so long lost; he experimented upon it; he succeeded; he received the knowledge of the singular preparation, and, with a candour and generosity unknown to the Italian, he communicated the process to the world, and sent some of the native fossil, as he had picked it up on the mountain, to the virtuosi of all parts of Europe.

Notwithstanding all that has been written of this stone, its nature does not appear to have been thoroughly explained. It is bright like crystal; but it has none of the properties of crystal. 'Tis true that it is not soluble in acid liquors; but it does not run into glass in the fire, but immediately and easily calcines into a kind of lime. It has therefore neither the characters of crystal, nor of its counterfeit spar. There is a fossil which has all these, and only these qualities, that is the Selenite, and to that therefore it properly belongs. It is not indeed like in its structure to any of the plated selenites so frequent in our clay; but there is a kind of this fossil, to
which

which it is nearly allied, which is the radiated species forming the figures of stars between the cracks of the waxen vein, or ludus of Van Helmont; which, when decorated with it, is called the starry waxen vein.

To this kind of mineral it regularly belongs; but it is a species quite different. It is true that the star on these stones will calcine into a kind of lime as this does; but then that lime is not a depilatory; this is a property of arsenical minerals of all kinds, and particularly of orpiment: nor is this the only quality of those singular substances which it possesses. It is a property of orpiment, and all other arsenical ores, to make copper or brass white. The brass grate on which these stones were calcined was rendered white all about the place where they had lain; and, on making the experiment, any thing of brass or copper became white on which they were suffered to lie when warm. From this it is clear that this strange stone is a thing sui generis, an admixture by nature of principles very different, and in no other thing combined.

One would readily say, it is not very wonderful then that it should have properties and qualities not found in any other; but this would be taking the common method of arguing without principles. The luminous quality of this stone is not peculiar to it. M——s assures me he has tried many other stones of the spar and selenite kinds, and found scarce any of them that are not luminous in a greater or lesser degree, after a proper calcination; but this stone of Paterno he acknowledges carries the superiority by many degrees.

The

The Emerald phosphorus, as it is called, of the Germans, is no more than a calcination of a green spar found in the mines of the Hart's forest, and many other places. The common cubic spars, or crystals, as they are erroneously called, from the lead mines of England, have more or less of the same property; and that rhomboidal stone, found in many of the mid-land counties, and called Staunch, which is properly a kind of selenite, he assures me he has tried and found luminous in some degree. He goes so far indeed to assert, that whatever will calcine to lime, is in some degree luminous; but he confesses that the Bolonian stone is the only one which will retain its qualities for any length of time after the calcination.

When the phosphorus made from these stones is fresh, it glows with an intensity of flame hardly to be conceived; but though it will afterwards acquire the power of being luminous on being exposed to the air, yet it is in a much less degree: and in that case, as well as in the pieces which have been left perfectly calcined, it is necessary to have the eye accustomed to a small light, before it perceives that which issues from them. In order to see the light of these, the person must have been some time in the dark, and the stone brought out of a good light. If the observer take the stone out of such a light as is necessary to shew it to advantage, and immediately go into the dark with it, his own eye, though the stone do shine a little, will not be able to see that it does. 'Tis but by degrees that we accustom ourselves to the different portions of light. Those who go immediately out of the full day into a dark

dark room, do not see many objects which persons who have been some time there distinguish clearly, and which themselves also will, when they have been some time there. 'Tis necessary to use this caution with regard to the Bolonian phosphorus; and, with this caution, many things which we very little suspect of them have the same properties, and are phosphori in some degree.

An ingenious Italian has some time since published a dissertation on the natural phosphori, in which he shews, that white paper, linen cloth, and a multitude of other the more common things, are phosphori of this denomination. To see the luminous quality of these, he had a kind of cabin contrived, in which he was perfectly in the dark in the brightest day; and in this he had a method of conveying things which had been exposed to the bright day-light. Himself having been for some considerable time confined in the dark, was able to distinguish which of these were and which were not luminous; when a common eye that had viewed them just brought out of full day, itself also just out of full day, would have discovered none of them to be so.

There is great difference between those phosphori which imbibe light, and afterwards shine for a time in the dark, and those which, of their own power, and under any circumstances, not only shine, but burn as soon as exposed to the air. The common phosphorus of urine, and that coarser kind made of burnt allum and flour, are of the latter kind. They are to be kept close stopt; and, in order to their exerting their luminous quality; they need no previous exposition to the light; but, on being exposed to the air,

or actuated by motion, they not only shine, but burn, and that in the most violent manner imaginable. There is indeed no known fire so fierce or terrible as that of the phosphorus of urine. With the Bolonian stone it is much otherwise; when it shines most it has no degree of heat: it only becomes, on calcination in a great degree, what many things are in a lesser degree without it, capable of imbibing and for a time restraining, light. Its brightness, when at the highest, has no resemblance or approach toward the fire of the urine or alum phosphorus; but is like the lambent brightness which we see on half-stinking meat, and on fish that begin to decay. The appearance of fire which it most resembles, is that of the tail of the glow-worm. The Bolonian stone, when carefully calcined, and the fire kept clear, is of a pale yellowish colour, and it is then most luminous: if it be spotted or black, it shines little, and will require a second calcination. When the stone is yellow, the colour of its light is generally that of a bright flame, and it has in this state the most of the appearance of a burning coal. Homberg, who was the reviver of the knowledge of the stone, and has been the inventor of most of the processes relating to it, asserts, that if any colour be artificially given to the fire during the time of the calcination, the stone, when calcined, will emit a light of that colour. That if Sal Armoniac be thrown into the fire during the last period of the calcination, it will be white, but very bright in its light. That if filings of copper be thrown in, not only the flame from the burning coals will be green, but the light of the calcined stone will also be green.

These

These are experiments mentioned by one who may be credited, and they are pretty; but we had no opportunities of trying them: and M——s makes it religion not to repeat any thing to you upon the faith of others, or to play the common trick of relating what others have said, as if ourselves had experienced it.

It was late before I went to bed, and the novelty of the observation made me fond of repeating it. It is not quite dark at any time of the night here at this season; but the stones were fresh and well calcined; otherwise I believe the exposition of them to the light of this time would not have had any great effect. What occasions my mentioning this to you is an incident very unexpected. In my observations on the stones I dropped one of them: it fell on the stone floor and broke. I dreaded the displeasure of my companion; but he rejoiced in the accident. How quick are the accustomed eyes at discoveries! I don't know that I should have observed that the inside or newly-broken part of the stone was opake; but he, on the instant, cried out, that they were only luminous on the surface, and, instead of lamenting the catastrophe which occasioned the discovery, declared he would very willingly have sacrificed all the parcel to the making it. There is something singular in this, and it has not been tried whether, on a recalcination, this internal part will be made luminous; but most probably it will. 'Tis an experiment M——s has determined to try the first evening we have a good opportunity. In the mean time we have pursued the experiment thus far, that, by rubbing two of the calcined stones

together, so as to grate off a kind of coarse powder from each, we find that powder to be luminous, and the parts of the stones which have been rubbed down in order to get it off, dark.

'Tis by accidents that the greater part of these discoveries themselves have been made; and 'tis accident also that has led to the necessary circumstances. It is not in all the philosophy in the world to have foreseen why a grate of brass is essential to the success of the experiment; at least why a grate of iron, which is the metal commonly used, will not let the experiment succeed. Chance must have directed to it: for 'tis as certain that the very powdering the stone in an iron mortar will prevent its becoming luminous, as that those stones which have, as is the case in many, veins of an iron ore in them will never be luminous, whatever care is taken in the operation. The circumstance of covering them with the powder of other stones before the calcination, is owing to equal accident. Homberg had carried his in his pocket; they had rubbed against one another, and those parts of them which were covered with the powder they formed were most luminous after the calcination.

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L E T-

L E T T E R C V I I .

YOU owe it to M——s that you hear any thing more concerning Bologna. He detained me by his journey, and the consequences of it (and I employed the time in seeing what I had no expectation of finding, give me occasions of writing to you. Hackneyed as the standard curiosities of Italy are, by the people who have, or who pretend to have, travelled, they are, however unworthy the pen of one who writes to a man of your taste and reading, yet highly entertaining in the observation; they are full even of novelty. I thank the ignorance or inadvertence of those who have undertaken to describe them, for having left them new, by overlooking their greatest beauties. They have told us where they stand, and we are left to find out their excellencies.

'Tis an odd taste in me; but I do not relish the things that affect many as the most pleasing, or the most stupendous. I am to confess to you that while others have admired, I have laughed, on viewing the bridge at Blenheim; nor was I any other way affected on passing through one of the best rooms in the villa Albergotti in my coach, in my way to the gardens. I confess having never looked upon magnificent rooms as thoroughfares for coaches, nor upon bridges as things of any use where there was no water, I have looked on both these stupendous curiosities as matter of absurdity, rather than ornament or grandeur: but what the present period sees ridiculous, time, that mellows things before it de-

stroys them, may render as just as they are magnificent to succeeding ages. When the palace shall be in ruins, the posterity who see it, may, while they trace the marks of wheels, admire the decorated walls and painted roofs with which their predecessors decorated their coachways; and future antiquaries may trace the altered course of that vast flood, which, when that pile (the occasion of which does honour to the British nation, whatever may be said of the execution) was built, rolled its ideal waves under the vast arch, and lashed against its mighty pillars.

Idle as we who live now may know this to be, there are in history things as little reconcilable to the present appearances as this will then be when it cannot be suspected that it was so at our period. Appian tells us, that the triumvirate, Augustus, Anthony, and Lepidus, met on a little island in the Labinius, to make the great partition of the Roman empire. I have fought this island, famous for so memorable a transaction, in the present Labinio in vain; but I have not fought in vain the spot where tradition from immemorial time, and where later historians without number tell us that it happened, nay, where there are monuments erected to its eternal commemoration. Those who laughed at my tracing the river's course on this occasion, led me to a little convent of Capuchins, a mile or more from Bologna, just by the walls of which they shewed me a pillar, on which an inscription informs us, that, in the spot where it now stands, the D. R. O. the Divisio Romani Orbis, was made by that triumvirate, Ventidius and Albinus being consuls. I had the curiosity to order the ground from this spot to the river to
be

be measured; it is more than a quarter of a mile. Before we rally the unborn antiquarian, who shall describe the altered course of the Blenheim cataract, let us determine whether the Labinio has altered its course in this almost incredible manner; or whether Appian's island was such a one as our friend George Rodney has lately been in quest of. I am interrupted; but 'tis in good time. I don't know that I had any thing to add to this proposition.

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L E T T E R CVIII.

ONE thing more I have to name to you before I leave the finest city in Italy, and it is worth a letter. It is a picture. It was new to me, and it has struck me beyond almost any thing I have seen in this land of painters. The writers on the curiosities of this fertile spot, I thank them, have said nothing of it, at least those whom I have had the resolution to go through; and I am very apt to suspect, that he who has read one, has read all of them.

Let others tell you of the fertility of the soil about Bologna; let others expatiate upon the extent of its weak walls, the magnificence of its piazzas; or paint its fountains, squares, and porticos; its palaces, its convents, and its churches, more superb than almost in any city, more numerous than in all: let others tell you where the convent of Cortofa stands, and measure its distance from St. Petronius's church; I am to

tell you what I saw, and what few else of those who have thought fit to write, pretend to have seen within it. When I mention a picture, and name Bologna, imagine not that you are going to hear of the Cecilia of Raphael; you have heard of that already. But I have here one that strikes me infinitely more than even this masterly performance; and that has been passed over by others. It is a John Baptist. The painter is Carrache, not the famous Hannibal, but Lewis. Can any man have seen this single product of his pencil, and not allow him as great a reputation! The dignity that diffuses itself through the whole is astonishing. It commands attention, reverence, and love. 'Tis not the arrogant magnificence of figure that one sees in an Alexander or Cæsar. The painter knew to blend and temper passions in his mind, as happily as colours on his pallet. The greatness is composed and unassuming. What Longinus has said of the sublime in the language of Plato, may be applied to the stile of the immortal Lewis in this picture; though easy and gentle, it is not the less full of dignity and magnificence. I was astonished! I was awe-struck as I looked upon it! Phidias, who raised the astonishment of those who saw his statues into adoration, when they studied the forms he gave the gods and heroes whom he immortalized by his chissel, was asked how or by what means he was able to rise above so infinitely all that nature had done in the human form? Seneca repeats the question, and the wonder: he is amazed and confounded to imagine how the sculptor, who had not seen the forms of Jupiter or Pallas, could conceive their images in his mind in so divine perfection. One is struck with the same species of wonder on seeing

ing this masterstroke of the old Carrache's pencil. There is not any thing in human nature, as we now see it, at all like the faint in his picture. We acknowledge, as soon as we view it, that he must have been such. So humble, and so great; so discerning, and so resigned; so conscious of the praise he received, and the attention that was paid him, being all due, and at the same time so conscious that it was not to him, but to the inspiring spirit, that it was of right to be paid. All this appears in the face, in the air, in the whole manner of the picture. Truth strikes us with conviction as soon as we see it; but the question returns, how he, who had not seen it, could conceive it, since we never should have done so but from his picture? What Seneca proposed as a problem, we find explained by Cicero. Phidias, says that noble orator, when figuring Jove and Minerva, did not contemplate any material object, and thence take an imaginary, an unequal likeness. He had recourse to his own mind; he studied there the ideas which he had formed of beauty and of dignity; and from that perfect image in his soul he gave the marble life and immortality. How much nobler, how much more honourable to the artist, as well as the subject of his art, is this sublime method, than the paltry art of other statuaries, who, to make up one beauty, stole the graces from a multitude of living objects; and instead of one uniform and simple figure, produced a piece of patch-work, a thing of shreds and patches, admirable only for the nicety with which the joinings were hid.

What Phidias did in forming the ideal gods of his time, this painter has evidently executed in
his

his saint. The figure is more than mortal ; the countenance speaks inspiration ; there is nothing in it like any human form that he had seen ; nor could any thing human, which it was possible for him to see, answer the purpose. He called up all the powers of his own soul to figure to him what must he look, what the expression of the spirit of God actuating and directing the human frame. From that idea he has drawn the face, and he has done it justly ; our approbation is a proof of it. Truth is the same thing in every breast ; what he conceived he has expressed, and we conceive it too. There is conviction, that it is right in our sense that it is so.

The excellence of design I shall always esteem the first in painting ; but this is not all in which the Baptist of Lewis Carrache speaks him equal to any who had gone before, to any who have succeeded him. The gracefulness of posture, the mixt simplicity and dignity in the attitude, are equalled by the blended strength and softness of the colouring. Look on the face, and you will know that Guido has studied it more than all the productions of Hannibal, under whom he was taught the art. Consider the tints, and you will see that the natural and unaffected grace, which shines in the pieces of Correggio, was not the only excellence that Lewis studied happily from his example ; there is in him all the liveliness, as well as all the strength, of that master's manner.

I am amazed the name of Lodovico does not stand much higher among the people who pretend to taste in painting. 'Tis not in this picture
only

only that he has excelled. He was a Bolognese, and he has enriched his native city with a number of his works. There is a conversion of St. Paul in the church of St. Francis, an altar-piece in the church of the Nuns of St. Baptist, a St. Charles in the church of St. Bartholomew, and many other pieces in the other churches and religious houses, by the same hand, and all excellent. They shew some of his, which, though they must be confessed to have much of his manner, scandalize the rest, and I doubt for genuine. The best of those I have named is vastly inferior to the St. John, which has carried me so far in his praises. In that he seems indeed to have shewn at once all his collected force, and to have intended to dispute the prize with all that had been eminent.

I expressed myself as warmly on the spot, perhaps more so, than in my letter. The fathers who were present told me I was not singular in my judgment, though it was not universally set so high. They assured me, that a person employed by Lewis XIV. to collect pictures had offered them a vast price for it; and, after a refusal, had, in consequence of the account he gave of it, received a commission to make it ten times as much; but he was still refused. You will ask how it came that churchmen, who have generally at least as much avarice as taste, should refuse so tempting an offer? I asked it too. I did it gently; but I was answered freely. They told me, that a foolish and wicked obstinacy had prevented it. They had asserted in the most public manner, that the sum, which was immense, might be put to a number of pious uses, and that it was sacrilego

crilege to refuse it for the sake of a picture: but the senate having a value for the picture, and an opinion of the judgment of the person who was bidding for it which confirmed their own, they answered, That the convent was not poor; and that whatever the picture was worth to his Most Christian Majesty, it was also worth to those Christian brethren; and absolutely refused to let it go.

The fame which Hannibal Carrache has deservedly acquired has eclipsed that of any other of the same name; but this picture would dispute the victory with any piece of his. Lewis was his predecessor, indeed his master: perhaps it is to that the other owed his superiority. The imbibing our first notions from those who are excellent is a vast step, and this was a happiness denied to Lewis. He studied under one who never rose to that eminence at which his own bold genius aspired. Fontana, who was his master, had merit; there are pieces at Parma that testify it: but the dignity for which his scholar was formed he was a stranger to. The years which ought to have been employed in the rooting in the mind of Lewis principles worthy his future pursuits, were lost in the limited school. It was otherwise with his cousin Hannibal: whatever there was great in Lewis, who had now arrived to the height of glory, was before him. This St. John was probably painted at that time; and, but you will call me too curious, and perhaps whimsical, if I tell you that, I think I can trace imitations of its excellencies in many of the finest pictures of Hannibal.

It would be odd to accuse a painter of a fault for studying Correggio; but Lewis seems to have made it such. Look into all his pictures, and you will find he idolized him. The Madonnas and the children of Correggio may be traced as models to every thing that Lewis Carracche has executed of that kind. I will not say he has copied the saints of that master: the picture I have been speaking of is an absolute original, and it excels them all. The ease of Correggio he has imitated happily; and in this picture, if not in all the rest, he has equalled all his graces. Even the dignity of manner, for which that master was so eminent, though not imitated, is equalled in this piece. I have said that Lewis Carrache studied Correggio to a fault; he did so: he thought so greatly of him, that he neglected the other masters. On the contrary, the pieces of his cousin Hannibal shew, that, with Correggio's manner, or rather with that manner which his master had formed upon the model of Correggio's (for I think I even distinguish that this is the case in his pictures in general) he studied Titian and Raphael, uniting all their graces with those of his master, and making all his own by the manner in which he used them. It has been said that Hannibal was the more universal genius; I am apt to believe that what you have often heard me say on the subject of genius will have place here: that we mistake for its efforts the products of education. Hannibal had given his mind a more general turn, and had adopted the beauties of a number of masters. It was not so with Lewis; fixed to one object of emulation, devoted to one stile, he excelled in that only, merely because he had not attempted excel-

excellence in any other. His cousin, with equal genius, and more extensive study, might excel in more.

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LETTER CIX.

YOU see how little I know what I shall do next. An accident has brought me back to Bologna, and I don't know when I shall leave it. I don't know by what accident it happened, but I then omitted seeing the palace where the cardinal legate resides. I have visited it since. M——s does not always accompany me on these occasions; but I have taken him back to this to shew him a statue over the gate, the size of which I thought must strike him; and to try his taste by a painting of Raphael's, which may be esteemed a test on such an occasion. All the observation he made on seeing the first was, that brass, of all metals except iron, rusts the soonest. As to the picture he thought it very like a great many we had seen in France before. I had tired him with viewing things which gave him no satisfaction. When I least suspected it, he surprised me with a look that testified feeling in no common degree. The cabinet of Aldronandus! repeated he, with a deep sigh, after the person who attended to point out the principal curiosities of the palace to us: there rests the fate of natural history. He wiped a tear from his eyes, as he desired we might examine it.

The

The name of this *musæum* is all that travellers hear of it. 'Tis not of the number of those things which it is a fashion to be acquainted with. I should have bestowed but a casual glance on it, unknowing what it contained. Heaven and earth what a profusion! it was no sooner opened than we stared on one another with amazement. You would believe the whole earth and seas had been stripped to furnish it. All nature lay before us at a view. The rocks had been searched for gems, the bosom of the earth for minerals. In what form has the diamond and the ruby been found, that is not there seen? What bed contains the changing opal, and the grass-green emerald, that was not here before us? To what rock adheres the skyish sapphire, what hollowed globe contains the blushing amethyst, that did not grace those shelves? The produce of the Indies. Here sprung the almost vegetable gold in twigs and branches; there the long filaments coursed one another in the marbly rock in glittering veins; in one the broad spangles quivered on the surface, or blazed among the rifts within, as if beaten by the artist's hammer. In others less beautiful, though not less rich, the precious ore lay hid, and only the chemist's art had found it. Peru had furnished half the shelves, nor were the sands of Africa unhonoured with a place.

The pale stone next presented to our view the imprisoned silver wandering in irregular meanders on its surface, imitating shrubs and forests in the solid mass, or filling up its cracks with pressed and plated breadths, exceeding all the variety of the loom in their configurations, and forming

forming natural lace. Thy produce, Potosi ! An onyx here from Norway was rich in the pale metal, there a dead earth contained it. In one place it had lost its form in that of the transparent crystal, tinged with the ruby's red, and in another the glittering lead contained it.

We saw the masses of rude German copper, maleable from nature's hand : we saw the stones and crystals tinged with its vivid green, mimicking the emerald ; we traced along their cracks the painted blue pyramids, emulating sapphires. Tin shewed its weighty crystals, of the produce of our own Cornwall, black but bright, and rich though unpromising. The Harts had furnished flowers and balls of iron. The rude mass here presented its red face to the view, discolouring all it touched ; and there the glossy drop shamed the artist's toil. In one place swelled out the grape-like surface of the hæmatite, too bulky for its place ; in another, the fossil schistus stained the paper that contained its name. Here a long glossy stalactite of purple ore extended its single shoot, and there a thousand little ones of dusky hue combined to form the brush of rigid ore. The sparkling emery, and the glassy mangonese, the gilded globule, and the figured cylinder all thrust themselves upon the sight. And below lay a profusion of such varied dyes in earth, in stone, in crystal, as could not have been conceived by those who had not seen the produce of a thousand mines together.

Lead occupied a vast space in the ample cabinet, and glittered with a varied radiance. The broad flakes in this mass were of a livid blue, in that the glittering spangles mimicked silver.
Here

Here the close grain resembled broken steel, and there the varied streaks coursing one another in meanders along the less livid mass, diversified the painting.

Beside each series lay the stones and mock gems, coloured and formed by their admixtures. Neighbours in the mine, they were not denied their kindred privilege even here. The long green crystal here claimed its parent copper; and there the blue spar shewed, by its place, that it owed its tinge, though not its form, to the same metal. The brown and dusky pyramids from tin at once owed their origin, and pointed out that of the richer grains owing to the same mixture, but in a fuller proportion. The yellow cubes spoke lead for the parent at once of their form and colour; and the rhombs of dusky or of snow-white tinge challenged the same alliance with the iron.

In the bosom of the earth, 'tis not alone the rich mass named an ore that has the particles of its honouring metal. The neighbouring rocks, and all their produce, have their share in the distribution. The solid stones are stained; the crystals and the spars, whose regular forms vegetate as it were from the sides of their cracks, owe their form, as well as colour, to the admixture: and each has its determinate power, and gives eternally the same figure.

From these we were carried to the drawers, in which were treasured up the semi-metals. Here quicksilver in all its Proteus forms displayed itself before us. In one place we might see the living rock teeming in all its cracks with the weighty

fluid. Another box presented a coarse stone, whose cavity had once lodged all the quantity put up beside it, and the sides of which yet retained some globules. Beside this native form, it shewed itself in other parts in a thousand others. Here the red ore, the cinnabar, in one vast lump, dazzled the eye with its too glowing colour. There a purer mass of it assumed the crystal form, and, viewed against the light, was seen transparent; in one place it stood entire, in another it pursued its course in red veins through the pale stone, or the dull earth; in all beautiful, in all alluring: the produce of Hungary.

Next these stood in an ample range the glittering antimonies, the blue, the black, the silvery; some spangled, some streaked, some spotted; the riches of half Europe in this kind. The cobalt next covered a broad plane, parent of arsenick. The poisonous mineral does not always disgust by its foul appearance: sometimes it mimicks lead, sometimes the last antimony. In some pieces a glow of dusky red covers the paler stones; in others, the glowing fibres streak the hollowed cells, and form a radiance of stars, and a thousand other elegant forms.

Bizumith next stood in order, sweating out of its rich sides the perfect mass, and scarce calling for the furnace. The pale hue imitates the native silver; but the huge mass and solid consistence mock the expectant's wishes. The blue plates decorate the surface of this lump; on that the purple of the cobalt glows with a false fire, and speaks not the richness of the ore, but the poison blended with it. Near these, and near the

the other series, stood on either hand the gay parcels of empyreal smalt; the produce of his own hand, each by its several ore, and each marked with the proportion in which it had been obtained: the poisons too produced by the first process on the same minerals; the red, the yellow, and the white arsenicks stood sealed in crystal vessels, to shew their form, and obviate all possible mischiefs from their taste.

Near these the marchasites extended over a large space; a shining train bedecked with all the gay gloss of the richer minerals, promising gold and seeming massy silver; but mocking the miner's toil, and proving in the fire no more than sulphur and a little vitriol.

A vast space decorated with fit emblems intervened, and then appeared the smaller masses of the half-opake gems. The onyx, the agate, the carnelian all coveted the view in their several forms as nature dressed them. The Ganges seemed to have been spoiled of every glossy pebble that decorates its banks to furnish out the sight. Here the naked fleshy red of the carnelian flashed upon the eye, simple in one part, and in another veined: and there the grey crust overspread its surface, and you would wonder what should have led the curious eye to search for hidden beauty by breaking the rude lump. The veinings of the agates surrounding one another in concentric forms, charmed while they astonished. And here, while we traced the mossy Mocoa in its native mass, we saw that all the beauties of the trees and thickets delineated on its elegant surface were owing only to cracks,

which let in water tinged with some mineral; and staining as it passed, and where it rested.

The next series shewed the large jasper, and the eastern flint, decked with a multitude of colourings; though less pure, scarce less beautiful than the objects which had commanded so much admiration. From large we rose to larger; for in the next arrangement we were presented with the whole train of marbles. In one spot glowed the living purple of the porphyry, set off by its small dots of white. Over this plain extended a broad slab of granite, the motley work of nature, blending in elegant disorder, the red, the white, the opaque, the transparent, the pale, the black, all in detached little lumps thrown into one common mass; and, when joined, cemented for eternity. The softer stones of the marble kind followed in their several ranks. Here the transparent mass the phengites scarce shewed its pallid yellow; there swam the broad veins of the oriental alabaster: here the syenna soft kind shewed its gold and purple. The verd antique decorated this quarter, and the next the snowy Parian. The variety gained new grace from the arrangement: not a colour, not a shade of tint to be discovered in the gayest picture, or in the enamelled meadow; was wanting there; nor was one placed but where it graced the other.

From these we passed to stones of coarser hue; not the rampart rock, or covering slate was wanting. The earth too had its place, and every kind that had been used by painters of old time, or by physicians before chemistry taught us to
cure

cure one disorder at the expence of bringing on a thousand. The lowest subjects, when disposed by such a hand, are not without their grace; are not without lessons of useful curiosity. In one place only three earths appeared, a white, a black, a red; and on the face of the drawer that contained them stood an inscription, "Behold the three colours with which Apelles out-did all that was before, all that will come after him, in painting." A large space was allotted to the more numerous of the late times. The Attic and the Syrian fil stood first in rank as in antiquity. The yellow oker, and the green terreverte; the purple earth of Ormuz, and the blue American stone in another part, and toward the back, the black chalk, and the brown umbre obscured the places that they covered.

Here lay the yellow bole of Armenia, with which Galen cured that plague that had baffled all the leeches of his time. Beside it the red earth of Avicenna, called by the same name, because brought from the same quarter of the world, and cursed by succeeding doctors for not performing all the wonders recorded by the venerable sage who spoke them of another. Far from these stood the vile counterfeits of these and of the Lamian and Elusian earths; the genuine of each kind was in its place; and on the spurious you might distinguish the false seal and the base inscription, fit for the eyes that were to examine them.

From the dead earth we were led to its immediate contents. The next arrangement shewed us the several glittering flakes that shine in its dull mass, distant from rocks or mines, the pa-

rents and the seat of the more brilliant species. Here first the plaister of Montmartre, and all its kindred kinds, deceived with the appearance of the sugary loaf. Near to them stood, in vast expanse, the spangled talcs; the glittering glimmering flakes, counterfeiting the purest metals. Beyond them the Muscovy talc the ising-glass extended its broad plates in white, in brown, in purple. And, in a row behind, the shapeless selenite, mimicking its form, but wanting its flexibility.

Next came the figured and the glossy bodies of the same origin, the rhomboide selenite, the tall column, and the flat pillar, including portions of natural clay, and in its centre mimicking with this dull mould the spiry grass, or the young ear of corn.

The rocks next sent their progeny. Amazement! splendor beyond description! columns of pure crystal: the children of the snowy Switzerland loaded the arm that held them; from these to such as made the smallest column, decorated in all degrees the several series. The single, the double, the complex, and the clusters, who, what words can paint them! The colours were not less conspicuous, or less varied from the snowy white to the dead black: every colour, every change of tint was to be found; nor has the whole round of nature a gem, the opal only excepted, that was not copied in these softer forms.

Beside these, lay, in similar order, and in similar form, the spars; mixed, coloured, painted just as they, only less bright and glossy: the
under

under dusky bow, when the whole arch of heaven is covered with the glowing radiance of the upper.

Next after these, a strange series of things in varied forms, and all the change of colours, coveted the observation. I should have called them another assortment of the oriental gems; but they were salt: water would have melted all their fine forms and their gay appearance into nothing. The purest crystal of the rock does not exceed in brightness or transparence the rock salt of the Polish mine: nor is it stopped at this; every colour nature can give to crystal to mimic the lustre of her richer productions, she bestows also here; nor is there in her bosom a gem, for which she has not provided a counterfeit in this soft matter. Here lay, in gaudy rows, the red, the blue, the golden, and the purple: there hung the vitriols in vast icicles, the green, the white, and blue; and underneath, the produce of the purifying art, shewing their true forms in the regular crystals.

There now remained but one series more; what should it contain! what was there of the earth's mineral produce that had not already surprised us! There remained its sulphurs. The name conveys no very promising idea; but the sight of them astonished. In one drawer lay the coarser grey, the white, the brown kinds pure in the mass, or forming veins in stone: in another, the golden yellow, and the paler strawey, in different degrees of purity and brightness. In the centre of another glowed a vast body of the ruby sulphur, not ill named from that pompous gem, inheriting with its glowing red its full transparency.

parency. About it lay, in a studied disorder, the masses of the opaque green, and fragments of the perfectly pellucid and pure gold yellow species. And in another receptacle the glowing orpiment; the poison lurking beneath a coat, that would tempt the most wary to observe it. The masses of mixed ores, in which this glittered in lesser or in larger spangles, made an elegant appearance; but the full glow was in its native purity. The white stone shewed its golden flakes to advantage; the greenish sulphurous mass, disguised and obscured them; the grey earth shewed them most themselves; but it was the pure, the broad, the massy slates, shining beyond the highest-burnished gold, that gave it the full preference to that rare metal in its own colour. Along these the bright scarlet, of the same name and origin, sometimes coursed its way in glittering veins; and in some other spots the gay red appeared pure and in its native lumps, shaming the brightness of vermillion.

I have done; night stopt me here in the observation, and the pen falls from my weary hand in the description. But where did the indefatigable Aldrovandus stop? where nature did: he knew no other bounds.

* * *

LET-

L E T T E R CX.

I Communicated to you yesterday all the native products of the earth's bosom, contained in the vast cabinet of Aldrovand, all I suppose that she produces. You expect that I shall now rise to the vegetable wonders : I also expected it ; but there is a vast series between ; and what has he omitted ?

The earth, beside what is her genuine offspring, contains in her ample bosom a multitude of elegant, of stupendous forms, once the inhabitants of her surface, or of the seas, that channel over that expanse. The scriptures tell us there was a deluge. I would believe it on that single attestation ; but there is proof. The solid surface which we now tread, the hardest rock we view, the deepest quarry into which our industry descends, have once been soft, and in a state of dissolution. Hard as they are at this time, placed as they seem from all time in their fixed situation, they have been soft and moveable. The deepest earth, the firmest stone, the loose mass, and the solid quarry, all equally contain in their most solid substance the leaves of plants, the shells of sea-fish, and the bones of animals. They must have then been soft, when these strange bodies sunk into them ; and this was not at the time of their creation, since then the creatures, whose parts and whose remains they now enclose, had not existence.

Every stone in which we meet with a shell, or bone, or any other part or portion of an animal,

mal, must have been soft, to admit it; and this at some time, nay, by the plenty, the amazing quantity of these remains, it must have been at some considerable time after their first formation. 'Tis in vain to say a sea has in this place changed its course, and in another the earth has been new raised by accident. The proof is universal; no region but affords it. 'Tis equally vain to say peculiar floods or deluges recorded by poets and historians, and brought about by natural means, have done it. 'Tis not only on level ground, but on mountains, to the utmost tops of the highest mountains, that the stone and earth of which they are formed, are pregnant with these once living bodies. No natural means can have brought this about; nothing can have lodged them at these heights; nothing can have scattered them so universally over the whole surface of the globe, but that deluge which was also universal; which could not have its origin but from miracle, the cause, the source of which cannot, by all the subtilty of human invention, be now assigned; and which, as the pages that give us an account of it expressly tells us, covered the whole earth to a depth that carried it many cubits above the tops of the highest mountains.

This terrible catastrophe accounts for all these strange appearances, and this only can account for them. This, and amazing as it appears in the relation, this only could deposit the inhabitants of the deep on all parts of the superficies of the earth; and these prove that such a catastrophe has happened. Men who have laboured to breed doubts in the minds of others in regard to the only writings which are above all doubt, have

have seized on this catastrophe as incredible; and, wondering that they cannot explain what is expressly declared to have been a miracle by natural means, would then infer that it did not happen. They have been aware of the proof which these buried parts of animals bring of the truth they would invalidate, and they have therefore aimed to destroy that proof. That such things are found, and that universally was too well attested, was too obvious to the senses to admit a refutation; the only step was to prove that they were not what they appeared to be; that they never had been parts of living animals; but that the earth produced them where they are found, by I know not what new kind of equivocal generation.

To support this wild and absurd system, the old doctrine of creative force and plastic power in matter have been called in; and when these have been insufficient, the seeds of these seeming animal parts have been supposed lodged in the earth, and they have been imagined to grow from a first plantule, in the method of vegetation. The arms of star-fish have been declared to be absolute vegetables; and obstinacy, which will not stop at impossibilities, has figured them as shooting up in height, and encreasing every way in bulk, while confined in a solid rock, touching them every where, and closing upon them on all parts. Where single shells of those which naturally are pairs have been found, the germen has been supposed created only to shoot into an imperfect body, a thing unknown in nature; and even the loose claws of a crab, or the single cell of a nautilus have been supposed perfect in their kinds, and growing from
seeds

seeds that could expatiate no farther. What is it minds like these will stick at! they have declared even accidents the course of nature from the peculiar seed; and when the weight of a falling rock has crushed a cockle flat, will suppose it grew so. It is in vain to shew them, among the variety of shells thus found, some which have suffered injuries that could only happen to them while living in the sea. 'Tis in vain to shew them shells growing on other shells, and conforming their base to the surface on which they stand. 'Tis in vain to shew them, among the tellines now buried in the rocks, some that have yet the hole remaining in the shell through which the sharp and boney tongue of the purpura pierced them while living. But, though in vain to them, 'tis not to you. Instead of an enumeration of the proofs contained in this glorious museum, I have been giving you my thoughts on the disputes which has so long employed the learned of all parts of the world about them; but you will take it in good part. I know I write to one who has partiality enough to think I am in the right, when I dare not tell myself that I am so. You have the preface to my account of this part of the collection, and 'tis too long to admit what was the purpose when I sat down. My next shall give it you; probably the same post brings you both.

* * *

L E T-

L E T T E R C X I.

IT is time I should come to the account of things, the introducing which to your acquaintance has cost me a whole letter; but the portico is not too great for the building. What idea you will have of this amazing treasure from my description I know not. To have seen it, were to have known all that can be said of it must be too little.

In the first case, the eye was entertained with, what shall I better call it, than a subterranean garden; the wide surface presented to the view an arrangement of stones, part of the solid rocks of various countries, and of different kinds; on whose split sides appeared more than the figures and delineations; there stood the real plants prominent and full, and when the opposite half of the divided stone had been preserved, there appeared a cavity answering to all the lineaments of the other, and impressed with every vein of the leaf, every fibre of the stalk. In one place appeared, upon a red stone, pregnant with iron, the starry series of leaves of some plant, like to the common cleavers, whose rough stalks hang to the cloths as we walk by our hedges. These were disposed in their regular radiated form, and part of the broken stalk was bent down above them. Their substance was that of the mass; but however petrify'd in matter, their form remained unaltered, and you might trace the very nerves and fibres. Here the broad leaf of some tree spread out its grey veins in the heart of a pale stone,

stone, and here the cones of the alder, and the catkins of the hassel, raised above the surface of the brown slate, spoke their production. At a little distance stood a mass of harder matter, almost flinty; in this you might trace the slender stalks of a whole tuft of moss, the very leaves were distinguishable. Here lay a broad white stone, on whose surface rose an ear of barley. But the profusion was of the fern kinds. Six cases hardly contained the mass of this treasure; a black slate, or a bluish stone, the first found over coal, the second always near to mines of iron, contained these. They were of various figures, and dimensions of various kinds, but all in their natural size; and an accustomed eye could trace out the particular species in almost all of them. I was pleased to see a Note in the great collector's hand, expressing these to have been of English Origin. But how was I astonish'd to see added to the observation, that they were found principally in Britain in their fossil state, they were, most of them, nearly all indeed, in their recent growth, the offspring of America. Plumier has figured a multitude of the fern kind, unknown to naturalists before, which he discover'd in his travels in America; and the accurate Aldrovand has referred in numerous places to his figures of these, to shew that they represented the same kind sent from the British Coalpits,

The vegetables of the earth had furnished the first assortment of these subterranean treasures; the next was supplied by those which had their origin and growth in the sea. The number, the variety of these was as immense as of the former, the beauty infinitely greater. They appeared in se-

ries and compartments, according to their different form and size, and structure; and every species that the deep affords was here in its altered state, except the fine red coral. It is singular, that a species so frequent in the sea, and so observable, so conspicuous in colour, should not have been found buried among the rest in the earth. 'Tis not only that this collection had none of it, tho' that alone would be, with me, a strong proof that there was none; but no Writer of veracity and judgment declares he ever saw it. This only seemed wanting in the vast congeries. Some we saw here loose, separate, and free, as found in chalk and other soft materials, but the far greater part were immersed in solid rocks and flints, and made part of their very structure; the form and lineaments might be traced in a perfect accuracy, and all the substance had given its place to flint or stone, unless where some part of the stalk stood forth above the surface.

We here saw loose and free the little coral fungi, so frequent in the American and other seas; some of them resembling buttons, some cups, some inverted cones, and others broader pyramids. Here the white branch of some elegant kind appeared as if fresh taken from the sea, till on some broken edge the stony matter discovered itself too hard for such a growth. In another place, a multitude of cylinders, resembling so many pipes joined side to side, shewed the chalk-bed in which they had been buried, by part of its white coat remaining about them. In this corner stood a box of the beautiful feather-stone, owing its origin to a starry coral, immersed in a fine flint; in others coarser.

coarser matters contained the same forms, and the stars stood forth above the surface, or their extremities sunk within it. Here a black marble shewed in elegant figures the white coralline fungites that had been dropped into it. The mason's art had cut these thro' in various directions; and you might see the little cells and transverse plates that separated them; the one filled with the black matter of the marble, the other preserving their native white, and having the true structure of the plant more elegantly than in any other way in its native form. It is impossible to say, how many fair marbles owe their beauty to these adventitious bodies. The white figures which we see in that of our own produce are almost all of this origin, tho' little suspected. I find, indeed, that England is famous more than all the world for them. The quantity and the variety preserved here are immense; and must have been the product of our rocks.

As no part of the vegetable world but had furnished its supply to the subterranean treasures of that kingdom, those from the animal world were no more limited in number or in kind. As the bottoms of the deep, as well as the surface of the dry land, had contributed to the buried treasures of that series; neither was there wanting of the inhabitants of both in these. Those of the sea indeed, as was most natural, furnished the infinitely greater quantity; but those of the land were not excluded.

The first drawer that was reached out to us contained a number of bodies, vast, shapeless, and of a stupendous weight. I had no guess
what

what they were, till informed they were the grinder-teeth of elephants. These are found in the hardest rocks, buried in all parts of Europe, and in vast quantities in some; though these are countries where the creature to which they belonged can never be supposed to have been native. How universal must have been that deluge, how vast the force of that rolling flood, that could convey things of this weight and bulk from regions so remote, and lodge them with us. The next in order to these were teeth of horses, tusks of boars, and bones of different kinds of many land animals, all turned to stone. Among these were a select parcel, the produce of the Turquoise mines of France. The parcel consisted indiscriminately of thigh-bones, ribs, jaws, teeth, and other hard parts of animals of different kinds; along and across these ran, in several places, lines of black, or, when closely examined, of a very deep blue. At a distance were placed some pieces that had undergone the operation of the fire, and were of a pale blue throughout. These were genuine, and true Turquoises, or, as they are usually called, Turkey-stones. There are a harder kind produced in the east, which are naturally blue; but the greater quantity of what we see are of this honey sort. The deep blue lies in veins and spots, and the effect of a gentle fire is, that it becomes diffused throughout, and pale.

Next to these parts of land animals, the cabinet produced us those of the sea, that were preserved entire. A number of pale grey, of brown, and of white stones, and many also of a jetty black, shewed us on their flat sides the forms of perfect fishes; the heads, the scales,

the fins, every part indeed preserved in the utmost accuracy and perfection, and in some not even the colour wanting.

Next to these stood little cases, containing different kinds of teeth of larger fishes, of very different species. Here the serpents-tongues, as they are called, of Malta, were seen to be the real teeth of sharks, of different kinds and bignesses, or of the different parts of the same mouth: for in that compass there is often vast variety. Here we might trace them from the fine, small, and slender kind, whose dimensions as well as figure gave the idea of that fabled origin up to those at which the imagination trembled. There were some here a hand's breadth long, and of the breadth of three of the fingers; some pointed at the top, some armed with double fangs at the base, and others serrated along the sides. Next these were ranged the smaller but not less observable teeth of the wolf-fish; these have been esteemed as gems; men have worn them in rings, and supposed great virtues in them: they have been imagined the produce of the toad, and thence called Bufonites, and Toad-stones. The petrified palates, and boney joints of palates of fishes, oblong, or round, or angulated, but all low like these, made up the next arrangement, and closed this vast division.

What followed was much greater. The next cases inclosed the petrified shells; these, not less amazing in number and variety than those of the deep, could only be described by following them through all the species of the others. Suffice it that I tell you the most numerous of the modern collections of recent shells, which it is now so much the fashion to make, are less in quantity;

quantity; and, if superior in beauty, of no compare in rarity. Of these, some were immersed like the corals and the plants in stone or marble; but the far greatest part were loose, most of them as perfect as when living in the sea.

'Tis strange that this part of the produce of the subterranean world is not confined to the number of those originals which we know of living in the seas; there are found not single specimens, but numbers, multitudes of some, which are known to us only in this state: which are, in their living condition, inhabitants of the deep seas, and there perish where they were produced, out of all human sight, and beyond the reach of any other accident to have brought them up but that to which we owe them, and which overturned the whole face of things.

Among the number of the shells which we know in their recent state, I may mention to you the oyster in an amazing number of species and of varieties, the cockle yet more innumerable in its kinds, the muscle, the escallop, the limpet, the buccinum, the trochus, and the snail; and in fine, from the humble nerite to the amazing nautilus. These are preserved, some with the remains of their shelly substance about them, some connected with absolute stone, some turned into masses so pure and bright, as to represent the agates, the onyxes, and the other gems.

Among the multitudes of shell-fish known to us only in these their diluvian remains, and consequently a most interesting and valuable part of

this study, the first place in number and variety belongs to the *Conchæ Anomix*, so called by Columna, and not new named since; because, to do this properly the genera must be distinguished, and 'tis not one name but a hundred that would be wanting. The vast class of the *cornua ammonis* came next, first in beauty, and amazing in their structure. All parts of the earth afford these in various sizes, from the diameter of a silver penny, to that of a fore-wheel of a coach, and of an almost infinite number of kinds. Norway is singular in the vast profusion of the *orthoceratites*: they are all immersed in the body of stone, and we see them in some of our pavements. These, as well as the former, have all the divisions of the *nautilus*, and seem indeed a shell of the same kind with them, unwound from its spiral twist, either intirely, or only retaining a turn or two at the tail. Last of the perfect remains of shell-fish came the *echinitæ*, the petrefactions of a multitude of kinds of the sea-urchins, or sea egg, some of the species known at this time living in one or other part of the world; but the far greater number no where seen but in these their remains.

After this profusion of the entire or nearly entire animals, appeared to close the whole series of these bodies, a multitude of regular but strangely-figured bodies, which, unless they be parts of once-living inhabitants of the sea, it is impossible to say what they are: some of them have evidently been so; and, of the rest, analogy testifies the same original.

First

First among these, the most uncertain as to their origin, stand the belemnites, the *dactyliidæi* of the ancients, so called from their resembling fingers, and from mount Ida, on which great numbers of them used to be found. There is great variety in these; but the most universal form is conic. Their size seems limited to a little more than the thickness of a man's thumb, and the length of a finger; but what is most amazing is, that they are hollow at the larger end, and contain a kind of concentered shell, like that of the nautilus and the two last described kinds; and that this very kind of shell-fish, which is found so locked and fastened in this hollow, that it seems as if a part of the belemnite is found in the same, or at the utmost in a very like species much larger and loose in earth, or bedded in the usual white stone.

You have heard, I doubt not, of the petrified olives of mount Carmel. The petrified melons, concerning which so much has been said, and so many miracles imagined to account for their production, are no more than globular or hollow masses of stone, like those of many other parts of the world, in the sides of the cavities of which there grow short crystals. These olives, as they are called, of the same place, have no more to do with the vegetable world for their origin, than the imaginary melons. These are of the number of the parts of animals which make the furniture of the last drawer of the cabinet of Aldrovand; they are the spines or prickles of a peculiar kind of sea echinus; ill charactered indeed under the name of spines, since they are not prickly, but they

grow on the surface of one kind of echinus, as those which are true spines do on that of another, and answer many, if not all, of the same purposes.

The entrochi, or arms of the Magellanic star-fish, or some kindred species, for such they certainly are, the rock plants, as they are called, appear also in amazing number in this assortment: they are round and columnar. Near them stood the collection of the asteriæ or star-stones, columnar also; but not round, but angulated: both the one and the other of these have the columns formed of their joints fixed to one another by the ends; and the joints both of the one and the other are at times found separate. Here are instances in abundance of both states of each, and that in an almost infinite variety of forms and sizes.

It is more difficult to say what is the animal to which this asteria belongs, than to give at least a very well supported conjecture as to the origin of the others. The arms of that peculiar star-fish are so extremely like them, that they are evidently either the same, or of a very similar species; but we know nothing in living nature that is like to the asteria. All we have to judge of its origin form is, that 'tis sometimes found affixed at the base to an angulated crustaceous body, seeming also of the star-fish, or else of echinus kind. There are three fine specimens of asteria thus fixed among those preserved in this most august museum, and they evince its having been part of some crustaceous fish, tho' of a species most probably unknown in its recent state to all the world.

Thus

Thus closes the amazing summary of the contents of this part of the Aldrovandine museum. I must not pass over the rest; but I will be more brief. It was a strange delight to me to see the whole compass of that vast science natural history laid before my eye at one view in this museum; perhaps a succinct detail of it from the pen may not be less pleasing to you.

* * *

L E T T E R C X I I .

MY last closed with the Aldrovandine cabinet of minerals; the day closed also with the observation of it. I have made it the business of every evening to give you the observations of the earlier part of the day, since this amazing cabinet has been the subject. I shall continue the method through two letters more: I may deceive myself; but I think, vast as the preparation is, a succinct view of it may be comprised in that compass; more I am not qualified to give, nor have you occasion to receive from me.

The doors of a vast book-case were thrown open to us as we entered on the succeeding morning. It was compleatly filled. On the upper part stood volumes out of number; they were handed down one after another to us. It was not expected we should read them: they did not contain words, but pictures, or somewhat more than pictures, examples of things they

were to represent to the eye. In these were arranged in some degree of order the vegetables of every kingdom of the earth. The east had been ransacked to supply them; the most inhospitable lands had been visited in the search; nor had the bottoms of the ocean been omitted.

Before we were entertained with the first of the volumes, our eyes were directed to an arrangement of the vegetable tribes, incapable of being reduced into the form of figures, disposed naked, or under glasses on the front of the adjoining shelves. Among these we saw the brainstone and the star-ones of the sea, scarce allowed to be vegetables. Masses of these led to the fewer shrubs of red and white coral, more emulous of the form of plants, though still without their foliage or their colour. From these we ascended to the harder shrubs of the sea's produce: we saw what has been called black coral; we saw a multitude of elegant forms, red, brown, and jetty, part naked, and part covered with starry incrustations of a white, coralline, and almost stony matter.

From these the system was continued to the first of the vast series of volumes. In this we saw on every page, disposed in manner of a picture, some beautiful sea plant of the softer kind, pressed flat on the white leaf, and fixed by a clean cement. Its whole form, and in a great measure its colouring, was preserved: at the distance of a few paces it appeared a picture. In this form was the whole vegetable world arranged in the pompous hortus sciccus. The first volume contained the immense train of the fuci and alga, the sea wrecks, sea mosses, and corallines.

rallines. Here we saw the beautiful fucus of the Cape, the coralline mimicking the lobster's horn, the dulsech esculent to the wild Scot, and the painted girdles. The next contained the mosses of the land; among these we saw the low and humble species of our own growth, and with them the Asiatic and American kinds, emulating plants and shrubs. The wolf's claw and the Cypress moss, the prickly selago of the rocks, and the floating fontinalis of the current, the low green of the scorched wall, and the dangling grey of the venerable forest.

From these, the next in order, or as it is usually expressed, the next in their approaches to perfection, were the ferns, the maidenheads of Canada and Crete, the hart's-tongue bending down its long leaf, and taking root for a new progeny from the extremity; the low produce of our hollow shades and gaping walls, and the towering species of the West Indian forests, emulating trees. In the same volumes stood a few singular productions, allied in nature, though not so in form; the adder's-tongue, the horse-tails, and a vast train of elegant and strange productions.

In the next series we rose to the more perfect plants. Here we saw the humble grass raised from a species or two, as I had been used to esteem it, into a family at once numerous and elegant, surprising not more in its variety than beauty. What meanest portion is there of nature's stores that does not amaze us thus upon the acquaintance! We saw here, with the same grassy leaf, with the same chaffy flower, plants from the low dandel to the Indian corn, whose

thick ear the tallest must look up to. The rush, the reed, the cyperus, famed in medicine, all faced us in this class. The corn of every kind, support of life, the sugar-cane, the panic, and the millet, the upright fox-tail, and the bowing capon's-feather. From these the simularity of leaf had led the early naturalist, uninformed of the more perfect method from the flowers, to the bulb-rooted plants. The garlick and the moly first met our eye. From these the pages shewed the daffadil and snowdrop, the tulip, the lilly, and the asphodel, the hyacinth and painted fritillary. The herbs of rarer kind, the treasure of an Indian soil, were here in all profusion. Here blushed the glowing canna-corus; here the cucuma descended to its saffron root; and here the broad leaves of the ar-orchis shamed the short stalk of the flower.

From thence in order not easily traced, tho' near the modern method, we travelled over the broad pages, fraught with jasmine, olive, and the coffet. Here blushed the vernain, and there the pepper dropped his chain of berries. The coral-tree, the rose-tree of the Indies, the iron-wood, the climbing dogsbane, and all the variety of the laurel tulip here spread over the fair sheets. Here the Peruvian bark disclosed its flowers; there the broad leaf of the tobacco covered the whole page; and here the purple bag of the low capsicum tingled the mouth that knew it.

The rosebay opened to us another volume, the grey leaf adding new graces to the purple flower. The gentian here displayed its blue flower, and its nervous foliage; and near it stood

stood tufted *lantana*. Here the several *saunders* shewed their gay flowers, and there the pretious *logwood*, and *guaiacum*, and *sassafras* displayed their various foliage. The rough fruit of the *caltrop* here scarce found room on the equal leaf, and, though split, dented the opposite pages. Here stood the little flower of the *spirea* in its thick cluster; and there the single poppy spread over larger spaces. The water lilly, as well the golden as the silver kind; the broad piony, and the drooping columbine closed this series.

The next began with the full marigold, and after shewed us all the savory herbs, the fragrant perfumes, the lavender and rosemary, the baum, the basil, and the whole fragrant tribe. The next presented us the trumpet-flower, the blown *martynia*, then not honoured with a name; the purple *figwort*, and the chaste *vitex*. The acrid *cress*, and the sharp mustard, the raddish, and all the podded tribe, were comprehended in another; and then the mallows and the *kermis*, the cotton-trees, and all the varied tribe of hollyoaks. Why should I mention to you the double rooted orchis, the salep of the orientals, the rhubarb, the *Ipecacuanha*? we saw them all; but 'tis not in my compass to describe them; many volumes would not answer the purpose. The yam, the food of the wild Indian; the palm that yields the sagoe from its trunk; the *caffada*, whose juice is poisonous, but that expressed, the solid substance innocent, and used as food; the *madrake*, famous by mistake, supposed the scripture treasure; the misletoes that grow on trees, and not like ours serve only for the shew, but contain within their hollow leaves water for

the thirsty traveller. These, and a multitude of others shewing their figures by the preserved parts, and their singularities and uses by the notes written in the hand of the great collector, threw before us the whole vegetable world in a comparatively, if not absolutely small compass. Whatever the mountain or the desert; whatever the lake or fen produced; whatever the sands of Afric, or the forests of Armenia furnish of beauty, of curiosity, or of use, was here; and what its nature or its value specified. Would one have imagined that the life of one man could have sufficed for the collecting, studying, and arranging these! Could one imagine the fortune of a prince could have supported the expence of expeditions and of correspondences in the search and the procuring of them! Yet these were but the third part of the amazing whole; less indeed than the third part: they make but a third of the natural curiosities contained in this musæum, the artificial are themselves an innumerable series.

I shall not pretend to mention those particularly to you. To confess my own sense of them, they do not appear worthy the attention which Aldrovand is not singular among the men of laudable curiosity in having paid to them. I shall however touch at least (for to describe them would call for volumes) the curiosities of the animal world in my next.

* * *

L E T.

L E T T E R CXIII.

I Promised you some sketch of the preserved animal world of the industrious Aldrovand. I knew not what it was that I engaged myself to do; the slightest mention of the several particulars would fill a hundred letters. Suffice it, for it must, to tell you, that nothing has escaped him from the scarce visible mite to the enormous elephant; parts, or the whole he has of all, and the variety of methods used to preserve them is astonishing. A cassawar, a bird scarce having claim to that name, fronted us on a pedestal, preserved entire, and in an erect posture: its feathers seem hair, its wings the rudiments only of what might so be called; its legs formed for strength, and hard beyond those of all creatures. Behind it, and towering both over its head and ours, stood an ostrich; you would have sworn it living. From these we travelled through the several ranks. The albatross stretched out against a board, spread its wings to an extent beyond imagination. Near it the vulture shewed its naked neck. The bird of Paradise, flaming in gold and all the glow of colouring, dropped its long tail, and hardly shewed the legs, which earlier times believed it wanted.

Near it the hoopoe spread its feathered crown erect, and varied with the nicest regularity. The Indian raven shewed its humped beak, armed at the base with a turned-up protuberance; and at its side the falcon, the Brazilian magpye, shewed

shewed its strange and most disproportioned bill, exceeding its whole bulk.

The fierceness of the hawk in all its kinds, lived yet in the dried forms. The majesty of the owl at once surprised and called up a smile. The customs of the world give characters to the animals, without consulting how or whether they deserve it. To me the wisdom attributed to this species of old time was more suited to its gravity, and to its singular dignity of aspect, than the folly of which we now make it the emblem. One laughed to see the ass, no bigger than a thrush. One started to see the horned great owl, not smaller, nor less fierce in its aspect than the eagle: both these carried all the marks of their kind, and between them the gradations in size and colour were innumerable.

From these we passed to the macao, the cockatoo, the parrot, and the parroquette; an infinite variety in each kind amazed us with their splendor. The sapphire's blue has not an equal lustre with that of the macao's wing: in one species the breast was gold, and in another the tail is fire. The white, the snow-white cockatoo pleased with its distant lustre; the parrots blazed in green, in gold, in purple; and there were not wanting some totally and intirely black. The little parroquettes shamed the emerald with their backs, and on their breasts bore all the colours of the other, stolen from their several species, and here, if possible, shining in greater lustre than in the originals.

From

From these a series of the smaller birds diversified the scene. Here all the finches and the linnets stood, the nightingale opened his little beak, as in the act of serenading his fond mate.

The wagtail and the sparrow followed, both numerous in their kinds, and varied infinitely in the colourings of their several species. Here tucked up its short tail the little wren; and there extended down the lengthened board the strait one of the Indian sparrow. The titmouse raised its painted crest at the front of his immensely varied brethren, and the species followed him in order.

Would you suppose there were yet a smaller order to appear? The humming-birds came next; to these the wrens are eagles, and in colouring, the parrot and all the gaudy train lifeless and dull. They are not bigger than large humble-bees, many of them are less; their long beaks slender as the fine thread were open, and the little legs yet seemed to clasp the perch. Too tender for the open air, these were preserved in cases; but through the glass we saw them perfectly. There is not a colour in the rainbow which is not seen among them; there is not a colour in the rainbow but is dead in comparison of them. A gay gold or a vivid green are the most universal; but a purple superior to all the tints of art; a blue, to which the painter's ultramarine is dirt; a scarlet, that pains the eye to look on it, are frequent in them. These are common, as one of the inscriptions told us, in the warmer parts of America: they are eternally upon the wing, and feed upon the honey-dews lodged in the base of flowers: they keep on the
wing

wing even as they are feeding, and fill the air with the same gentle hum as the bee, only more pleasing.

I thought we had seen all ; but I might have recollected some were wanting. The opposite side of the case disclosed an equal number, all preserved in the feathers, all fixed in their most natural and usual position. At the head of the class stood the flamingo, emulating the ostrich in its height, in length of legs exceeding it ; in colour surpassing all that were about it ; a snow white, and a scarlet brighter than fire diversified it. Before it stalked the spoonbill, amazing bird, resembling the heron ; but instead of its sharpness of beak, this terminates in a large round. To these succeeded the swan, the duck, and goose, an immense variety. Here stood the golden-eye, and there the shell-drake, painted beyond conception commanded a fixed view. On one part squatted down the musk duck ; and behind her raised his larger form the swan-goose. Far before the rest, as unlike to them all, the pelican displayed its vast pouch, swelling beneath the chin, and reaching to the extremity of the beak.

To these followed a yet stranger series the water fowl, not formed for walking, and scarce for flight. Nature has calculated them almost solely for swimming. Their abode is on the waters, their food is in the water, and while they are denied the means of traversing the air so freely as their brethren of the wing, they are impowered to dive under their proper element to vast depths, to great distances, and with a surprising rapidity. They pursue their prey by
this

this means; they escape the danger of their enemies by the same means; but they are not always secure from devourers of another kind; while they pursue the small fry, some rapacious pike often makes them pay their own life as the price of their pursuit.

First among these appeared the penguin, its legs not situated on the belly as in other birds, but seeming absolutely to grow out of the rump. If this creature ventures upon land, their situation is such, that it must stand erect. Its sharp beak and its short wings continue the singularity through their proportions, and the whole bird is such, that not to have seen it, must be either not to have a just idea of its form, or to suppose that idea, the creature of the painter's or the describer's fancy.

Behind this, in an equal row, stood the razor-bill, its nearest likeness; the crested loon, the moorhen, and all the series of the divers of the fresh water.

From these the gallinaceous tribes received us; the dunghill-cock, with all his varieties; the dittle bantam, and the friezled-feathered kind were there. The pheasant shewed its plumes, and the Indian kind exceeding all the gems of that rich quarter of the world in lustre. The peacock spread its vast expanse of tail behind unregarded. Before these stood the goose, the rooergame, and cock of the wood; the males and females so unlike, that those who should have distinguished better have mistaken them for different species. The quail, the partridge, and

Vol. II. R the

the snipe here seemed alive; and the lagopus thrust full upon the eye his snowy-tufted feet.

One series yet remained, apart were kept the stork, the heron, and the whole wading tribe; among them stood the Balearick crane, perhaps more properly a peacock, its head ornamented with a round feathery crown. The demoiselle that danced as it walked, for its position painted both these motions, attracted the pleased eye; and toward the lower verge appeared the ruff, the fighting-bird, the curlew, and the recurvirostra.

Thus closed the feathered kinds. The fish and quadrupeds, less numerous, but finely kept, appeared next before us; less numerous not perhaps from the store of nature being more limited in their kinds, but from the difficulty of preparing, of preserving, and of finding room for them: a town, and not a private house (for such it was where these curiosities were first arranged) must have been filled with the whole series. Who should preserve, or where should be placed the whale, and the rhinoceros; the whole tribe that fill the woods, and graze upon the meadows; that swim the deep, or wanton in the current; how should they be kept! All it were impossible to shew in their proper cloathing; but we saw many either intire, or in such parts as shewed most of their singularities. The skeleton of a huge whale extends across the opposite room; and against the wall stand the remains of an elephant,

The fish that were preserved intire were not a few; the hammer-headed shark, the strange zy-
gæna

gæna was fixed upon a board entire, the head a transverse lobe, with each extremity shewing an eye, and the wide mouth placed underneath and in the middle. Beside this hung the sharks and sea-hounds of many kinds, breathing through holes of different number down each side, and all armed with their horrid mouths not at the extremity of the head, as in other fishes, but at a distance, and on the under part. Nature has thus placed the mouth of the most voracious of all creatures, that, in order to devour, the whole body must be turned back downwards, and that the preparation may give some time for an escape. Below these hung the strange form of the pipe-fish, the longest and the slenderest of all the finny race; the head a snout opening only at its extremity, and then not flatwise, as in other fish, but perpendicularly downward. Near this the hippocamp, the sea-horse as many call it, little understood by those who have treated of it, and scarce to be understood unless when viewed with this fish to whose kind it properly belongs. Below the sea-bream shewed its broad side and forked tail, and the remaining orb of its vast eye. Near it the gar-fish, opposite in form, and by many numbered with the pipe-fish; though, by its long mouth, truly a pike. Beyond it hung the famous remora, the suck-fish. You have been told, my dear ****, of this creature stopping a vessel under full sail, by applying itself against its sides. What would you imagine to be the size of the creature capable of doing this? The fish before us was a full-grown one, and was scarce ten inches long: I need say nothing more of the miracle. It is singular that nature has destined this fish to a state of rest; that it has fins that are capable

enough to give it motion ; to this purpose she has armed the back part of its head with a furrowed substance, which it applies to any thing it meets with, and by which it firmly adheres to it. The creature is so indelicate in the choice of what this shall be, that we had some preserved here on their natural rests fixed to posts, some to the skin of the shark, or some other large fish, one to a great conch, and some other smaller ones to other shells and corals.

While it is thus fixed it has the full power of opening its mouth, and probably it feeds on what falls in its way, and finds thus a sufficient supply without the trouble of the chase, and without the danger of being itself swallowed in the pursuit by some larger devourer. Near this was placed the flying-fish, a species strangely opposite in its oeconomy, and in the provision made for it by nature. As the former does not enjoy the privilege of courting about in its own proper element, this, on the contrary, assumes the right of passing through a new one ; not content with the world of waters for its scene of roving, it takes the air, and usurps the province of the birds. This also is but a small fish ; its fins, which serve it in the place of wings, are those which grow just underneath the gills. These are of a vast length ; they reach as far as to the tail, and are broader than the body. The use is both for swimming and for flying. It is the fortune of this defenceless creature to be the favourite morsel of one of the swiftest and most voracious inhabitants of the deep ; it is in vain for its swiftest course along the water to attempt its preservation. The fins, as fins, answer to all the other purposes ; but here they must be
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employed as wings: the creature leaves its element on the attack, and rising to fifteen or twenty feet above the surface, skims along the air to a very considerable distance. So long as the fins are wet they serve in the office of wings with perfect ease; but when they become dry, they are no longer manageable, and the creature drops. It has happened that they have fallen upon a ship's deck; often they have been seen the prey of other fish the moment of their falling into the sea; and, as if one danger was to be escaped at the expence of another, the birds which are continually hovering over the waves frequently are seen to seize the strange inhabitant while in the air.

To this succeeded the dolphin, the destroyer of the fugitive; not crooked, as we see it on our signs: the straightest, and one of the most beautiful of fish. The whole series of the flat fish followed, from the turbut and skait to the little dab. The fireflaire pointed the boney sting of its tail, yet threatening the painful wound. The famed torpedo, remarkable for its qualities, not singular in its form, was known by name, and all the errors concerning its effects explained. This fish, if touched with a finger, gives a shock like that of electricity, felt to the elbow. Thus much is fact; but there are who say, that, if it touch the baited hook, or at any other distance came in contact, the effect is the same; but this is error.

The eel, and all the lamprey kind, came next. In one part of the vast place that held them, the sand eel, and the little grig; in another, the fierce sea-serpent rolled their spiral

forms ; the lamperns crept between ; and at the base lay stretched the immense conger, measuring the human stature.

The eye was called from these to view the sea-wolf, whose wide jaws furnish what are called the bufonites, properly its teeth, not gems. The pike, perch, and all the monstrous gapers of that breed, succeeded. Horror yet stood in their wide-opened jaws. From these the terrors of the fins of the numerous turdi called for our attention. Here the butterfly-fish shewed its single spot on the light fin ; and there the green, the black, the painted sides and fins spoke the names not ill given to the peacock and all the succeeding tribe. From these we passed on to the tunny and the mackrel kinds. The doree then called our regard to its strange form ; and after that the peranoscou, or stargazer, a fish which, destined to live at the bottom, has its eyes placed not at the sides, but on the top of the huge head.

A larger and a stranger kind now were displayed before us. The frog-fish already described led the van, a strange enormous creature ! its length equal to that of the human frame : its head much larger than the whole body, and that head all mouth. Nothing can be so terrible as the armature of its jaws, innumerable rows of teeth all sharp and slender as needles, and all bending their points inwards, cover the under jaw. The upper is as terribly furnished ; nor do the tongue, the palate, or the throat want the same armour. Upon its head two dancing globules play baits to the luckless fry that seize on them, and that are instantly swallowed by the devourer. Behind and
all

all about this devil of the sea were placed the strange forms of the coted-fish, whose figured sides are diversified with stars and circles, or are armed with spines. The porcupine-fish led the van, and next it stood the hedgehog of the sea; not the shell-fish so called, but one of its own kind. About were disposed the square and the triangular-fish, and the American frog, and toad guapervæ.

From these the armed sword-fish, and the saw-fish shewed their weapons; and behind them the skeleton, much fitter to have been placed with that of the whale, of the sea-unicorn. The twisted horn, as many have called it, of this creature, was seen in this preservation, not to have title to that name, but to be truly a tooth protended forward. The list was closed with the strange and unweildy sea-cow; and with a creature of some rascal's fancy, that disgraced the place in which it stood, a merman. The monte-fish had given the foundation of the fictitious monster, and the invention had improved it greatly.

From this vast series we passed to the smaller, but more beautiful inhabitants of the sea, the shell-fish. Here we saw all the treasures of this elegant part of nature's works, arranged if not in a scientific, yet in a picturesque order. The almost infinite variety of the buccinum, the murex, and the purpura began the series. These were followed by the wilks and conchs, and all the train of screw-shells. Next came the painted volutes, and among them lay the famous admiral, and gay vice-admiral, the first distinguished by its yellow band; the whole train

followed: nor were there wanting beauty of an equal kind in the tyger, the spotted pard-shell, and the glowing butterfly. From these we came to where perhaps it had been better to begin, the limpets, varied in dyes as well as form; the ear-shell, and the vast variety of those that have been named from teeth.

These were succeeded by the nautili, a wondrous tribe, part thick and firm, part light as air, and thin and white as the finest paper. The thick kinds shewed a thousand divisions into which their inner cavity was formed, parted by pearly cells, and through them all ran a pipe of communication; the thinner are all vacant. These float upon the surface of the sea; a kind of polype is their inhabitant. Two of its legs serve in the place of oars, and from its wide mouth is expanded the fine membrane which bellies before the wind, swelling into a snail. The nerites and the snails of varied livery followed; and after these came in one less series, the cockle, the escallop, the oyster kinds. The venus treasure, and the ribbed heart; the smooth telline, and the rough pholas. Here the chama shewed its cut-off edge, and there the earless escallop mimicked the humbler cockle.

The muscles followed, a varied, though a less beautiful train, and with these came the pinna, its vast breadth ill supported by its scanty substance; and from its bale the tuft of threads finer at once and stronger than the silk hung out and courted the manufacture. Near this were preserved the gloves fabricated from the glossy threads, and vying with the finest silk.

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The bernacle, a strange class, followed; the centre-shell, and the long-necked kind, from which some of our own credulous writers have affirmed the brentgoose to be bred. There is nothing singular in this species to have occasioned the wild error. The legs of the included fish, or call them arms, or fins, or by whatever other name, are hairy; these as they hang out of the gaping shell, have some rude resemblance perhaps to feathers; and from this single circumstance it was supposed, that the flights of birds appearing at stated times on the same coasts, were hatched from them. The first accounts declared what was the truth, that these shells adhered to old boards and trunks of trees fallen accidentally into the sea: the whole tribe does so; and from this single circumstance those who repeated the strange story swelled the miracle yet farther, and, not content with the birds being produced out of the shells, asserted that the shells themselves grew upon trees, and were the regular produce after their blossoms, in the manner of fruit. Thus, from a single mistake, grew the complicated blunder of shell-fish being the fruit of trees, and of their produce being not other shell-fish, but birds.

The shelly world was closed in this collection by the echini, sea-eggs, sea-urchins, or by whatever other English name fancy has been pleased to call them. The variety of these was vast, and their condition different. In some the naked shell was all that was preserved, in others a few of the spines, in others the whole armature. Of the shells themselves, some were prominent and tall, some low, and others perfectly flat; among

among the last kind, some were not of the thickness of a half-crown, though equal to twice its diameter, and at their sides were notched, or pierced with oblong holes nearer the centre, not reaching to destroy the uniform equality of the verge.

The armature of spines, whether preserved entire, or but the remains of it, was wonderfully different. In some they were small, slender, and pointed like the finest needles; in others, they were short, still slender, and crooked; in others, they were erect and larger: in some they were long and angulated, in others rounded, and in some short, thick, and clavated. They serve the creature, while living, to many purposes; but as they are connected by fleshy bases to the verge, 'tis not a wonder that they fall off on the least touch, when the body of the creature has been washed away. They are not only a defence against many a devourer, whose tender jaws dare not to seize upon the porcupine covering; but they serve also to walk with. The creature brings as many of them into use as it pleases on this occasion, and can by their means throw itself on one side or the other, and move with any part upwards, and in any direction. The curious author had not failed in his short notes affixed to these, to point out which of them had given origin to which of the fossils of the former collection. What with others has been but conjecture, here appeared under the strong light of conviction. The species were matched with those of the stony world, and the supposed petrified olives shewn in their recent state on one of the animals.

Thus ended the collections from the watery world. The woods, the forests, the plains, and deserts were yet to give their stores, and the whole of nature would be then compleated.

The insect tribe came first in view, preserved in glasses between talcs, and in a thousand varied manners. The worm, the beetle, and the butterfly here had each their several and appointed place. The stag-fly here shewed its thick and divaricated horns; the capricorn, in another place, stretched out its whole length of slender ones over the back, and continued beyond the tail. We here saw the cochineal, supposed a seed, but thus known for a perfect animal. Those who have owned it such, have pretended to trace it from its state of the worm into the winged beetle; and have attempted to shew it like our ladycow, all idle. We could here trace it perfect, and saw it of a different form, and of a figure which it never changes. The kernels next attracted our attention, a yet more shapeless animal, but yet an animal; bloated with its own young, and scarce retaining any thing of its form.

The glow-worm, and its winged mate, appeared in another box; and not far distant stood, in one great circle, the water-beetles of many kinds, the mill-beetle, the black staphiline, turning up his naked tail, as if in act to strike the imaginary wound. The cricket closed this series; and in the locust, and the grasshopper, the frightful mole-cricket, and the preying mantis shewed their wondrous forms.

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The flies, the produce of the water-worms, to whom a day is the whole period of life, who know not that there is such a thing as night, appeared next, in an elegant congeries. And the libellæ, the dragon-flies, that coast about our ponds, furnished the beauty of the centre. From these the collection descended to the flies that buzz about our houses, and that sting our cattle; not a series was wanting. The spider next, in the whole numerous kind, appeared in the long order; and followed these the scorpion, the largest of the insect kind, and seemingly the link connecting that series, and the next above; approaching to the crab.

The quadrupeds last shewed themselves; the least beautiful, and the least perfect part of the collection, yet not without their merit. The collector is not to be arraigned for this deficiency. Nature has given the great part of too enormous a bulk, and the rest of too perishable a nature, to be fitted for these repositories. We saw here however many, some in a better, some in a worse state of preservation; but all in a condition to be known. The mouse and the rat kind began the series; from these we rose to the opossum, famous for that false skin covering its belly, which forms a bag for the receiving of its helpless young in time of danger. It was hence at one time supposed to take them into its uterus again; but that was too unnatural to be believed by the judicious, even before the truth was known from these collections of the animals. The beaver next appeared, famous for the medicinal use, as well as cloathing; its scaly tail seeming to join the fishy nature of the quadruped.

ped. The squirrel perched upon his bough, seemed alone ; and the flying kind had its broad sides expanded, so as to show the membrane stretched from the fore to the hind legs, not resembling, tho' doing the office of, wings.

The porcupine closed this series : its quills erect as if in act to dart themselves forth, according to a fabulous tale, upon the huntsman. They serve as a defence, and a very powerful one for a weak animal against many a destroyer ; but they have no power of being darted out as weapons as has been idly said.

The ant-bear spread its flat tail over the adjoining case ; and near it crawled, as yet alive, the short-leg'd scaly lizard, still named from that genus. Both these have tongues of an enormous length, and both live by throwing them out on ant-hills, and among other insects, and feeding on what fix upon them. From these we rose to the whole skins, or parts of skins, of the monkey kind, the bear, the tyger, the leopard, and the lion. The rhinoceros furnished his horn ; and another species not well distinguished by the writers on this subject ; its double weapon of the same kind, explaining the supposed strange passage of the Roman poet, who talks of the double horn of this creature.

Far from all these stood an innumerable quantity of glasses, containing, preserved in spirits, the whole serpent and the lizard kind : nor was there wanting the painted tortoise, or the toad of Surinam, reversing all the methods of known generation, and producing its young out of its back.

We thought we had done ; but there remained a treasure of another kind. When will the stores of nature be exhausted ! when will the patience of the true naturalist be tired ! The doors were thrown open, that seemed to shut in a large book-case. There appeared a library of a new kind, near two hundred volumes stood on the the even shelves ; uniform, vast folios. These were the author's manuscripts ; they were opened to us one by one, till we were tired of gazing. They contained, beside the substance of all that had been written on natural history by others, the author's own innumerable observations ; and they contained nearly all the animals of the world, and a vast multitude of its plants and minerals drawn and coloured to the life by his own hand.

From these the immortal Aldrovand, happily for him not immortal in any thing but fame, had collected and compiled the fourteen volumes in folio, which he published, on the several parts of natural history ; a work containing all that had been known, all that had been said, to his time, not only concerning the several parts of the study, but any way relative to it.

These Aldrovand published ; for these will the name of Aldrovand be revered while there is known the name of science ; but what was Aldrovand's reward ? O shame to speak it ! there stood indeed, as M——s had said on entering, the fate of nature's history. This Aldrovand, who spent his life and a vast fortune in the prosecuting the most noble, as well as the most entertaining,

ertaining, and most useful of all studies, died. When, and how? on the public charity, and in an alms-house.

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L E T T E R CXIV.

YOU will not wonder that it is very long since I wrote to you. I am in a very different part of the world, and I have had no opportunities of sending, or indeed any thing of importance to write to you before. What are the events of a voyage to a person of your taste, or to what end, should I have wrote you the account of some little towns in Italy, which I passed through, in my way to the port where I embarked? I had already described to you the country, and its greatest curiosities; the rest would have been dry to you in the recital, as they were tedious to me in the observation.

I am, my dear ****, upon the sacred earth of Crete, so celebrated by the old poets and historians. Adieu to fine chambers, palaces, and gardens; adieu to curiosity in the antique, or in the virtu of the modern; adieu to the spirited and polite conversation of the Italians. I am among a people, whose life is one half spent in sleeping; whose supreme pleasure is a nod after their coffee; and who spend the interval of their time in eating rice, and drinking water. You see I am not fond of the musselmen: indeed I have left so many pleasures behind me, that I am but in an ill humour for any thing I shall find

find in the Levant, and begin to repent my having taken so long a voyage for a promise of so little pleasure.

Candia, where I landed, and where I stay to refresh after the voyage, is but the second town in the island: the island is in possession of the Venetians. Its inhabitants are said to be about four thousand; more than half of them are Greeks; and the rest almost all Turks. The town is well fortified, and the port would be a good one, if care was taken of it. The houses are but low and poor, a sad exchange to the view from those of Italy! Instead of the magnificence to which I had been used in buildings, think what must be the disgust to see the very best houses consist only of two floors, and the first of these to serve for the habitation of the master and his servants, and even of the horses. The kitchen, the parlour, the cellar, and the stable are usually all on the ground-floor in the same building. The walls are generally brick, but with a kind of rough quarry stone at the corners. There is often a kind of terrace even with the upper floor, at the back of the house; and there always is one at the top, for the roof is covered with coarse boards, and these with a kind of plaister, serving to hold the flint stones, which make the upper layer, together. The houses most of them face the north; the south wind is what they carefully defend themselves against; for it will often suffocate people in the open fields: but, when the north wind blows, they enjoy their terrace to the south. That on the top of the house serves them to walk on in an evening, and in the great heats to be open.

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If art has not done so much for Canea as for some of the Italian cities, nature is not to be accused ; the pleasantest of them all has not a better situation. The country is charming between the town and the mountains, nor less to the other way. Forests of olives shew themselves on every part, and vineyards and groves diversify the prospect. A hundred and fifty thousand pints of oil is the common annual produce of the island. The vineyards are pretty, but less regular than in Europe ; and the gardens, though they abound with the finest plants and flowers, are full of awkwardness, and have no design. The better sort are wild woods of oranges and lemons, intermixed with cedars, and some plum or cherry-trees.

The fragrance of these trees scarce makes amends for the stench of carcases, the most horrible, as well as of all others the most offensive. The Turks have the custom of the old Romans to bury by the sides of the highways ; but they do not dig the graves deep enough, and the heat of the climate exhales such an odour, that I wonder even custom can bring them to bear it. The remembrance of the dead is usually a stone at each end of the grove ; for persons of consequence, there is sometimes a pillar of marble, with a turban on its top, by way of capital.

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L E T T E R CXV.

I Have got to Candia ; Retimo, which I took in my way, is the third place in consequence in this once-famous island. 'Tis a little place, but a pleasant one ; it has a most romantic situation ; it stands on a ledge of rock which runs out into the sea. It is walled ; but this seems a matter of ornament or ceremony, rather than of strength ; nor does its situation do it any service in point of security ; for it is intirely commanded by another large and flat rock. The haven was once a fine one, and there is a citadel built for its security ; but at present it is in a great measure choaked up. The country to the west of Retimo is all rock ; but the road to Candia is wonderfully pleasant. 'Tis all the way through scenes of gardens and plantations. The town has no water but what comes from a single spring, at about a mile and a half distance ; but you may be assured that is a considerable one, when I tell you it perfectly supplies the town, though they have been so careless in the channel they have made for it, that they lose half by the way. There is a mosque by the road that leads to the valley, and a house of reception for travellers in the court of it, where, if they are too late for the opening of the gates of the town, they lie and eat gratis. The wine of Retimo was once esteemed, and at present it deserves some character.

Damasta has nothing worth naming to you in it : we had hitherto, however, had a very pleasant

pleasant journey; but from hence to Candia is as rough and rugged as the way to the Mendip hills in Somersetshire: nothing but inequalities of ground, and rough stones.

I had great expectations from Candia, the metropolis, if I may so call it, of this island; but they were not answered: it is the least agreeable town in it. The circumference of the place is large enough; but, excepting for the environs of the market-place, the whole is a scene of desolation. The houses are falling, or are fallen, and no body thinks it worth while to rebuild them. When the Venetians were masters of it, it was populous and flourishing: the Turks, after a siege of many years, at an immense expence of blood and treasure, took it, to make it a ruin.

Candia stands on the ruins of the ancient Heraclea, and its port was once of some consequence; at present 'tis so choaked up, that it can admit only boats or small vessels. The town was built by the Saracens. The walls are very strong, but they are the work of the Venetians: the Turks have hardly repaired the breaches of their own siege. The Greeks are numerous here; but the Jews more so. There are some Armenians also, and three or four French families: these in the whole do not amount so much as to two thousand; the rest are Turks.

The soil is rich and fruitful all about Candia, and I never saw finer crops of corn. The Turks are very grave and respectful; they seemed to me the soberest people in the world; and I was sur-
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prised

prised to hear that there are times among them when a Venetian carnival is a scene of solemnity to their mirth and festivity. The Bacram is the festival, the time at which the caravan of pilgrims arrive at Mecha. They keep this as a kind of Jubilee for three days, and from the forebrest, become the most whimsical people in the world for the time. I think myself happy not to have seen this ; 'tis represented to me as one of the most disagreeable scenes in the world ; but whoever is in the town at the time must assist in the ceremony, and must stay it out ; for none are suffered to go on their journeys, be the business what it will, during the time.

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LETTER CXVI.

YOU will not wonder, my dear ****, that I had curiosity to see the famous mount Ida. We made our way along a very uneven country, full of rocks, hills, and precipices to the valley of Micabean, which is one of the pleasantest scenes in the world, a natural amphitheatre, with a circular range of mountains one way, and the sea, but at a vast distance, the other. We passed the ancient Prasos, the capital of Homer's heroes the Etocretes. We had the sight soon after of whole bridges of mountains, continuations of the famous Ida, and were greatly entertained with the flocks of wild goats, that we saw following one another from precipice to precipice with an incredible agility. Nothing in the oeconomy of the animals surprises me more than

than this climbing faculty of the goat, a creature which nature has by no means furnished with feet for it. We travelled over mountains covered with snow to the convent of Arcadi. It stands high, and is the richest and best in the island. This was probably the ancient Arcadia, the finest and most flourishing city of the island. All that we saw at this time was the convent, and its offices, situated on a level made by nature on the top of the mountain. We came into this plain through an agreeable way, among vineyards and orchards, and saw above us the mount we were ambitious to examine.

The convent is a tolerably regular building; the church is adorned in the Gothic taste. One wonders to see this among the descendants of those men, with whom the nicest taste, and the highest purity of design, was found. But the Italians are descendants of the Romans: what is it that time will not bring about! The territory of the convent is very considerable; it reaches one way to the top of mount Ida, and another to the sea.

At this convent we were honoured with the attendance of two friars for our expedition up mount Ida, the ways to which our guides were wholly unacquainted with.

At twenty miles distance from the convent we came to the last post our horses could reach; the rest of the way was to be performed on foot, and it was no less than ten miles to the top, and that over such scenes of barren rocks and precipices as I had never before seen. I had

posed the Apennines very terrible; but they are pleasant slopes to Ida. We equipped ourselves for the expedition, and with some labour got up six miles of the ten. It was not evening, but we were forced to take up our quarters here within an odd inclosure, a kind of sheep-fold: if we had gone farther, there was no water. The softness of our beds did not tempt us to lie too long; we were up with the sun, and early in the morning had got to the top of the mountain.

I had now leisure to breathe, and to look about me: but alas what was there to be seen! I have been on the top of mount Ida, and that is all I have to say for it. The name of this celebrated place is all it has to make it claim one's notice. It is a rough, barren, and unpleasant mountain, taking up with its foot (for it spreads extremely at the bottom) the whole centre of a very pleasant island; and the secret I had learned by getting up to the top of it was like that I made out, before the Apennine colossus; that the fight was best at a distance. There was not so much as a spring, a grotto, or a thicket to entertain the eye. The cattle are a few starved goats, and the greater part of the prospect rock and snow. You have read Dionysius's geography, and the notes of his commentator, and must therefore imagine Ida the finest scene in the world; but, believe me, the beauties live only in their descriptions. I have been there: they are very dishonest if they have. The snow fills a number of caverns on the highest part of the mountain, and seems to have lain there a great many ages. I was out of patience at having taken such an infinite deal of pains for nothing; but M——s, who had found fault enough too, came to me,
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as we were talking of descending again, with some curiosities, which he said fully repaired him for all his pains. Indeed I was greatly pleased with them. He brought his double handful of crystals, of a very peculiar form: they were pentangular columns, from one inch to near two in length, terminated by a pyramid at each end, consisting of the same number of sides. They were all perfectly regular in this, and the polish was so high, that the whole seemed the work not of nature but of art. The general colour of them was yellow, in different degrees, some pure and deep, others with a mixture of brown, and some quite colourless. The finest of them had altogether the appearance of topazes cut into that form, and were of equal beauty with the gem of that name. M——s told me, by way of a secret, that half the stones called topazes at this time were of this kind of crystals, coloured by accident, as these were, he said, by the effluvia of a lead-mine; but the form of these he declared to be quite new to him, and esteemed them at a high rate. He had picked them out of a crack in one of the rocks; and, as we went down, we found several more of them loose among the dirt on the surface.

From the summit of Ida, which is a steep, sharp, naked, and almost perpendicular rock, we could distinguish the sea two ways, but at a vast distance; a prospect by no means worth all the climbing it had cost us.

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L E T T E R CXVII.

IF the general prospect from mount Ida by no means recompensed the toil of getting at it, there was one part of it which gave occasion to another journey, and that by no means to be regretted. The ruins of the ancient Gortyna disclosed themselves, as it appeared to us at no great distance from the foot of the mountain; but we had the mortification to find it in reality several long miles.

The way down Ida was frightful to the last degree: we had nothing before us but rocks and precipices, and were obliged to wind about them in a strange manner to get along with safety. In our way to the remains of this old town we passed through Apodacala, and keeping near mount Ida, along very barren mountains, we arrived at Nov-i Castelli, a little village within two miles of our journey's end, and refreshed ourselves, that we might be in spirits for the examination. Gortyna, of which there remain only a multitude of ruins and fragments scattered over a large extent of ground, was at one time the greatest and richest city in the ancient Crete. They trace its origin up to Taurus, who, under the name of Jupiter, carried off Europa from the Phœnician coast, and from Gortyn, the son of Rhadamanthus: but, whoever built the town, it was, through a vast many ages, a place of great power. Hannibal, after the defeat of Antiochus, retired to it, and was safe.

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The ruins at this time lie scattered on the foot of some low hills toward the plains of Missaria, at the distance of about six miles from the foot of Ida. I have never seen such an amass of granite, porphyry, and the finest marbles as lie scattered here; nor are these all the riches: jaspers, and other stones of vast value, wrought into pilasters, and that have served in incrustations, are tumbled about at random, and shew how superb a city once stood, where now the remains only obstruct the plough, or hurt the feet of cattle. The workmanship in these is equal to the materials; and, upon the whole, there is scarce any collection of ruins that makes a greater figure. One of the gates stands at this time in its original place, though not quite intire: the arch is very noble, and every part of the structure masterly. Near the same place we measured two pillars of the finest granite, each cut off the solid piece, and their length more than eighteen feet: and, at a small distance, a regular double series of pedestals, which seem to have supported the pillars in the portico of some temple. By the sweep they make, it must have been no inconsiderable building: there were capitals and architraves, wrought with the utmost accuracy. I cast my eye over several remains together, which, tho' I hardly can set down why, I fancied to have belonged to the temple of Jupiter that once stood here; that temple in which Menelaus sacrificed to the god, on the news of his wife's elopement. The temple of Apollo we know stood in the middle of the town, so that they could not have belonged to that.

I spent

I spent four or five hours in examining these august ruins, and M——s was not out of patience. You remember Milton's spirit, that used, while in heaven, to mind the rich pavement more than his God ; my good companion, while I was examining, and consequently admiring, the workmanship of the friezes, capitals, and figures, was knocking off small pieces, by way of specimens, of the several species of marble and granite they were composed of.

I was greatly pleased with the fabricature of some columnas, which, by their place, might probably have belonged to the temple of Apollo. They were of the finest marble, and very long in proportion to their thickness. Each was of one entire piece, and they were grooved, not longitudinally, as in the ordinary fluted pillars, but in spiral lines all the way from the bottom to the top.

To what vile uses may the noblest things return ! I saw, in our way back, at about three miles from the ruins, two of the finest of the columnas serving as posts to a gate made of a common hurdle.

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L E T T E R CXVIII.

THE little satisfaction I had in viewing the famous Ida did not prevent my having an eager desire to visit one famous Cretan wonder more, the labyrinth. I had learned from that disappointment, however, not to form quite so great expectations of these places as authors seemed to countenance; and perhaps to that was in a great measure owing the surprise with which I saw this.

The labyrinth, as it now remains, is a subterranean passage, dark, narrow, and irregular, turning and winding a thousand ways with an intricacy that seems to have been the result of mere accident, and taking up the whole cavity or inside of a hill with its alleys and meanders. The hill is one of those at the foot of Ida, and is not more than two or three miles from the ruins I last saw.

We were obliged to be well lighted with flambeaux, for all is perfect darkness within; and there is something very terrible in the apprehension of being lost, or left in the dark, in a place from which one has heard it is so impossible to get out. The entrance into it is by an opening quite rude and natural, of a considerable breadth, but not more than five feet in height, so that one enters stooping. One would think the place into which this leads had been by some accident turned bottom upwards: the cieling is flat and smooth; but the floor rough and uneven to a degree very offensive to the feet. In
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the roof one sees a vast variety of stone, some of it very beautiful; the mountain is composed of strata or beds of different kinds of marble and coarser stones, and one sees a great many of them laid edge by edge here.

From this general entrance we walked forward into a cavern of considerable extent, the antichamber, as they call it, of the building. The floor of this is also rough, and a little sloping; the sides are of a vast variety of stone again. I think no place ever afforded so many kinds in so small a compass; and from the roof, which is flat here also, but not so even as just at the entrance, there hung a great many of those stoney icicles which M——s had found in such perfection in the Æolian hills; but these were shorter, and of a coarser kind.

As one moves forward from this slanting cavern the wonders of the place are disclosed. The lanes and alleys, the by-paths and openings appear in such variety and intricacy, that I do not at all wonder at what the old writers have said of it. We avoided all the lesser paths, and throwing ourselves into the principal street, if I may so call it, followed our guides; for it would have been impossible for us to have directed ourselves along it. We here saw many an opening that might have misled us; but this was vastly the plainest of all the ways. We travelled along this not less than three-quarters of a mile, and at the extremity found two large caverns, formed into a couple of very handsome apartments. We took our seats on some large stones, and began, by the help of our lights, to examine the stonework

work about us. There is something awful and awful beyond imagination in the place, and the thought of our being so far removed from daylight, did not a little contribute to the solemn horror of the scene.

This alley divides toward the end into two or three parts, and we were in terrors about the being lost here; but our guides told us this was not the place of danger. They conducted us along some of the other ways into which it opened, and we found them plain and simple, so that to have turned back at any time, were to have come out again; but this was not by any means the case in the place of real danger. After we had returned, we were conducted from the mouth of the large cavern about twenty yards along the principal alley again, and there shewn another path, into which we might as easily have struck as into the right. They conducted us a little way into this, and we saw so many turnings, windings, and mixed alleys, that we easily conceived it possible for a man to be lost there, without the least prospect of finding his way out.

The alley along which he had passed to the farther end of the labyrinth was about eight feet high, and tolerably broad. The roof was all the way flat, and made of the lower part of some very even and regular beds of a stone that approached to the colour of our Derbyshire grey marble, and, if cut, would certainly have made a very beautiful figure. M——s picked out here, as from the other rocks in most places, shells of various kind petrified, and some beautiful crystals. The floor of this passage is in general smooth, and we could in most places walk

three a-breast in it; but toward the middle it is not only narrower, but in one place so low for a considerable way, that we were forced to crawl along. The walls are in most places of the native rock, in all its wildness; but in some we could see that they were composed of stones piled up together.

The two apartments at the end of the principal alley, and which terminate the labyrinth are plainly, if not the work of art, at least finished by art. They have probably been a couple of natural caverns, which workmen have hollowed farther, and cut into form. They are nearly round in circumference, though not regularly so, and their breadth is not less than twenty feet. The walls have been in some places cut, in others they are natural, and in all they are tolerably smooth. As 'tis a custom with boys with us to cut their names with a penknife on the leads of a church, in memorial of their having been at the top of it, people that have had the courage to get thus far into the labyrinth have usually left also their names, or the initial letters of them behind them. We saw a multitude of these in single capitals, some in cypher, and some few inscriptions, and we left our own there.

It was not till we had cut our own, which it is not difficult to do, the rock being soft, that we perceived the others, though unquestionably done in the same manner; for strangers could have no other means of doing them, not to be in creuse or hollow, but prominent, and some in a very high relievo. When we came to examine them more nearly, they appeared to be a kind of caméas, the letters in white standing
out

out upon the grey rock. Some of them were but a little prominent, others stood out not less than a quarter of an inch; and one inscription in particular, C. G. M. 1437. stood forward near half an inch; but the tops of the letters were battered. The dates were put with most of these, and we soon distinguished that the figures universally stood higher in proportion as the date was earlier: we saw some of the latest hollow like our own; but none so clean at the bottom as these new-cut ones; others were half filled up, others stood just evenly to a level with the surface, and others in various degrees farther and farther out.

This had to me a very extraordinary appearance; but M——s soon explained it. You have observed, said he, the icicles, as we call them, which hang from the roofs of this cavern, and the masses of a like matter that stick to its walls in lumps of different figure; these are all of the same origin with this matter which now fills up and protuberates from the cavities cut with a knife in the stone. He convinced us that he was right as to the matter or substance of the embossed work, by bringing one of the icicles of stone, which hung from a place at one corner of the large alley just at the entering of the room; on breaking this, and breaking also one of the embossed letters, we saw the substance was the same in both, and it was quite different from the rock to which it hung, or from which it stood forth. This, said M——s, is spar, a mineral that floats imperceptibly in all water; this is what separates itself from the drops that exude from the stone before they fall to the floor; and this, though in a coarser kind, is what makes a
crust

crust upon the bottom of our tea-kettles, and other vessels in which clear water is boiled. This makes its way with the water from every part of the rocks of this cavern; but wherever the rock is new cut, there will be the freest opening for it. In this manner it is conveyed into these hollows of the stone, and in those hollows the spar separates from the water. The first thin bed of it that is lodged there afterwards receives another, and, in process of time, the whole swells out, and stands forward from the horizontal surface of the rock, in the same manner as these stalactites, or stoney icicles do from the roof. The matter is the same in both, and in both quite different from the substance of the rock to which they adhere, and the manner of formation in both is also exactly the same, and there remains, one would imagine, no room for error about them.

The opinion that this circumstance proves the growth of stones has been of late strenuously by some of the dabblers in mineralogy; but they should have been on the spot, they would not have talked of a stone's growing, because something quite different from itself was found upon it. It would have been as proper to have talked of the smith's anvil-block in the Hay-market growing, because annually there was a great fungus produced upon it. Yet such we are, and such are our philosophers.

The Cretan labyrinth is of some considerable number of hundred of years old, and we find those who wrote of seventeen or eighteen centuries ago speaking of its dimensions in the walks, alleys, and openings just as they are
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at present. The sides, the top, the bottom, in all these are rock, living rock, and therefore growing rock, if it be true, according to this system, that rocks do grow; but, if so, how comes it that the sides, and the bottom, and the top have not all got together by this time; the passages so narrow, and in the way of growing stones ought all to have been closed up by this time, and no trace of the labyrinth to have remained.

'Tis wonderful to see in what manner an error once set on foot is propagated; every man seems to think it his business to deceive not only himself, but all people besides, and will contradict his senses to do it. Bellonius took it into his head that the Cretan labyrinth was a stone quarry, out of which they dug the stones to build the ancient Gortyna and Gnosus; and to make it plain he tells us, that even the cart-ruts and places cut on the hill by the carriages on which the stones were drawn, were yet to be seen. Hence, to set out upon a right scent, I looked about for the cart-ruts and tracks, but in vain. The situation is too bad for a place whence to carry such loads. We entered the labyrinth with some propensity still to believe Bellonius's account, as the general opinion favoured it; but we soon saw the absolute and certain error. The stone is not like that with which Gortyna was built, as is seen by the ruins; and Gnosus is too far off, lying beyond the mountains. Beside, the stone is soft and ill coloured, and by no means fit to build with in the generality; and for the beds of the brighter and beautiful kinds, they are too hard for the ordinary tools. The structure of the labyrinth also declares against

the opinion ; for the windings and turnings are by no means calculated for getting the blocks of stone out. On such an occasion they would have cut in boldly at once to the front of the hill, and not buried under it in this manner.

What I have seen of the Æolian hills, and some other of the mountains in Italy, convinces me that this famous labyrinth is a work of nature originally, which, for its oddity, some whimsical person of power and fortune has thought it worth while to improve. The hills of Italy, and in many other places, that are composed of stone, are not of one solid rock, but have frequent hollows, and caverns, and meanders. Where these have any thing particularly odd in them, 'tis easy for fancy to form fables, or for human art to enlarge upon and embellish it. All that seems to have been done here is the heightening the passages in some palaces, and widening them in others, by cutting away the roof and the sides ; for the alleys themselves are doubtless all from nature.

More than whim might be conceived indeed in this : in cases of emergence of state affairs these subterranean caverns were a retreat : we read frequently of their having been used as such. And here is a motive for all the labour that could be employed upon them, and a very good reason for the perplexities about the entrance. All the mountains in Crete are full of caverns, larger or lesser, and we saw some openings in the sides of Ida that possibly would have carried us as far as those of this famous cavern, if art had been employed but in a little degree to open some of the narrower entrances.

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We are not to believe this labyrinth, as it is called, to have been the real and original place of that name in this famous island. The descriptions do not agree, nor even the place. The ancient Cretan labyrinth was a work wholly of art, and was built after the model of the famous one in Ægypt, one of the wonders of the world, formed of thick walls, and embellished with a portico at the entrance. That also appears to have been in the town of Gnoſſus; this is very diſtant from that place. And, to cloſe the liſt of arguments againſt this being the ſame, Dio-dorus Siculus and Pliny ſpeak of that as loſt in their time, no trace of it remaining. It is not a wonder that a ſubterraneous cavern of this kind, full of inextricable mazes, and finiſhed by art, ſhould afterwards be called by the name of an old fabric of that ſort ſo long deſtroyed; but this, and not the antique one, is the Cretan labyrinth mentioned by Cedrenus, and others who have followed him.

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LETTER CXIX.

I Am tra-verſing the Levant, and you cannot imagine what a joy it is to me to ſee the places celebrated by thoſe authors whom I have been uſed to read with veneration. I am to confeſs to you that the ſight and this remembrance is all I have to boaſt in regard to many of them: for they appear ſtrange-ly barren of

entertainment, after the treasures that are spread over every part of Italy. I am now upon the Cimolus of the ancients, the Argentiere of the moderns. The famous earth which they employed in their woollen manufactures was the soil of this island; but, if I can trust my eyes, our fuller's-earth is a different thing, for theirs must have been white. There is nothing under foot, excepting in the gardens and cultivated spots, but white earth, like marle, that breaks under the steps, and is very disagreeable to walk over. But why should I find fault, or wonder! we distinguish of our modern fuller's-earth by the name of Cimolia purpurascens, a purple earth of Cimolus, and 'tis brown, and dug in Bedfordshire.

The sounding name by which the moderns call this little island has been owing to some mines of silver discovered on it many years ago by a refugee Frenchman; but the Turks impose so high a duty on the ground, that at present they are not worth working, the ore not being very rich.

'Tis a poor place, a heap of parched and stoney mountains, disagreeable in the aspect, horrible to travel over, and not worth cultivating. There is but one little village on the island, and the people there are almost starved. They cultivate only a little spot just about the town, and there they raise cotton, and sow barley for their subsistence. We were soon tired of the scene; but my indefatigable friend begged me to accompany him to the place of the mines that had given it its name. We easily hired a guide,

guide, and there could be no great journey in an island which is no where six miles over." We had a very disagreeable passage, however, over rocks and precipices to the place: 'tis the brow of one of the tallest hills. We saw the remains of forges, and places where they used to dress and melt the ore; and it was not long before M——s found some of the mineral. 'Tis like that of Norway; but, by what we saw of it, very poor. The silver is not lodged in an ore of lead, as in our English mines; but appears in streaks and veins in the body of a kind of flint; so I chose to call the stone in which M——s shewed it me, but he terms it an agate.

This was not the only treasure my eager friend possessed himself of at Argentiere. The women are handsome, and they see so few strangers, and are so poor, that they are glad of the advantage, and are seldom very coy. M——s had seized upon a poor little wench, that had brought us some coarse cotton stockings to sell, the only manufacture of the island; and if some people, who were better acquainted with the ladies of the Levant than he, had not given him the necessary caution, this might have proved a very unlucky acquaintance.

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L E T T E R CXX.

IF I was not much satisfied with what offered to our view at Argentiére, 'tis otherwise at Milo. I have been here these ten days, and have not thought the time ill spent. You will smile at the voyage from Argentiére hither; it cost us twenty-seven minutes. We landed at Poloni; and the prospect of the country from this place gave me no great satisfaction. About the coast 'tis as rough, as rocky, and as barren as in Cimolus; but, after about three miles, we fell into a very pleasant and a very fruitful country. The road lay through plantations of cotton and vineyards, and we saw some very rich fields of corn. Two or three miles more brought us to a tolerably long town: 'tis the principal place in the island, and is called after its name Milo. The houses are better than in any place I have seen on the Levant; and the people, who are numerous, look busy and thriving. I am sorry to tell you, that though the streets of Milo are broad, and the houses, if not excellent, yet tolerably regular; yet it is the most stinking and nasty place I have seen. The front of the palaces in some of the politest parts of Europe on the ground floor are nasty enough; but these are absolute hogstyes. The stink of these, added to the hogoe of the rotting seaweeds, and plants of the salt marshes, make together the most complicated stench, and one of the most horrible I ever smelt. 'Tis strange what custom will do! they no more smell it here, than the Turks of Candia their carcases; but

but in both places the air is poisoned with the effluvia, and the towns are rendered very unhealthy.

You will stare to read of a town built of pumice-stones; but this is absolutely the case of Milo. They use no other materials: the blocks of pumice are very large, but extremely light; and though spongy and hollow, they are durable. We saw some of them broken at the corners of the buildings, and observed them of a thready structure in many places within. They have evidently been burnt into their present form, and M——s started an odd conjecture about them: he is of opinion that they are masses of that kind of asbestos called by the ignorant Apothecaries Plume Alum, which have been calcined in a fire strong enough to make some alteration in their texture, though our fires are not. He has packed up some pieces for England: what the virtuosi will say to so strange a system I know not; but they are fond of novelty.

The *cadi*, or chief magistrate at Milo is a Turk; but the inhabitants are all Greeks. They have a vast many churches and chapels; but there is nothing in them to be described to you after the churches of Europe. The monastery of St. Marine is a very pleasant one; it stands on a hill, and is well watered, and the plantations of oranges and lemons, intermixed with cedars, and some other of the beautiful trees, natives of the place, have a very fine effect. The holy men of this place are no very great gardeners, every thing grows its own way; but,

to me, there is a beauty in this perfect wildness that surpasses most of what one sees from art.

Milo is a strange island; it is in great part burnt to a cinder: nor is this a wonder; there are continual subterranean fires, and those very considerable ones, under it in different parts to this day, and have been from all time. One may almost call the whole territory a rock burnt to a pumice by these fires, and drenched throughout with salt water. We saw I know not how many openings along the shore, as we advanced toward Polonia from the seaward, into all of which the sea threw itself in vast waves, and returned with a hollow murmuring noise, after it seemed to have gone in every one of them to a vast depth under the island.

Milo abounds with minerals of various kinds; and my companion, who knows my fondness for those studies which they elucidate, though I confess myself hitherto very shallowly versed in them, carried me from place to place, to examine and observe them. Almost every rock that we met with, on the touching it with the tongue, manifested its containing alum. He proposed our getting into a number of caverns, to seek farther into the state of these productions; and as they seemed that all the island would afford us of curiosity, I made no objection. We traversed many a cavern; I often trembled at the sight of precipices that seemed to threaten destruction. We saw here innumerable drop stones or icicles from the tops of the roofs, and many of them coloured with iron, some of them composed of the ore of that metal; but this was not what he sought after.

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The ancients had celebrated Milo for its alum, and described a number of different appearances, under which they found that salt upon it, and he was indefatigable in searching after them, and, as is the general consequence upon judicious industry, he was successful.

He shewed me, in some hollows of the rock that made the floor of one of the remotest of these natural caverns, lumps of pure, perfect, and solid alum, formed by nature from the drying away of little puddles of water which had rested there, after being loaded with the salt in its passage through the rocks. Some of these were firm, some spongy, and their variety of appearance answered very well to all the descriptions which the old writers have left us of what they call native alum. There still remained however one kind, the finest of all, to be enquired after; this was the species called plumose, or feathery alum. Late writers have mistaken one of the amianthus for it, a stone that will not dissolve in water, nor has any of the characters either of this salt, or indeed of any salt at all; but it was not long before we found the real substance here. We first saw a great many efflorescences on the front of the stones, that formed the walls of one of the deepest of these caverns; and, on examining them, we perceived them to be thready, but they were short: it was not much after, however, that we saw the sheets of pure alum, white as snow, and all formed of fine glossy threads, hanging down from the higher parts of the same rock. My companion was at the pains to get some of the finest of these, and he esteems the treasure inestimable.

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disappointed; the place was too hot for our researches. 'Tis here that the subterranean fires rage most; and those who have read so much of chemistry as to know that filings of iron and powder of brimstone wetted into a paste will take fire of themselves, perhaps will not be at a loss to guess, why an island abounding with those minerals, and penetrated by the sea-water that gets in at its caverns, should be all on fire within.

We were taking our leave of the place; but I was easily prevailed upon, by my companion, to order our little vessel to coast about the shore, that we might have an opportunity of looking into the structure of an island, which seemed to be only a vault of stone, penetrated in some places by the sea water, and in others full of fire. The several openings into the rock, which formed the cliffs under which we passed, gave us opportunities of looking into caverns that seemed very large; but they were dark, so that we could not say what might be their real dimensions, or how far they might reach: but some appeared so very singular, that we landed to get into them. One of these which had invited us by a kind of painted cieling, was about four miles south of the town; we entered it with ease, and could see, that though it was now at a distance from the water, yet rough weather could force it up so far. I never saw so agreeable a scene: the grotto excels all that art ever conceived. 'Tis about twenty feet high, and as the light darted in upon it at that time, appeared to be incrusted all over with that kind of glossy flaky matter which they sell at the colour-shops for spangling our grottos. Every part of the cavern,

cavern, the top, the sides, and even the floor, were covered with an incrustation of this bright matter, and some of it was red, some yellow, though the greater part was perfectly colourless, and pellucid as crystal.

The taste discovered this to be all of it alum, and the colours of red and yellow were owing to an admixture of particles of iron and other minerals; but though they affected its appearance in this manner, they made no alteration in its taste. When we had taken our fill of admiration in this place, we descended into another cavern at no great distance. This was also a hollow made by nature in the rock, and this was near to the sea, though not visited by its waves, unless in storms. All the upper part of this was in the same manner covered with efflorescences of alum; but these were not formed into spangled particles, but the whole was a fine white powder. There was more than a foot water on the floor of this cavern, so that I did not much care for going into it; but my companion was above all such considerations. He loaded a little box from the walls of this, as he had done from those of the other. I don't know whether he will get his cargoes of natural curiosities safe to England; but if he does, the virtuoso world will be very happy: for certainly he has picked up, at one time or other, a vast quantity of curious things.

The production of these natural flowers of alum on the roofs and sides of the caverns is very familiar to the judgment. The rocks all abound with alum; you taste it in them all, and feel it on the surfaces of most of them. The seawater

water fills these caverns at times, and where it comes in contact with the rock, dissolves the salt that is about its surface : when the body of the water is retired, there yet remains a damp which hangs on the stones, and is full impregnated with the salt. This often brings out particles of sulphur, and of iron also with it ; tho' in general it is only the pure salt, and as this dries away, the salt remains. Where it has been drawn forth pure, we see it white on the stone ; where other particles have been mixed with it, 'tis red or yellow. If the water have been evaporated from it very slowly, it has had time to concrete itself into crystals, which are those spangles we see on the sides and roof of the first cavern. If it dries away more suddenly, nature has not leisure allowed for the gathering the particles together into these masses, but they stick to the sides in the form of a powder.

The beauties and singularities of these caverns led us to look into many others, in none of which we were disappointed. As we traversed the coast we saw another hollow in the rock, which had a strange glow diffused over its sides and upon its top, and seemed faced only with a smooth polished rock. We advanced hastily towards this ; but what was my surprise to see it a cavern not of salt, but of fire. The floor was of earth intermixed with sulphur, and was at that time burning all over with a blue flame. What we had seen of the shining of the rock was owing to the flame, and the scene was very new, and very surprising ; but it had like to have cost us too dear. We had advanced toward the cavern with the wind in our backs, and were come so near as to look down into it, and
see

see a great deal of its bottom ; but a sudden gust from another quarter brought the vapour from the burning materials full upon us, and struck us both down ; had the wind continued a minute longer that way, we must have been suffocated : luckily it veered about again on the instant, and we crawled off. The vapour convinces me that 'tis not only sulphur that burns there, there was the leek smell, and doubtless there is orpiment among it.

From this place as we advanced forwards, we found ourselves treading on a new kind of ground : the earth smoked in many places, and in some it felt hot, and resounded under our feet : the wind continued to blow the stench from us, otherwise I think it would have been intolerable. We had been upon Vesuvius, and consequently we knew what to make of this. We trod upon vaults that covered regions of fire. The rocks, whenever we met with them, were full of caverns ; and when we had got over the absolute burning ground, we could not anywhere thrust our hands into a hole in the quarries, but we found it hot.

We found several natural cavities in the rocks capable of holding ten or a dozen people, and so hot, that they would serve for sweating-rooms. Some of these had been enlarged and improved at one time or other by the inhabitants, and particularly one called the Corsair's bath, which had been used at the time when this island was the resort of those people, to refresh the sailors.

Beside

Beside these natural and artificial sweating-rooms, there are hot springs in abundance in Milo, and natural baths; but at the foot of the hill, near the little town of Castro, there are public baths, and very fine ones for use, though not ornamented with buildings. The mouth or entrance is low, and a man cannot walk along it upright; but it grows better farther on. The natural passage leads to a considerable distance under the hill; one way by an easy and large passage, the other by a narrow one: each is terminated, as the great alley in the Cretan labyrinth, by a kind of chamber, where there is a warm-water bath, and seats for sweating. The heat is as much as 'tis possible for weak persons to bear; but the cures performed by the baths and sweating are very great.

The water of these baths is salt; nor is it a wonder, when we consider that the sea in a manner penetrates the whole island. Indeed one is more apt to wonder that there should be any water fit to drink upon the place: in truth there is not much; all the springs in the low places are sulphureous and chalybeate, some of them very strongly so. The best water in the whole island is that of the spring at Castro, and this is very hot as it comes from the source; but when cool, it is found to have been heated by mere fire underneath; for it has not the least taste of any thing of the mineral kind.

The sands in many parts of the island are seen bubbling up in different places with springs, and all these are hot; the sands themselves are rendered so hot by them, that they burn the
fingers

fingers if thrust into them, and will in a few minutes dress an egg that is buried at a little depth under them. I have examined a number of these, and found them all, like the spring at Castro, pure water, only heated by a fire below.

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L E T T E R CXXI.

I Was sufficiently pleased with my observations in Milo, to have a full expectation of something in Siphanto, a larger, and at the first view a much more promising island. I do not wholly repent the little voyage I have made to it, nor have I found it barren of entertainment; but this has been in general of a different kind from that of the last place.

The old writers were mistaken a good deal in the dimensions they gave us of their Sythnos. They call it twenty-six miles in circumference; the view of it convinced me it must be much more, and those who have measured declare it forty. Some of the Greek geographers call it Merope; and among the Latins we read of it under the name of Merapia and Acis. These writers abused the inhabitants extremely; they have made the Siphantine faith famous, or more properly infamous, to a proverb, like the Carthaginian; and when they had a mind to express the worst sort of life in the world, they called it a Syphnian morality; at present I saw nothing like this. The people I conversed with
were

were civil and obliging; and though I have now been a week upon the island, I find nothing to complain of.

Milo, I told you, was a heap of pumice, Siphanto is a rock of marble. I have been astonished, as I have passed under the mountains, to see their sides, wherever a broken rock appeared, made up of porphyry or granite, and the roads in some places cut through strata of fine marble. You will guess that, upon such a soil, the people are starved; but it is not the case: the strata are covered two feet, in some places three or four, with a very rich earth, and every thing grows upon it luxuriantly. I have not seen finer grapes: the fruit in general is highly flavoured, and the corn full in the ear. When I arrived at Siphanto, and not till then, I perceived from what a scene I had parted when I left Milo. The air of the last place was a fume of sulphur, and this from being only pure, smelt fragrant to me. I wonder how men can live at all at Milo; and, to speak the truth, I saw very few that had done so very long. At Siphanto the man who took my baggage of me at landing was a hundred and eighteen. A face of health diffuses itself over the whole inhabitants of this island, those of the other look as if we saw them by the flame of spirits.

There are five villages on this island, and the people numerous and busy in all of them. They have several manufactures, and sell great part of the natural produce of their land at a considerable rate; oil, capers, fruit, wax, and honey are great branches of their commerce. Beside the villages there is a castle built on a rock toward

the sea, where the old Apollonia stood, and they have several convents.

I had read so much of the mines of Siphanto, and the riches of the island derived from those treasures, that I was eager to know where they were. You will not need to be told that I had one with me who was more eager than myself in this pursuit. M——s told me they must be toward the sea, from an account he remembered of the water running in upon and destroying them, on their refusing Apollo his accustomed tythe of their produce. We were led to a cavern in a mountain that faced the sea, and at a high storm might possibly be within its reach, the inhabitants told us, that the tradition of the place was for their being there. We entered a very deep, dark, and disagreeable cavity; and M——s, whose expectations were not answered at the first, came back from a very toilsome expedition farther in, with no better success. He is confident not only from his finding no ore, but from the nature of the rock, that there never was either gold or silver there: but be that as it will, that there were mines of both upon the island at one time, is certain from the accounts of all authors; and 'tis odd that the very place where they were dug should be unknown. Industry is now the mine of the Siphantines, and they are still, though they have lost these treasures, some of the richest and happiest islanders of the Levant.

Though we did not distinguish any thing like ore of gold and silver, we saw that of lead in prodigious abundance in every part of the country. Whenever there was a bare surface of the rock
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for any extent, we saw a bluish glittering matter in lumps of various bigness disclosing itself. This was an ore of lead, and a very rich one; and in many places it had lain so very open on the upper part of the hills, that the rains had not only discovered it, but had washed down several portions of it, so that we trod upon masses of various kinds, and many of them very rich. They are not at much pains to dig for this ore; but they run it into lead in some places. They would do more of this, but that they are afraid of their masters the Turks; and chuse to plant and till the ground, rather than to dig in the bowels of the earth, and sweat at the forge.

An island once so rich as Siphnos could not but in those times have noble buildings on it, 'tis amazing that we find so little remains of them; not that I mean by this to tell you there are none. I have traced out with little difficulty a temple to Pan, which I remember to have read of as famous in this island, and it seems to have been a noble edifice. There are fragments of pillars of granite, of fine workmanship, and some of the friezes are very noble. The best piece of those that I met with makes part of a house for one of the traders on the island. Between the port and the castle, which is not far from the place where the remains of the temple stand, for they are just at the foot of the hill, there is a great part of a tomb, that seems to have been a very elegant one: 'tis between two and three feet broad, as much in depth, and more than six in length: 'tis of a very elegant purple and yellow marble, the produce of the island, and 'tis richly carved: the acanthus leaves on it, where they are any thing entire, are the finest I

have ever seen of the old work. The sides are battered, and the angles knocked off; the prominent parts of some pine-apples, and other figures of the same kind, have been rubbed or broken away; and at this time what contained the ashes perhaps of some hero or prince, serves for a hogstye.

I saw several other monuments of the same kind, and this was their general form; they had something of the appearance of a coffin set on the ground, and without its lid: one I particularly remarked, for the pains it must have cost to finish it. 'Tis of porphyry, a very beautiful amethyst-coloured and white kind, which is plentiful in some parts of this island, and the bas-reliefs on it were very pompous.

When we viewed the monastery at Brici, we watered our horses at a trough of fine marble. It was easy to see by the rim that it was not made for this purpose: we found it, on examination, a sarcophagus of this beautiful marble, the length of it was not more than three or four feet; but the bas-relief seems to have been excellent. On the front part are figures of three children pretty entire; the rest are obliterated in a great measure. These, with two very much injured figures on the city gate that looks toward the port, and two or three bas-reliefs at this time fixed in the walls of the houses, but which have been parts of sarcophaguses, were the principal remains I could discover of that ancient splendor, for which Siphanto was once renowned above all the isles of the Levant.

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L E T.

L E T T E R. CXXII.

YOU will say I am determined to visit every island here. I write to you from Seriphos, the Serpho of the moderns. I don't know whether I should have chosen a long voyage hither; but I don't think what I have seen is dear at the purchase of one of ten modern miles. The ancients made all their islands too little. I expected to have found Serpho, as Pliny makes it, a spot of about twelve miles circumference; 'tis certainly three times as large.

Serpho is a strange romantic place; nothing but rocks, precipices, abrupt quarries, and naked promontories shew themselves on every hand. Many of the hills are of marble, and some almost entirely of the magnet; but, as I have observed before, 'tis not in these vast masses that the power of attraction is generally found. I was extremely pleased with the face of the country; but I could guess the inhabitants would have been full as well satisfied with it if it had been richer. They starve, and there is but one town on the whole island. They call it St. Nicolo, and of all the towns I have seen, it is the most extraordinary in its figure and situation. 'Tis at about three miles from the port, and is built round about a most hideous and horrible rock, black, abrupt, and rugged. What a prospect for people to have chosen for their windows! but the people of Serpho have at all times been called fools and drones, and they live up to their old character.

Much might be made of this island, if in proper hands. Though we missed the gold and silver mines of Siphanto, M——s picked up, in two or three places here out of the cracks of the rocks, some of those flints which held the silver of one of the other islands. We saw no silver in them indeed; but 'tis highly probable that deeper in the crannies they might contain that metal. However that might be, we saw every where under our feet the richest ores of iron, and some of them the most beautiful of any that I had seen. I have mentioned to you, according to my instructions from M——s, the blood-stones, and drop-stones, and an almost innumerable variety of the ores of this metal; I thought I had seen them all; but here we fell in with a whole series of another kind: we found them radiated in form of stars, and of the colour of the highest polished steel. These, it seems are of the manganese kind, and are the choicest ornaments of some of the European cabinets. We trod upon them. They lie naturally in perpendicular fissures of the rocks of load-stone, and the rains wash them out, and roll them down to the plains. These mines would be very well worth working.

There has been no time in which Scirphos did not bear as ill a character as it does at present: it was of all the islands the most neglected and despised during the highest of the Grecian fortune. Even its port, which is by nature one of the best in the Levant, could not recommend it to favour. We hear of no towns nor cities in it, nor do we see the least remains of any of the Grecian splendor. If the Greeks neglected, the
Romans

Romans branded it with a superior infamy; they made it the place of banishment for people whom they intended to make mad with that punishment. Tacitus tells us, that it was hither Augustus banished Cassius Severus. 'Twas an odd piece of rally of Stratonicus, to ask, what crime was punished with banishment from thence? The person replied, perjury. In the name of wonder then, replied he, why don't you forswear yourself, to get out of so cursed a place!

I cannot, my dear ****, take my leave of Seriphos without entering into the dispute of what was the occasion of the muteness of the frogs there. Pliny and Ælian agree that it was a local complaint, and that the same frogs would croak like other creatures of their species, if carried to another country. It was the current opinion of the times that Jupiter had inflicted this curse on them to all generations, for their impertinence in disturbing Perseus's sleep; but Theophrastus, who had more philosophy than bigotry in his nature, says the effect was natural, and owing only to the peculiar coldness of the water of this island. How many of the disputes in the philosophic world have been of this kind! how happy would it be if these gentlemen would enquire into facts before they enter upon arguments! Believe me, my dear ****, the frogs of Seriphos make as much noise as those of Holland.

L E T T E R CXXIII.

YOU are by this time familiar with a rocky country being a fruitful one. 'Tis so over the whole Levant; and I think always the more rocky the more fruitful. Antiparos is a proof of it; 'tis one continued mass of stone, but covered two or three feet deep, and very rich in vegetables.

Antiparos is very different from all the islands I have yet seen in the Archipelago: 'tis flat, not mountainous, and 'tis but here and there one sees the stone. 'Tis one of the smallest of the islands, and has but a single village on it, and very few inhabitants; but of all the places I have seen I would not have missed it. In this island is the famous grotto, known from the earliest times, and celebrated down to these, but this principally by people who have never seen more of it than its entrance. 'Tis an amazing place! I heard so much of it that I was determined to go down; but I must confess to you that I often repented my curiosity. Many times did I give myself for lost, and many a moment would have given up every thing I had in the world to have been in England, and all well.

I thought the labyrinth of Crete a terrible place; but that is a fair terrace to this. We planted people at the entrance there, to bring a number of others to come and fetch us out, if we did not return at a proper time; but here, if we had failed, we must have been left: none dared have followed us. I do not boast of my
own

own courage, as unprecedented, in going down ; others had been before me, and it was owing to the things left by their expedition that we were able to descend ; but I believe you would have no great stomach, if you had heard our guides accounts, to come down afterwards. I am apt to suspect no body will follow the example, and that my account will be the last that ever will be given of it from personal observation.

We were led about four miles from the town to the place. The opening into it is by a vast cavern formed into a kind of natural arch at the entrance : this opens in the solid rock, and its roof and sides are rough and craggy. There are some pillars, the work of nature, not of art, which divide this entrance into two parts. On the largest of these there are the remains of an inscription. It is very ancient, and it consists only of some proper names. The Greeks who at present inhabit the island, have a tradition that they are the names of the conspirators against Alexander the Great, who retired thither as to a place of the greatest security that could be found ; but there is nothing to countenance this supposition.

The descent into the cavern is by a sloping walk, that begins between two pillars on the right-hand. 'Tis but a gentle declivity at first ; but afterwards it becomes much more steep. We were now at the farther part of the cavern, and our guides lighted their torches, and pointed to an opening that led to the recesses of the grotto. They were in no humour to go down before us. I was obliged to walk in first with a flambeau in my hand, and a fellow with another

other just behind me : after him followed M—s, attended by three more ; and there were still two others behind, who were ordered to keep at a distance, to be ready in case of accidents.

The mountains in this part of the world are all full of caverns, and the islands all abound with subterranean passages of this kind ; but they are all trifling to this. We had not walked far along this narrow alley, which was too low to admit our standing upright, when I saw before me a strong iron staple driven into the rock. The guides, if I may so call people who went behind not before us, had told me of this, and one of them had now the courage to come forward, and fasten a rope he brought for that purpose to the staple. I had some difficulty to persuade him to make the first descent into a frightful abyss, which was now immediately before us. After a few moments he flourished his torch from the bottom, and halloo'd to us to follow. I was the second that descended : we slid down by the means of the rope, and I found myself on a level floor, with walls of rough rock all about me, and a vast arched roof above. There had been nothing particular in the sound of my guide's voice from below ; but that of M—s, who answered me from above, was echoed to us in thunder. When we were all landed, a gratuity which I gave the bold fellow who descended first encouraged him to precede us again. He turned to the right, and led us after a few paces to the brink of another precipice. This was less steep, but much deeper than the former. Our guide placed himself on his breach, and with his torch held up in both hands, slid down with a frightful rapidity ; we fol-

followed him, and I hoped we were now at the bottom. Alas ! what an imagination ! we had leisure here to breathe again, and there was something in the perfect stillness of the place that appeared awful, and yet pleasing. It was a frightful consideration, to think how far we were out of the reach of day ; but our torches and flambeaus burnt well, and all about us was sufficiently enlightened. The air was not at all close or disagreeable as if confined, but warm and pleasant ; and so perfectly out of the reach of all interruption, we had opportunities of examining very favourably all about us.

The rocks at the sides of the cavern in which we now stood, were in general of a kind of porphyry, with a great deal of purple in it ; a stone very frequent in these islands, and which would certainly be very beautiful if cut. The rough and prominent edges in several parts of these, were at once terrible and beautiful. The roof was out of the reach of the eye, at least the illumination of the flambeaus did not reach it with a strength sufficient to give us any distinct view of it. The floor or pavement was of a stone quite different from that of the sides, a rough and soft grey flag stone, like those of some parts of Yorkshire, which they use in building ; and in this there were lodged a vast number of petrified shells, *coruna ammonis*, and *concha anominae*, which stood up above the level, and made it very disagreeable to the feet.

From this platform our conductor, who seemed to have obtained a new fund of courage from the favour I had shewn him, led us to the brink of another precipice, not deep, but horribly steep ;

steep: he in a moment threw himself down this, and bidding us stay till he had prepared for our descent, he turned a ladder, which hung down on one side, and thrusting it up within the reach of our feet, held the bottom steady, while we descended by it. I cannot remember any thing equal to the terror I conceived at letting myself down with my breast to the rock, and hanging by my hands above, to get my feet to the top round of this ladder. From hence I descended with less pain; but it was a terrible prospect: from the left hand to see precipices and opening caverns ready to swallow any one up who should have attempted the descent without the ladder, and made but the least slip with the foot. From the plain on which we found ourselves after this last descent, we were conducted along narrow and low passages, and sometimes through broader, but still all the way upon the descent to a very considerable distance. Here I was in hope we were at the end of our expedition; but no such matter. Our guide, who had been once before down, crept with trembling feet before us, and warned us of a precipice more terrible than any of the former. This was no way to be descended but by means of a ladder that was brought on purpose by our guides, and unfortunately it was not quite so long as it should have been. We had great difficulty to let our adventurous guide down by a rope, and when he had fixed the ladder, we had the same difficulty as before in getting to the first round. From the bottom of this cavern, which was not rock like the rest, but earth, and somewhat moist, we proceeded to another declivity too deep for our ladder; but not so steep as to have absolute necessity for it. We were reduced to
fix

fix our cord once again here, and one by one to slide down the rock on our backs, with firm hold of the rope. The ridge of rock on which we made our way in this descent terminated on the right-hand very abruptly, and we could distinguish water in the depth below.

Judge whether I have not had reason to repent the expedition; but indeed the end made amends for all the labour. When we had got to the bottom of this last descent the danger was over; but we were not yet at the end of our expedition; we had yet a long and an uncomfortable way: we crept sometimes on all fours, sometimes we slid on our backs, and in other places we were obliged to crawl flat on our bellies over very rugged rocks, where there was not three feet height in the passages. All this was in a continued though a gradual descent. We at length arrived at a vast bed of rock, which threw itself in such manner before us, that it appeared to stop all farther passage. I should have thought it a very bad expedition to have got down thus far for the sake of getting up again, which now appeared to be the case, as this seemed the end of our journey; but our guide promised better things. He left us in the care of one of his fellows, and taking all the rest with him round the jetting rock, desired us to wait his return a few minutes. He was as good as his word: he had taken that opportunity to enlighten the grotto, at the very entrance of which we now were. They had tied flambeaus to all parts of the rock that stood out beyond the rest, and had fixed several on the floor; these were all blazing when he took us by the hand to lead us in.

The

The most uncomfortable part of the expedition had been that which we had last of all suffered, left with only one guide, enlightened only by one flambeau, in a narrow passage, and with a rock before us; but from this the change was beyond description amazing. He led us into the grotto, the opening of which is just behind this prominent rock. You have heard me mention how very small a candle will enlighten a mine, where all is perfect darkness; you can therefore guess what must be the effect of about eight flambeaus in full blaze in such a place. The light was at first almost too much for the eyes; the splendor of the whole place almost intolerable. We found ourselves in a cavern the most amazing, and at the same time the most beautiful that could be conceived.

The grotto is a vast vault, the roof arched and irregular, the pavement in some places very even, and in others rough enough; the sides, which in most places form sweeps of circles, are in some, of the naked rock, but in others they are covered with an infinite variety of incrustations. The height of the roof is about fourscore feet, the length of the grotto about three hundred, and its breadth nearly as much: the greatest depth is toward the middle, but not exactly in the centre. We were now between nine hundred and a thousand feet from the surface of the ground where we came in. Nor is this the depth of the descent: our guides told us, that the passages continued between seven and eight hundred feet deeper; but this we took their word for, as we suppose they had taken

taken that of some others ; for it is not probable that any body ever went farther than this place.

If I am dilatory in beginning to describe it to you, 'tis, my dear ~~***~~, because I know not where to begin. Among such a variety of splendor, what can deserve first notice ! You have occasionally heard me speak of drop-stones hanging like icicles from the roofs of caverns in the mines, and in the Æolian hills, and of incrustations of different kind on their sides, and masses of fine spar at the bottom ; those who have not seen the grotto of Antiparos may think what they see of this kind elsewhere beautiful ; but 'tis here that they are found in a perfection that makes every thing elsewhere contemptible. The matter which forms these incrustations in other places is often very clear and bright ; but it is no where so pure as in this ; it is here perfect bright crystal, and the whole surface of the cavern, roof, floor, and sides, is covered with it. You will think this alone must have been fine ; but the form into which it is thrown exceeds the materials. And think what must be the splendor of an arch thus covered, and thus illuminated ! the light of the flambeaus was reflected at once from above, from below, and from all sides ; and as it was thrown back from angle to angle among the ornaments of the roof and sides, gave all the colours of the rainbow.

It was long that the eye was lost in such a complicated blaze of splendor, before I could direct it to any particular object. At length I began to view the roof, hung with pendant gums as it appeared. In these caverns there is always
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an ouzing of water from the roof, or there are vapours ascending from below, which, in the hollows, are condensed into a water ; either the one or the other of these contains at all times the particles of this crystalline matter. The quantity of water is small, and its course slow ; it hangs and trickles in drops from the top, or it runs in the same small and slow stream along the side : in either case it leaves behind it that crystalline matter which it had contained, and spreads a little glazing on either wall, or forms the rudiment of a stony icicle from the roof : every following drop extends the icicle, or enlarges the glazing, and, in length of time, covers the wall, and forms a thousand inverted pyramids from the roof. Nor is this all ; what drops from the top still contains a little of the crystalline matter, though it have left the greater part above, and this remainder separates from it there. By this means is formed the plain glazing of the floor, where the drops fall faster ; where they succeed one another more slowly, there are formed congeries of this pure stony matter, of various forms and shapes, and in an infinite variety. This is the general system of the incrustations and ornaments of grottos ; and this of Antiparos, as one of the largest and deepest in the world, contains them in the greatest perfection.

We entered among a grove of crystal trees ; the floor was in general of a smooth and glossy spar, so M——s calls it ; but give me leave to quit a term I don't well understand, and call it crystal, of which it has all the appearances. We walked on this bright pavement in a kind of serpentine meander, among shrubs and taller
masses

masses of this crystal, rising from the common pavement with large and thick stones, and spreading out into heads and tufts of branches. Some of these were eight or ten feet high, the generality between two and five feet. They were all of the same materials of the floor; and what added vastly to their beauty, as well as to their resemblance of trees, was, that they were not smooth on the surface, but covered all over with little shining points: these, when examined, appeared to be pyramids of the same matter. They were in general about a fifth of an inch high, and of a triangular figure: their bases, which grew upon the mass, stood pretty close to one another; but their tops distinct. The breaking of the light from the flambeaus among these innumerable prominencies, and all of them angular, had a very fine effect. At some distance from the entrance we came up to a pillar of crystal, of seven feet in height, and more than a foot in diameter. This rises immediately from the floor, and is of equal thickness to the top: its surface is very glossy, and of a pure and perfect lustre. About this there stand three or four others, of four feet high, and a proportionate thickness. One of these has been broken, and the piece lies by it. Our guides desired us to examine the stump at its top, and shewed us that it was like that of a tree which had been cut off. They bid us remark the heart, and the several circles of the softer wood round it: they told us this was exactly the same as in the growing of trees, and assured us that these trees of crystal grew from the floor in the same manner. This is a system worthy the intellects of peasants; but we, who knew that these columns, like the rest of the ornaments of the floor, are formed

by matter left from drops of water following one another in a long succession, saw a better reason for the whole being composed of crusts one over another. All the stalactites or stony icicles of the top, and even the covering of the sides, is composed of a number of crusts laid one over another in the same manner.

On other parts of the floor we saw little hillocks of crystal, made in the same manner; and in some of the hollower parts, there lay a parcel of round stones, as white as snow, and of the bigness of musket bullets. These, when broken, were found to be composed of crusts laid over one another, just in the manner of all the other concretions, and in the centre of one of them we found a drop of water.

The sides of the grotto next came into consideration, and what a variety of beauties did they afford? In some places the plain rock is covered with a vast sheet of this crystal, like a cake of ice, spread evenly over it, and of the thickness of an inch or two; its surface perfectly smooth, and everywhere following the shape of the rock. In other places, this sheet of crystal is variegated with a strange quantity of irregular and modulated figures all over its surface. These were in some spots more raised, in others less; but their meanders very beautiful. In other parts, where the walls were so prominent that drops from the roof could reach them, there grew from their surface in the same manner as from the floor, shrubs of crystal; but these were in general lower and more spreading than those of the floor. We saw a great number, of about a foot and half in height, rising from each a single stone,
thick

thick and irregular, and spreading into a globular head, of a diameter almost equal to their height. No part of the grotto appeared more beautiful than the sides where these were most frequent. They were some of them pure and colourless, others white as snow, and all of them covered over the whole surface with those little pyramids I have mentioned before.

This, however, is little to the principal beauty of the sides. In some places the sheet of crystal, instead of clinging immediately to the wall or rock, stood out at a distance from it, forming a kind of curtain of pure pellucid matter. This was an appearance at once singular and elegant, beyond all things of the kind that I had seen or read of; and I was the more pleased to see M——s's admiration equal to my own. These curtains of crystal were ten or twelve feet in breadth, and in height often twenty or more: they took their origin from some part of the sweep of the arch, and hung to the floor. They usually were contiguous to the wall at one edge, and at a considerable distance at the other, so that they formed a kind of closets or apartments within, which were very beautiful, and had an aspect unlike all things in the world. These curtains of crystal were not plain, but folded and plaited, and their undulations added not a little to their beauty. If in any parts they projected out so far as to take more of the falling drops, they were there covered with little pyramids of crystal, such as those of the trees and shrubs on the floor; but all the rest of the expanse was smooth and glossy.

It yet remains that I describe to you the roof of this wonderful place ; but how shall I do it ! there are not terms in language to express such a variety of objects, which those who have hitherto used language have never seen. In some parts there diverged rays of pure and glossy crystal, in the manner of a star, from a lucid centre, stretching themselves to two or three yards diameter ; in another, clusters like vast bunches of grapes hung down ; and from others there were continued festoons, loose in the middle, but fixed at either end, and formed of a vast variety of representations of foliage, fruits, and flowers. There is a rudeness in all these that would, whenever one saw them, speak them the absolute work of nature ; but art would be proud to imitate them.

At every little space between these there hung the stalactites, or stony icicles as they are called, in a surprising number ; but of a magnitude much more surprising. Some of these have doubtless been many hundred years in forming, and they are from ten to twenty or thirty feet in length. One hangs nearly from the centre of the grotto, which must be considerably more than that ; 'tis eight or nine feet longer than all the others, and at the base seems five or six feet in diameter. 'Tis a cone in form, and its point tolerably fine. Could a thing of this kind be got off whole, and conveyed into Europe without injury, what would the virtuosi say of it ! A cone of this bigness of pure crystal would be a more pompous curiosity than all their collections.

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At the points of many of these, and on some other protuberances in the grotto, we saw single drops of a perfectly pellucid water hanging: this was what had left its crystal on their sides, and had been adding its little portion of substance to their bulk.

Nearly under the centre of the arch there is a large pyramid of natural congelations of the shrubby kind of those I have already mentioned to you. 'Tis the finest cluster on the whole floor, and is ornamented with a parcel of festoons and cones from the overhanging part of the roof, which make a kind of Attic story to it. Behind it there is one of the natural closets curtained off from the main hollow of the grotto, and full of beautiful congelations. They call this pyramid the altar. Some of the pieces have been cut down; and upon the basis of the pyramid we read an inscription that puzzled us extremely, *Hic ipse Christus adfuit ejus natali die media nocte celebrato.* There was a date of 1673 annexed; but not being of the Romish communion, we could by no means make out the meaning of the words, till our guides had informed us, that a French person of quality, ambassador to the Porte, had caused mass to be celebrated there with great solemnity on Christmas-day at that time, and had spent two or three days in the grotto, with a very numerous company.

You will be in pain to know how we got up again from this strange abyss: I was in pain enough when I thought of it from the bottom; and the *Sed revocare gradum*, of Virgil, rose up in my mind in all its terrors. However I am

out, and all is well. 'Twas a horrible piece of work, and I shall have occasion to remember it. I have more hurts and bruises from this single expedition than in the whole voyage.

I had been too eager to enter the cavern when we came, to observe the surface of the earth ; but as we went out again, I could not but admire the vast quantity of a pellucid stone that lay about in cakes of a foot or two diameter. Wherever we broke this, it flew into regular figures, parallel pipeds. M——s had no more seen it than myself at our coming to the place ; but he now informed me, that it was the famous Iceland crystal, concerning which Sir Isaac Newton has written an account of its double refraction. He laid a piece of it on the title-page of a little book he had in his pocket, and we saw all the lines through it double.

* * *

L E T T E R CXXIV.

THESE islands are scattered over the face of the Archipelago, at a very little distance from one another. An hour brought me from Antiparos to this place ; but I believe I forgot to date my letter : 'tis from Paros. The channel between them is hardly a mile ; but we were obliged to come six or seven to our port.

Paros, once a very considerable island, the first and most eminent of the Cyclades, the ally of the Asiatics against the Greeks, and the destruc-
tion

tion of one of the greatest generals Greece ever saw, Miltiades; who in vain attempted to reduce it, is at present one of the most flourishing spots of the Levant. Its antiquities are what most recommend it to the attention of the traveller.

The castle of Pares, or Parecchia, has its walls built on the ruins of what must have been noble buildings; antique marbles face one in every part of it; the corners of friezes stand out in one place, and in another a whole course of stone was supplied by some noble column laid lengthways in the wall. The eye almost weeps when it is carried along such ruins put to such a use; such a congeries of architraves, pedestals, and cornishes in such confusion, the world never saw, nor probably will see any where again. The walls have an appearance of having been thrown together without all order or design, and just to support their several parts on one another as accident pleases.

The common houses are, I will not say ornamented with, but they are built with ruins of the same kind. I saw in one place a quantity of noble bas-reliefs, stuck one upon another, to make the enclosure in which a calf was suckled; in another place, the body of a statue served at the door of a little house to mount on horseback by, and holes for the feet were cut into the side and breast with a hatchet. Two ends of cornishes, in another place, served for a door-case; and a fluted column, of glorious workmanship, for a lentile.

You are not to wonder, my dear ****, at this profusion of marble in this island; this is that Paros, famous at all times for its quarries of that stone, and whence the finest in the world for the statuary's purpose has been called Parian marble. The whole island is at this time as it were one continued quarry of this beautiful stone; but, in the place of those sculptors who once wrought in them, are only a parcel of wretched masons, whose highest ambition seems to aim at nothing farther than the scooping out a mortar, or sawing a slab for a hearth.

We could not deny ourselves the pleasure of examining the quarries, out of which the ancients dug the marble which they carried into all parts of the then polite world. We were led to them by the country people, one of which they assured us was very ancient, was yet covered with fragments of the stone, and the places of cutting it out of the rock appeared so fresh, that we could scarce credit that it had not been since wrought. In the other, which they call the oldest of all, we saw a curiosity indeed, a noble bas-relief left standing on the rock. They used to cut their figures in this manner, and afterwards hew out the block at a proper depth, to give the necessary thickness for strength behind. This seems quite finished, though it never was cut out. 'Tis at present at the bottom of a vast pit, which serves as a sheep-fold. 'Tis to its being fast to the quarry, and perhaps to its being less in sight, than many others have been, that the island owes the possessing this valuable antique to this time. 'Tis four feet long, and between two and three high. There are on it no less than
twenty=

twenty-nine figures: it represents a Bacchanalian festival. Some of the largest figures are near two feet in length; but most of them are smaller. The six principal of these tall ones are dancing. There is a laughing satyr very finely expressed; and at some distance a nymph drawing back, as if refusing to dance though solicited to do it. There are many figures that seem only looking on; and the Bacchus at the top is a fine jolly fellow. There are people about him dancing, and very jovial. I was of opinion that the faces had never been finished; but M——s seems confident that they have, only that they are injured and half destroyed by accidents. There is an inscription at the bottom, that shews the sculptor to have been Adamas Odryses, and that he consecrated the work to the nymphs of the island.

We examined the colour and grain of the marble, and found it much different from that which is at this time used by the statuaries, and the produce of Italy. 'Tis of a larger grain; but it is more brilliant and shining. It required a more masterly hand in the carver to work it, for 'tis apt to chip and break; but, when finished, the gloss is vastly greater.

The island is not one of the smallest; its circumference is computed to be between thirty and forty miles; and where the rock of marble is but tolerably covered with earth, it is very fertile. We landed at the port of Parechia, but that is not the best; that of St. Mary's is much larger and finer. They have in Parechia 'the finest church I have seen in all the Archipelago, and 'tis but a poor building neither. I had
pleasure

pleasure in examining it, because of the materials of which it is composed. We saw in it a number of fine pillars; but, as they were part of the ruins of different ancient buildings, though fine in themselves, they make a miserable figure together. What is modern in the church is abominable. The front has some sculpture; but it is most execrably bad: and the painting in the choir is worse than the pictures of a country alehouse. Genius is not hereditary: to what are the descendants of those Grecians fallen, who once made the whole world admire them!

Paros was famous for the birth of Archilochus, the most ill-natured of all writers: He made a man, whom he lampooned, hang himself. We also owe to this island, though we know not to what hand, the greatest monument of chronology in the world. On this marble, which is part of the great Arundel collection, are commemorated the several great epocha of the Grecian empire, from Cecrops, the founder of the Athenian monarchy, to Diognetes, a period of above a thousand and three hundred years. It seems to have been cut between two and three hundred years before Christ. A piece of such real value in the ascertaining of history, that it might alone stand as a proof of the utility of the search after antiquities.

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L E T.

L E T T E R CXXV.

NO man surely ever wandered from kingdom to kingdom, if I may be allowed the term, as I do in the Levant. It was but Friday last that I wrote to you from Paros. I am now at Naxia, and have spent so much time on the island as to be able to give you some account of my observations. These islands lie so near one another, that it seems only a river that parts them. The channel between this and Paros is not more than six miles wide, and that, when it is over a sea, appears almost nothing.

Naxos was not without reason said by the Greeks to be better to the inhabitant than to the stranger. I had but a mean opinion of it when we landed, or indeed after we had been some time on horseback; but I now find it to be the pleasantest and finest of all the islands I have yet seen. The plains of Angarez and Carchi are the pleasantest spots I ever saw; and the Campo di Naxia beats even these in fertility and in its prospects, but one must travel over a vast deal of very uncomfortable ground in order to find these places. I have not seen such profusion of fruits any where as in these fertile parts of Naxia; the figs, pomegranate, and Mulberries are beyond description plentiful and excellent. Even the rougher parts of the island afford olives, and the citron; and the sides of the hills abound with all the orange and the lemon kind in a profusion hardly to be conceived. The vines are also very luxuriant, and they make an excellent wine. Naxia is at this time, as it
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used to be, not only famous for good wine, but for good fellows, who know how to drink it.

Naxia is one of the largest as well as fruit-fullest islands of the Archipelago. The ancients allowed it seventy-five miles in length; but it is above a hundred. Its breadth is from fifty to sixty; 'tis largest toward the middle, and ends each way in a kind of point. It was always unhappy in its want of ports, and the misfortune continues to it; but, at this time, it finds the way to be very rich and flourishing, notwithstanding that it wants this great advantage to commerce; its traffic in cotton and silk, not to mention the less considerable articles of barley, wine, and fruit, being very considerable. In earlier days it succeeded in a much more different point, a naval force. 'Tis certain that the Naxians commanded the sea at the time when the Persians passed into the Archipelago: they had at that time indeed the command of Paros and Andros, both being in the possession of the Naxians; but 'tis not so easy to conceive how they keep up their present credit by commerce, otherwise than on the proper bottom of their own address and industry. They make salt in very great quantity, and so cheap, that they supply many of their neighbours, who have as good opportunities of making it at home; and they have a fishery also, which is of great advantage to them.

Ptolemy talks of a city of Naxia in the island of that name. Throughout the Levant it is the custom to call the principal town by the name of the island on which it stands, and consequently there is a city of Naxia, as well as an island of
Naxia

Naxia at this time. We are not to suppose the old town mentioned by Ptolemy is now standing; but there are reasons for believing the Naxia of this time to have been built on the ruins of the other. 'Tis one of the best towns I have yet seen in this part of the world; and the castle, which stands in the highest part of it, is a very considerable building for the country. The first duke of the Archipelago, Marco Saundo, built it, and it is yet sound enough to stand a great many ages. 'Tis a very large square tower, a strong building, and was once the palace of the duke. It stands in a large place of defence, built with very thick walls, and flanked with towers of very great strength.

I have no where seen party animosity carried so high as in this island; the Latin and the Greek gentry mutually hold each other in contempt, and have long done so: the Turk, who is their common master, keeps both in awe. The meanest officer is revered, if from the Porte; and nothing is heard of the antiquity of families on one or the other side. As soon as he is gone, pride takes its usual scope, and malice is its attendant. The Turks foment rather than take any means to heal these breaches. The power of the island is divided between them, and their common master is secure from any revolt; for the one party would betray the first advances toward it in the other.

The church is in no bad state in Naxia; they have an archbishop of each party, a Greek and a Latin one; and the Greek one, whose jurisdiction extends to Paros and Antiparos, is very powerful, and very rich. The churches are
 2 numerous,

numerous, and there seems a great deal of devotion in the island; but it is there, as with us, principally among the women and the poorer people. The women do not come behind the men in pride; and 'tis ridiculous enough to see what lengths this folly will carry people, rather than not shew itself. I have seen the procession of a family returning into Naxia from the business of the country, and nothing can be more extravagant or absurd: you shall see the lady at the head of twenty or thirty of her family sorry girl servants, every one carrying some part of the household furniture. All that they possess is exposed to view on these occasions; and I have met with an earthen pipkin and an under petticoat as part of the cavalcade.

After relating to you what I have thought worthy your notice in the island, I must not omit to mention a single curiosity that is out of it, but near it.

The noblest remain in its kind that I have seen is on a little rock not far from the castle, but single, and in the sea. 'Tis the relique of a temple once dedicated to Bacchus. The whole surface of the rock is yet strewed with fragments of pillars; and of pedestals, with pieces of cornishes. The curious have from time to time carried off innumerable treasures from this single building; but enough yet remains to strike the judicious eye with wonder. All that is entire is the frame of the gate that led into the temple: it consists only of three pieces, and is plain to an uncommon degree; but in this simplicity there is true dignity. Among the fragments we see a great deal of granite, and the richer marbles.

This

This is of white marble, and quite simple ; each of the uprights is a single piece, the lintel is another. There are the remains of a threshold: this was of three pieces ; but the middle one is taken away. The height is eighteen feet, the breadth eleven : the uprights are four feet thick, and three and a half broad, and the lintel is of the same diameter. What a spirit of greatness was there in the ancient architects, who, in their plainest works, could determine on having such things entire, and of a single piece.

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L E T T E R CXXVI.

I Have been a great traveller since I wrote to you. I have touched upon half a dozen different islands ; and though perhaps it will be difficult for me to describe the particulars to you, I do assure you I have not had the slightest view of one that has not given me some degree of pleasure.

Stenosa hardly deserves the name of an island : 'tis a rock, ugly, barren, and uninhabited ; yet even here the scene was not without its share of the agreeable. The goats amazed me ; they hung upon what appeared to me perpendicular rocks, but it seemed easy to them. Virgil had seen such scenes, his *Dumosa procul pendere de rupe videbo*, is an absolute description. There is an air of the poetical and figurative extravagance in it ; but it is nature, and I saw it all at Stenosa.

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The eye was hardly estranged from this wild country, when Niconeria appeared, an island (if one is to call rocks islands, for I think it is the custom of the Levant) less, and to me less agreeable in the prospect, than Stenosa. I don't believe Niconeria is a mile any where in diameter. 'Tis like the former, a solid rock ; but 'tis of black marble, which gives it a yet more gloomy appearance, and the bed lying flat, it wants the horribly pleasing prospects that one views in the precipices of the other. The Levant is the country of goats ; they are inhabitants of many islands which never boasted of any other. We saw them here in plenty ; but they seemed starved. What a country, that will not feed an animal which will live upon any thing but flint stones !

You would be surpris'd in this part of the world to hear of the multiplicity of places of worship : there are absolutely islands where there are more chapels than houses ; and I need not go far to seek for the name of an island which has two of them, though there is hardly a hut in it. Building is cheap, and the Greeks of the Archipelago are religious, especially on their death-beds. A little sum bequeathed at this season to build a chapel to the Virgin on some rock, pays for all the errors and rogueries of a life of folly and of fraud ; so at least the good man tells them who attends their last moments, and he is believed. The chapel is built : what becomes of the soul is another concern ; but the priests are as happy as the physicians in this, kill and deceive as many as they please, not one will ever come back to tell tales.

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'Tis whimsical to see a fat Greek sweating up some almost impracticable precipice to one of these holy places, with his tinder-box, his cruise of oil, and his frankincense. He endures penance at least, and that not a slight one, in getting up; and if pain be a necessary part of religion, as these people seem to imagine, there is certainly merit in the situation of these chapels; for 'tis a fair task for a common sinner to get at them. When arrived, they strike upon their tinder, light their lamp, and begin to burn their incense, and say their prayers. They bestow some kisses upon a miserable figure of the Virgin, painted upon a board, for the Greek church allows no images; and, when they have done their devotions, put out their lights, and go down again. But this is not the only use of these numerous edifices: those which stand on even ground serve for stables and kitchens; the traveller and his horse take up their residence in them; for there is no other convenience in many of these islands. Those which stand high are free from these unholy visitations, and I have sometimes fancied this was a point considered in their situation.

Amorgos is famous in history; but if it deserves any reputation at present, we must look for other foundations for it. The old Greeks who inhabited it were the best geographers and astronomers of their time: if the present deserve any reputation, 'tis for their skill in husbandry. I have not any where seen olives so well taken care of, nor any where so fruitful. It were worth while to copy these people every where in this article. The trade for stuffs, which was once so

great in Amorgos, is at an end ; nor do the inhabitants seem to know what was the ingredient to which they owed the scarlet dye, so famous in staining the pieces. We saw a vast quantity of a dry sea-moss on the rocks, and M——s, who does not let a sprig of any kind of plant escape him, has been at some pains to explain to them that this is the orfelle, or canary-weed of our European manufactures, an ingredient used in dying, and undoubtedly the very thing which the old Amorgians used to that purpose. He has been strenuously recommending it to them either to revive their old manufacture, or at least to gather this as an article of commerce, which all the European merchants will be ready to purchase. We had many civilities shewn us on these occasions. M——s's knowledge is really great, and his goodness of heart is equal to it. We have been thanked here by those who I fancy will never give any other testimony of their regard to the admonition.

I had some pleasure in the face of things at Amorgos. We had been used to perfect desolation, and had stopped at rocks under the name of islands. Amorgos is well covered with earth : that is the best that can be said of any of these islands, for they are all rock at bottom ; and it is fruitful, and well inhabited. The principal town is of an extremely odd figure and situation : 'tis a kind of amphitheatre, and is built under a rock : the town is finely sheltered, and the prospect from it wonderfully romantic. You will not wonder at an industrious people, possessed of a fruitful island of thirty or forty miles circumference, exporting a part of its produce. They supply several of the neighbouring isles
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with corn : and they send off commonly a great deal of wine, they say of good wine too ; but, if that be true, they keep the worst at home.

The monastery of the Holy Virgin at Amor-gos is one of the most extraordinary places I have seen ; but 'tis rich, and greatly respected. You have heard me speak of the veneration with which the people of these islands visit the chapel situated on almost inaccessible summits of rocks. The situation seems to add to the devotion that is paid them : if that be the case, 'tis no wonder they are very devout here : for never was so strange or so frightful a one seen. The house is a flat square edifice, built near the edge of the sea, and on the descent of an almost perpendicular rock. One gets up to it by a ladder ; but, when entered, there is great convenience, and a good deal of room. The story of the foundation of the chapel pleased me greatly : a very reverend gentleman assured me, with great solemnity of aspect, that it was built by the emperor Commacius on the credit of a miracle. A picture of the Holy Virgin painted on a board, according to the immemorial custom of the country, had been treated with irreverence in Cyprus, and, after many indignities, broke into two pieces, and thrown into the sea. To the foot of this rock did the holy board direct its course (for they will not believe that winds, or any natural cause, effected it) and as soon as arrived there, the two pieces came together, and the figure was again perfect. The event occasioned the pious prince to commemorate it in this edifice, and they keep to this day the reverend picture in the sacristy, and relate continued miracles of its performing from that time to

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this.

this. The same island is famous for a miraculous pitcher, which at certain times fills and empties itself again. 'Tis preserved in another chapel, and works miracles as many I dare say as the image ; though those who allowed it, some did not venture to assert so much. They leave the story of this famous miracle upon the idle churchmen, that cannot devise one.

The women of Amorgos are very pretty, and they are good-natured. One cannot but admire their faces ; but, to a stranger, there is something wonderfully unbecoming in their dress. They have loose gowns, with vast sleeves, and on the head an unbecoming yellow turban, with one end hanging down their back in a streamer.

When shall I have done describing the places I have called at in my way hither? Calayero was the next to Amorgos ; another rock like Starofa, under the name of an island. If they would limit the name of islands in this part of the world to those which were covered with earth, or were inhabited, or were worth inhabiting, the Archipelago would lose many a sounding name that swells the account of its territories.

If we saw nothing at Calayero but rocks and inaccessible precipices, Cheiro made us some sort of amends. 'Tis parted but by a very narrow gut of sea from that barren rock ; but is full of beautiful plants, and is rich in neglected minerals. M——s discovered copper in vast abundance among the rocks ; and I think I have rarely seen, in a garden, flowers so beautiful as many that we met with on this island, springing on the bottoms of the hill, or bursting out of the

the cracks in stones, some of which they seem to have made.

Skinosa is another barren, deformed, and rugged rock. 'Tis but a little distance from Chiero: eight miles they call it; but 'tis impossible it can be so much. 'Tis not the least of all the islands in this part of the world: they talk of it as twelve miles in circumference. I have been indulging a thousand whimsical imaginations while looking on the craggy rocks and beaked promontories of this strange place. There is something in the very aspect of the country that indulges a reverie. The visionary who pores over his winter fire does not see more forms in it than one may fancy among these strange prospects. The rock is in most places bare, and the shores are in general bounded by high and perpendicular cliffs. As we approached the island it was not easy to distinguish whether what we saw was in air, or on the ground; whether it was real rocks, and hills, and caverns, and precipices that were before us, or whether the resemblances of such things, offsprings of fancy among the clouds. Would you imagine there once had been a town upon this desolate rock! nothing could have convinced me but seeing the remains of one; but at its best time it has been no very great, or magnificent city.

The country, barren as it is, can feed partridges; we saw some of the finest I ever met with, and our companions in the boat killed them. They are of the red-leg'd kind, and very beautiful. The same profusion of vegetable beauties that we had seen in several of the other islands met us also here. I never saw such

variety, or smelt such fragrance. The cedar covers all the sides of the hills, and whenever we found a patch of earth upon the rocks, there sprouted up a mastich tree. We saw here also the famous weapon with which the god of wine gave people leave to beat one another in their quarrels while under the influence of his divinity. The cracks of the rocks abound with the ferula, the dried stalks of it stood every where in our way, and we tried to hurt one another with them without effect. Nothing can be so fine a weapon for people to fight with who do not design to do, or to suffer any harm. A blow sounds; but it is hardly felt. They put them to many uses at this time in the Levant: the principal is the making a kind of stool-bottoms with the split stalks. These are light, and people carry them about with them on visits. The English proverb would make one believe all visitors in the Archipelago were welcome,

What a variety of places is this that I find I have passed over since I saw you! They carried me from Skinofa to Raclia, another naked rock, of about four miles in length, and three in breadth. You will not imagine that such places are inhabited; but the church does not spare any spot when it can have profit. We found a vast abundance of church cattle here, sheep and goats, the property of the religious of Amorgos, with a poor lay brother or two to guard them. What a life, to wait upon the foot-steps of a parcel of goats, and feed on snails and biscuit. We saw a couple of these miserable people on the summit of a barren rock; the goats browsing on the declivity, where here and there a plant appeared among the beds of stone. They thought them-

selves

selves very happy in their situation ; it afforded some excellent water, and they had just received a present of some cheese. With how little is nature content ! I saw these persons eat as heartily and as happily of their dried cakes and cheese, as I ever saw an English epicure on turtle ; and drink the clear stream with a better relish than we ever did Champaign at the King's-Arms. No head-ach attends these draughts ; no surfeits these repasts : but I won't moralize.

Nio is a much better and larger island ; there are people upon it, and the rocks are covered with earth, and consequently with herbage : for the Levant is naturally so fruitful in its soil, that there requires but a place for a root, to produce the finest vegetables ; nay I have seen them, I think, growing out of the absolute rock.

The Ionians were the first inhabitants we know of in Nio, and it had thence its name ; not Nio, for that is barbarity and mispronunciation ; but Io, or as others wrote it, Ios. I could not hear the name without remembering the Ios Homeri sepulchro veneranda of Pliny. I never burned with so eager a desire in all my travels, as to visit, to venerate, according to the phrase of Pliny, the monument of that man, whom none ever has, none ever will, equal in one of the noblest of the sciences ; but 'twas in vain. That the poet died here is certain ; 'tis probable that he was born here ; and nothing is more certain than that there was once a tomb erected to him on the spot where he was buried. All history agrees, that, in a voyage from Samos to Athens, he was taken sick at sea : that the pilot put in at Ios, the nearest port, and

that the poet died there, and was buried near the sea. I have hunted all the shore about the port; for 'tis not probable they should have carried a sick old man far up into the country. If, as some suppose, the tomb erected to him in this place was a pompous mausoleum set up by his country, I have seen nothing of it; but 'tis not probable it was so, since if there had ever been such a building, the ruins of it must have been extant. If the tomb had been no more than a common honour done him by the sailors, which I think most probable, I have seen it. I would fain persuade myself that a spot under the brow of a marble promontory, and at a height above the reach of the highest waves, is the place where the bard was buried; I have kissed the ground a thousand times, and have counted, in the little space, nine blocks of a rough marble, which must have been brought thither from some other rock; for they are not of the same kind with that which constitutes the promontory. They lie in confusion at present; but may at some time have been more in order. The very number may allude to that of the muses, his deities, and his associates.

Rest to thy glorious remains, to whatever part of the earth they may do honour! receive, great poet, the tributary tear, paid to thy worth after a hundred ages: and may it be again offered at this shrine by those who pay thy works an equal veneration, after a hundred more!

Nio is not only a pleasant and fruitful island; but of all those in the Archipelago it abounds most in ports; there are good ones on almost every part of it. On an eminence at about two miles

miles from the port at which we landed, there stands a castle: it was built by one of the dukes of the Archipelago, as a place of security against the Turks, his constant enemies, and the eternal invaders of his country. The principal town of the island was built round about this castle, in form of an amphitheatre, and probably stands on the ruins of the ancient Ios. Thus much is certain, fragments of pillars, and those noble ones, are found in some parts of it; and there is this appearance of magnificence about them, that they are not of the stone of the island. One that I examined, the capital of which, though strangely injured, yet shewed that it had been of good workmanship, was of Egyptian granite. I saw no other remains of antiquity in any part of the island, nor heard of any. There must be expected some ruins of a town so considerable as Ios was, and we have this reason at least to believe this was the place where it stood.

'Tis an odd whim of the Levantines to build about some centre. I have seen of their towns, about a large tree, and even in some places a craggy rock has served the purpose. There is much more taste and judgment in surrounding a castle with the houses; but still the same principle seems to reign through the whole.

The people of Nio are industrious and cunning; the island naturally produces all the fine vegetables of the others; but one sees only corn in the fertile spots. They pay no regard but to the useful, and know that what of that crop is not wanted as bread, may be used as money. They supply occasionally some larger islands
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with this, and receive in return wine and oil. They take care, in the necessities of their neighbours, to be well paid.

Sikino (for I don't know when I shall have done with the little islands I have seen in my way hither, and I am determined to give you all I have to say of them in a single letter) is a better place, both for the inhabitant and the stranger, than many that I have visited. It was of old famous for wine, and I have no reason to doubt but it deserved the character. The Archipelagians are no very expert vigneron, and yet the wine I tasted here pleased me better than that of many other places where I have heard it commended. If the Greek wines are good, my dear ****, you are to thank nature for it. The ingenuity of the cooper and brewer has very little share in the excellence. I never saw such grapes as I have met with on these islands; bunches of two feet in length are common, and a single grape is often larger than our common plums. They are of a peculiar richness to the taste, and if the method of managing their juice was known to the best advantage, there is no country in the world that could compare with them in this article.

Sikino is twenty miles or more in circumference, and though a rock at the bottom, as all the rest are, it is not rough and craggy, and naked as too many of them; but a great part of the face of it is flat, and all that is so is well covered, and very fertile. 'Tis odd that there should not be one port in the island: there is hardly a place indeed where art could make a good, or even a tolerable one. We landed very
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disagreeably, and so must all that come hither. I am apt to attribute it in a great measure to this circumstance, that of all the people of the Archipelago the inhabitants of Sikino have least commerce with their neighbours. The town is but a poor one, the houses bad, and the people busy, but dirty; not one piece of antiquity that I could see or hear of in the whole island; but 'tis the less to be wondered at, as the people were always drunkards.

One would think the folks at Policando learned of their neighbours of Sikino to have a delight in living separate from the rest of the people of the Archipelago. Those of Sikino cannot have a port to receive the vessels from the other islands, that might come in friendship and in traffic; and those of Policando won't. We could find no better place to land than a very poor creek, and were forced to climb a parcel of wet and dirty rocks to get to shore. The principal town, or shall I call it the town, is oddly situated. Behind it rises an immense and formidable rock; the whole is blackish, craggy, and naked; and there are parts that would not let me sleep in my bed, they threaten so much to fall in. One fragment, if it ever does so, will demolish a good part of the buildings. The town is not one of the least upon this island, nor is it ill inhabited. The island is burnt up, the rock is but poorly covered; and, in many places, a hard wind will take away sometimes not only a man's crop, but the very ground that it grew upon; and, in the place of a fruitful field, leave a naked rock.

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What the country wants in advantage for corn, it has however in regard to wine. The vines trail along the naked precipices, and the reflected heat of the sun ripens the grapes in a surprising manner: I have never any where seen so fine, or tasted so rich. 'Tis odd to find an island in this part of the world where there is a deficiency of oil; but that is the case at Polikando. However it is, the olives do not bear well: what they produce are pickled; they press no oil in the country.

There are as many chapels here as on any island of the size in the Archipelago, and that is advancing a very bold assertion. The best in most of these places is dedicated to the Virgin, and that which is honoured with her name here is one of the neatest edifices I have seen, but it stands, as is usual, upon a rock. At a little distance from this lie the ruins of the old dukes of Naxia's palace, *Castro*. I examined them, and I discovered that even this demolished building was erected out of the remains of some much older edifices. The town of *Philocatados* very probably stood here in the time of the old Greeks, and what we find that carries the marks of an earlier antiquity is probably of that origin. I saw some fine remains of porphyry and granite columns, and a piece of a decayed bas-relief: it had been a large one, and the story a sacrifice to some of the deities. There is no supposing these things the original works of a duke of Naxia. Some of the columns of the chapel are also of an early time, and of as rich materials. The accounts of the people, when they heard
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me enquiring after things of this kind, convinced me here must once have been more. The people of curiosity have carried off many of the inscriptions, and the Turks have taken many of the columns. But, beside these, we heard of other ruins of such noble works: we were told of a statue cut into four pieces, to make the threshold of a door; and of some fine remains in brass melted down, to make ornaments and utensils for the chapel.

Before we left the island I took full directions about a grotto which they talked much of, and which was to be viewed from the seaward: 'tis in the rock that forms one of the horrible precipices to the left of the creek where we entered. Our people got us near enough to take a general view of it as we were in the rock; but I was not to be thus satisfied; nor indeed, if I had been, do I believe my friend M——s would. We had been so gloriously entertained in all the caverns of this kind we had yet visited, that there was no resisting the impulse to get at this. We landed in a very bad place, up to the middle in water; for the vessel, though of no great draught, dared not venture nearer with us. We climbed some very steep and sharp-edged rocks to get at the mouth of the cavern. It is large, and we were received into a noble vault, though on but a very indifferent flooring. The whole bottom was covered with congelations formed by the dropping of water from the top, as is usual in these caverns; but these were of a ferrugineous nature, so hard as to hurt our feet, and very sharp at the tops. The whole rock, in the bosom of which this hollow was formed, was of a kind of iron-stone. The sides were rough,

rough, and frosted in a very agreeable manner, with more of these congelations. They were all reddish, which appeared very singular, and were in shape of long beards and brushes; very brittle, but very rigid; and, of all things that I have seen, the worst for people to run one another against.

The roof afforded the greatest variety, and the greatest beauty. The congelations, though very elegant, were not all that nature had given to adorn it. You have heard me mention a kind of ore of iron that is all in stars, and has the brightness of polished steel. There were a vast many pieces of this: they were small, and in some parts covered with that sort of reddish rust, which was over all the other; but in some places they shone like diamonds. In another part of the vault there hung down vast clusters of round bodies like grapes; and the same kind of bunches spread themselves, but in flat cakes, over the walls thereabout. Some of these were red and dusky, others of a deep black, but perfectly bright and shining. I at first took these for festoons of congelations, of the nature of those we had seen in the grotto of Antiparos, only of different matter; but I soon found they were quite another thing. They were indeed of the nature of those clustered or botryoide ores of iron which I had admired so much before in some of the mines of Europe, and were weighty and rich in iron to a surprising degree.

The greatest ornament of the roof, however, is yet to be described to you. It consisted of the same kind of congelations in form of icicles that hung from most of the caverns in the Levant; but

but they were short, and of a variety of figures. Some of them were formed of undulated parts, disposed in a beautiful regularity one over another ; some were long, plain, and polished cylinders, with rounded ends ; and others sharp, as if ground to a point. Many of these were of a glossy black ; but what was most remarkable, some were gilt by nature, as perfectly and regularly as if they had come from the hand of the best artist.

One thing yet was behind in this elegant cavern ; a thing which it was my fortune to discover, and which gave me strange hopes and expectations ; but all is not gold that glitters. The proverb never was better applied : I had been struck with the elegance of a large crust of the black congelation, which adhered to a part of the rock, a little higher than my head, and on the right side of the cavern ; on tearing it off, I was blinded by a cloud of dust that followed it ; but what should present itself to my eyes, on their first opening, but this dust, continuing itself in a stream from the place whence I had torn the congelation all down the side of the cavern to the floor, where there also lay a heap of it that had already run down from the hole. All this appeared to me to be powdered gold : and I was not longer at a loss to account for what had appeared before so very singular, the gilding of the surface of some of the congelations.

I imagined I had found a mine, and was contriving the means by which I might be profited of it ; but alas, M——s, who had experience, soon waked me from the golden vision. He told me I was not the first, nor would be the last,

last, who would be deceived by such an appearance. He assured me there was not a grain of gold in a cartful of this shining dust; and he convinced me of the truth of what he said by the weight. I never handled any thing so remarkably light that belonged to the mineral kingdom. On examining, we found it no more than a congeries of loose spangles of a yellow talc, and could rub them into a soft powder between our fingers. He comforted me under my disappointment, by assuring me, that within his memory a vessel had been loaded from the West-Indies with a cargo of this, under the imagination of its being gold: and I was easy under the disquiet of having flattered myself a few moments with such an imagination, when I heard of people who had been years under the infatuation, and sacrificed half their fortunes to the delusion. We could distinguish that what we had opened was a vast bed of this shining trumpery; and, on pulling down more pieces of the incrustation, found it follow from almost every aperture.

Santorini was once the pleasantest island in the Archipelago. I am not without authority for the opinion: Herodotus says it was called Calliste, from its beauty; and Cadmus was so enraptured with its elegance, that he recommended it to one of his best friends and near relations as his habitation. What changes does a series of years produce in things one would suppose most permanent! Santorini is now the worst and ugliest island of the Archipelago: nothing can be so ragged, or so unpleasant to the eye, or to the mariner, as the prospect of its shores: no where even or agreeable, but torn or rent as it
were

were by violence. Nor is the suggestion without reason: no place has been so subject to earthquakes, no place so fatally full of their effects. The island, once fruitful, and covered with landscapes, and variety of vegetables, is now a bed of pumice.

The form of the island is extraordinary; 'tis a kind of crescent: the principal town does not stand upon the coast; but such a way as is to it, 'tis impossible to describe it to you. I have talked of rugged rocks, and rough precipices; of climbing up and of sliding down the beds of stone that interrupted my passage; but it would require worse words than all those have demanded to paint to you this way. I don't wonder that they have few visitors. The bosom of the crescent seems to form one of the finest natural harbours in the world; but no line could ever yet be found long enough to get at a bottom, and consequently all the seeming advantages are lost for want of anchorage.

At the entrance into the crescent, or between the promontories of the island, which make its two horns, there are four lesser islands: the largest, however, is not inconsiderable. Tradition says that all of these have been thrown up by volcanoes and eruptions from the bottom of the sea, and there is reason to believe it. What was called the new island was produced in that manner, in a place before absolute and unfathomable sea, but a little while ago; and there is no cause to doubt the authority of those accounts which give the same origin to others.

The people of Santorini were all terrified by the unaccustomed roarings under the ground, and even under the bed of the sea, though so deep as to have no known bottom. They were collected to the shore by the noise, and waked night and day with the alarm, conscious that something terrible must be the event. At length the fire threw itself up from the surface of the sea at a distance; and when the day-light and the dispersion of the smoak gave them opportunity of seeing, there was a hillock of solid matter raised above the surface of the water, the roarings below continued: the fire tossed itself up from the middle of the new-raised island, and at every shake more and more matter was raised, the bulk encreased, and the island grew under the eyes of the spectators more and more considerable.

The violence of the subterranean perturbation began, after some days, to abate; the fire was less and less strong; at length it was seen only in the night, and soon after not at all. The new island was at first a congeries of pumice, and of slags of melted and mixed minerals: by degrees its surface has become less rugged. The sea has washed its shores to the common appearance of those of other islands; the sun has calcined the rough tops of the stones, the rains have washed them down; the slime of the sea has blended with the powder of these burnt rocks, and the island is covered in most parts with a coat of vegetable mould, and produces plants and animals. We saw worms and snails there, and a number of the other lesser species. Would it

it not puzzle a naturalist to say how they came here! Be it as it will, they increase, and, by their decay, produce new matter for the succession. The plants rot, and in that state add to the vegetable mould, and the very bodies of the dead animals add to and invigorate the soil.

You will smile to know into what lengths this observation has carried me. I have seen so much of the composition of the other islands of the Archipelago, that I find no reason to doubt they were all produced like this at Santorin. Why may not all the islands in the world have been thrown up in the same manner; and our own favourite Britain, the nurse of heroes and of sages, the garden of the world and terror of the main, have been the effect of a volcano, only of earlier date? If you ask me how animals and vegetables came on this at Santorin, I have asked M——s, who is much more read, as well as more studied in these matters, and he is silent. I shall not pretend to explain this; but you must give me leave to suppose, that all the other islands, not even excepting America, which for aught we know is such, were first furnished in the same manner.

You will know that Santorini itself cannot be a very little island, when you hear that there are no less than ten thousand inhabitants upon it; but indeed I wonder that there are so many in a place which has so many disadvantages. Excepting figs, there is hardly any such thing as fruit in the island. I don't know how there should indeed when there are hardly any trees. Wood is so scarce among them, that they bring it from the neighbouring islands. They kill beef but once

a year, and feed the rest of the time upon the dried flesh, after it has been steeped in salt and vinegar : but this is not the worst ; 'tis a common thing to eat bread of three months old ; they do not bake oftener than at these intervals, and their loaves are a kind of very bad biscuit. I was in no humour to stay long among them ; but indeed there was matter to detain me. The antiquities of the island were too great to be overlooked. Both nature and these remains of art conspire to make the mountain of St. Stephen observable. 'Tis a rock of black marble, rising out of, or more determinately speaking, fixed upon, a mass of pumice. Toward one side and near the foot of this rock, is to be seen the ruins of a town, and, as it appears, once a considerable one. I traced out the site of a whole range of columns, which have formed the portico to some antique temple, and the edifice to which it belonged must have been a superb one. The remains of the columns shew, that they were of exquisite workmanship, and their materials are not of the island, but of Ægypt : they are all granite, and seem to have been each of a single piece. We read that there were two very august temples in this island, the one to Apollo, the other to Neptune ; the Rhodians built the latter, and I think there is reason to believe that was not it of which these are the remains. The inscriptions that remain are very numerous, and some of them very fair : they serve to give us some light into the periods at which the town was considerable, and some of them bring that down so late as to the times of the Roman empire. There are some which declare the attachments of some particular persons, probably of power in the island, to Tiberius

berius and Augustus Cæsar. One of them commemorates a statue set up at the same time to Antiochus; and there remains the trunk of one, that probably was his, to this day.

From Santerini we passed to Membliaros; they call it at this time Nanfio. We are told the Argonauts discovered the island; and the remains of an ancient temple, of no great extent, though of good taste, are probably those of the famous one erected by those heroes to Apollo, on account of his delivering them from the dangers of a storm. That it was dedicated to Apollo is evident enough from what now remains of its ruins: for the rest we are to believe tradition.

The inhabitants of this island are all Greeks; there have not for many years been a Latin or a Turk resident among them; the officers of the Porte only visiting them at seasons to collect the revenue. There is the same scarcity of fruits in this island as in Santorin, and from the same good reason; there are very few trees of any kind on the place. They are a lazy people, content to be poor rather than forego being idle. The most industrious of them are gardeners, and the principal thing they cultivate is the onion. They have the art of swelling out this root to a great size, and they maintain a sort of traffic with it for what their own island does not produce. If they have any thing else that deserves the name of an article of commerce, the insects produce it for them: they sometimes dispose of surprising quantities of honey and wax.

There is thus much in favour of the story of the Argonauts having built the temple I have mentioned, that the ruins shew the materials off it to have been of the produce of the island. The columns and architraves, and what seem to have been parts of a floor are all of the marble produced in the quarries just by : but there requires more faith than I am master of to suppose the island was raised out of the deep for their reception, on their praying to the god ; or that any thing like such a story is preserved in a ruined and obliterated inscription on one of the architraves.

Mycone promises as fine a port as Santorin ; and it does more than promise, it affords it. The expanse is great, and there are parts of it where little barks are as safe as the largest may be in the great gulph itself. Mycone is none of the smallest of the islands of the Archipelago ; 'tis between thirty and forty miles in circumference : but 'tis not one of the most fruitful, nor does it afford either so beautiful, or so romantic prospects as some of the others. It has mountains, but they are not very high, and their sides are neither fertile enough in vegetables to charm the eye, nor craggy enough to astonish it with their horror : the plains would be rich ; but they are burnt up and dry. The rock, in most places, lies too near the surface. Barley grows every where in the better spots of it ; and the rest, that are not naked rock, produce fig-trees, which bear a surprising quantity of fruit, and some olives ; but they are neither numerous nor fruitful. The town is but ill built, and the streets nasty ; but there
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is the greatest plenty of provisions, and those of the best kind, that I have almost any where met with : game of all kinds is to be bought for almost nothing. I have occasionally observed how very religious the Greeks are, provided that the quantity of religion be to be counted by the number of places of worship. The inhabitants of this island are not computed at more than between two and three thousand, and of these the men are generally absent at sea ; yet the churches are not less than fifty, and the chapels twice that number.

I wish I could say any thing particular to you as to the inhabitants of Mycone ; for 'tis here I have taken up my residence, after the strange tour I have been making among rocks and precipices : but they are like all the rest of the Greeks ; the men are good-natured enough, but indolent to a strange degree ; the women are handsome, but they are nasty. A man of your taste would find but little satisfaction among the Archipelagians.

Adieu : I don't know when I shall write again : when I do, it will be from Delos ; but I am fixed here for some time. I would not make you uneasy, by telling you of it sooner ; but I have been ill, and, though I am out of danger, am at this time too much out of strength to move.

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L E T T E R CXXVII.

IN what manner, my dear ***, my letters came to you I hardly know : I write at every place where I find matter of observation. They tell me they send off my letters by every opportunity ; but as they often go several together, I am afraid you receive them in still larger numbers at a time. Open them all before you begin to read, take them in the order of their dates, and you will travel over this strange country with me. My last was a long one ; but I had leisure enough, and I had variety enough of matter to transcribe from the short notes I took upon the several spots. I have little more to write of than than the things which have offered on the island where I now am, and where I have sometime been ; but when I tell you this is the famous Delos, you will not wonder if this epistle should also prove a long one.

That I might omit nothing worthy or unworthy regard in a place I am determined to visit carefully, I am to tell you that I touched at Tragonisi, an island, so we are told, famous for its multitude of goats. We saw none there ; 'tis a single rock, and not a large one ; 'tis no way more than a mile over, and does not afford a single spring. The people of Mycone send over cattle hither in the rainy months ; but they are obliged to return as soon as the water left by the showers fails.

Stapodia is such another ; but I visited that too. There is not a spring upon it. We examined

amined the rocks, and found them a kind of marble; but not beautiful. ~~M~~ struck out some singular fossils from a prominent ridge of one of them. They have been part of some species of star-fish; the body is preserved in one of them, the rest are only arms. This is all we found worth notice on what are called two of the islands of the Archipelago.

The ancient Delos, the centre of the Cyclades, is at present a desolate, barren, and desert rock, uninhabited, and the place of resort for pirates. What was once the island of Rheina is a larger rock, desert and uninhabited as the other. The Greeks at this time call these by the sounding name of Deli. The least of them is but about seven miles in circumference; tho' old Geographers allowed it twice this bigness. 'Tis the sacred island upon which they tell you Latona was delivered of Apollo and Diana, and which, as they tell the story, floated loose in the Archipelago till it was fixed on that occasion. What a revolution! the island once most famous of all in the world, the residence of monarchs, and the seat of some of the greatest edifices that ever the world saw, is now that little Delos, that desert rock, that uninhabited waste, that refuge of robbers.

Its present state did not make me forget its ancient; such splendor I was well convinced could not have perished without leaving remains that would gratify a noble curiosity; and I have continued to spend some days on the place, waste and wild as it is, to observe them.

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We passed the little island, or the larger rock Ramatiari, by which ever of those names it may be most proper to call the place; rock would be the language of nature, but island is that of the Archipelago. This stands in the midst of the canal which runs between Rhenia and Delos, and is the place to which the monarch was to fix that chain which was to fasten together Rhenia and Delos, or, in the language of the Latins, the greater and the lesser Delos. We passed a lake toward the north-east of the island, and, at a small distance from it, saw one of the largest and finest springs of rock water that I ever beheld. 'Tis not in nature to afford water clearer or brighter than this, and yet it is so loaded with stone, that a piece of stick that is thrust into it we were assured is covered over with a crust or bark of stone in a day or two. We had reason to believe it; we saw the shells of snails, and some other extraneous bodies which had fallen into it, covered in this manner. In England this would be called petrifying of such bodies: 'tis the effect that what we generally call petrifying-springs in Yorkshire and elsewhere have upon things put into them.

Not far from this we saw another hollow, which we were told was usually full of water; but it was now dry. This is near the isthmus that joins the point at which people who are in haste to be at Delos usually land, to the rest of the island. We coursed along this isthmus, and at the upper-end of it on the left, we fell upon what I had been so impatient to examine, the poor, yet august remains of what once was the celebrated city of Delos.

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We followed the ruins for some considerable way along the coast, and saw ranges of columns of marble at distances from one another, some almost entire above-ground, some fallen, and some buried to a considerable depth within the surface. These are all well finished, and must have belonged to stately edifices; some of them are plain, some fluted, and all rounded. At some distance from these along the sea-coast, we met with two more columns; but very different both in shape and matter from the others: these were of Ægyptian granite, and square. The others were in general between a foot and two feet in diameter; these very slender in proportion to their height, and of an elegantly polished surface.

All this was part of the ancient city; but this was not the most considerable quarter. A very little beyond the place where the two columns of granite now stand, we could perceive, by the fragments of pillars and cornishes, that the city turned toward the west. We traced its course by the usual remains of buildings along the slope of a hill. At a little distance from this we fell in with what made all that we had seen before trivial and mean. I don't know that any ruin has ever struck me with greater surprize and veneration. It seems to have been a portico; but so august, and at the same time so simple, that no building, the remains of which are extant at this time, seems to have equalled it. Pillars and pilasters lie every where about in fragments, and interspersed with them are fragments of architraves and bits of pedestals: the more intire have been
carried

carried away from time to time by the Turks and others, and much of the marble converted into mortars. It is impossible to say how great the ruin has been of the antique buildings on the Greek islands for this single purpose. The people have had for many ages a sort of trade in these mortars, and they have destroyed things of inestimable price to make them.

It would amaze you to see to how great an extent this city once was carried. We followed it along the sides, and to the tops of two tolerable hills, and could follow it again down into the plain between them, where we easily distinguished the remains of a very superb edifice, a temple to Apollo, the deity of the island. Hence we pursued the course of some more ruins over the sides of another much larger hill. We found they had also covered its top, and we pursued the pieces of pillars and friezes till we found they had been continued quite to the sea.

This part seems to have been the new town of Delos, built by Adrian, and continued without interruption from the Gymnasium to that noble portico, the ruins of which I have mentioned to you already. The famous temple of Apollo was in the great town the oldest of them all; but even this and the others were connected by buildings added afterwards: and the many towns for which Delos is celebrated by Callimachus certainly were afterwards, by these connecting buildings, joined into one.

Adrian's town, which was also called the new town, and the new Athens, was celebrated for its temples to Neptune and to Berenus, beside

side the noble one to Apollo ; and that the buildings I have been describing once were part of that new town, is in some degree made out by the remains of temples still seen there, and which, after the insight I got into the study of antiquity in Italy, I found it not difficult to prove belonged to one or other of those temples.

We were led from hence to what is said to have been the famous Gymnasium of Delos. We saw a very large spot of level ground, set off by pillars, which spoke no common place. Among a great number that lie in different directions on the ground, we measured six that are still standing ; their height is about nine feet : and there are near them two square columns of granite, like that we saw single in the farther part of the island, only larger. There are remains of a large building, which seems to have been square, and the parts of it that lie about are all of granite. We are not to imagine, however, that this was brought from abroad : 'tis not of so deep a colour as the Egyptian granite, nor so fine. We saw quarries of it in several parts of the island, so that it is probable they dug it just upon the spot.

Not far from the Gymnasium, if these pillars and other remains are justly supposed to have belonged to such a place, is a very great, though not very elegant, work : 'tis an immense basin ; its length near three hundred feet, its figure oval. The walls that surround it are about four feet high ; they are considerably thick, and are faced with a very firm cement for keeping in water. This seems to have been a place for those naval fights with small gallees which we read of
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in some of the authors of old time : 'tis now half filled up with rubbish, and serves as a place for the sailors to dance and wrestle in.

At a small distance from this great remain we fell in with the ruins of a noble temple, and even saw a part of an altar that had escaped the thirst of curiosity of all who had visited the island. I am no collector, otherwise I should have been ambitious of it. It seems to commemorate some hecatomb once offered there. It is adorned with bull-heads and festoons in a very elegant taste.

The remains in the whole island are indeed innumerable ; they speak what the writers of those times, in which it was famous, also say of it, that it was one of the wonders of the world. In one part, as we pursued our course in hunting after these antiquities, we saw the remains of some very glorious pieces of sculpture ; lions in a white marble, much injured, and yet retaining enough of their old greatness to declare what they had been. As we went toward the little port we found every part of the earth covered with the tops of columns, and in many places fragments of architraves half buried ; and the columns were of different forms, some plain, and others fluted ; the ornaments were all in fine taste, and the building, by the extent, as well as by these parts, must have been a very superb and magnificent one. It appears to have been a temple to Latona, probably the famous one dedicated to that goddess in the island.

I have yet mentioned only trifles to you ; the ruins of the greatest edifice yet remain to be
named,

named, and they are, as they ought to be, the most pompous in their present form. We came, soon after the view of the last ruins, to the place where stood the famous temple of Apollo, erected so early as by Erychthon, the son of Cecrops, first king of Athens. Historians tell us, that he built it a great and magnificent pile; but it became a fashion afterwards to reverence Delos, and no token of respect was greater than that of adorning the temple of the god; in consequence of this general taste and pious ambition, the temple of the Delian Apollo became, within the course of a few ages, the most august building in the world: all the powers of Greece contributed to enlarge and to decorate the edifice; and it became, worthy the price and pains that had been bestowed on it, the most stately as well as the richest thing of its time.

What we see of its remains speak all its ancient splendor. We found columns of granite, and other costly stones, tumbled about in fragments, and such a wreck as shewed what had been the pride of the vessel. Among the fragments of architecture we saw the remains of a statue to the god: even these fragments, which consist of two pieces, the back is one, and the belly and tops of the thighs are another, shew that it has been a noble work. The statue has been of black marble, and of the colossal size; one of the thighs is at this time ten feet long. All that we see are part of a single block of marble; and we are told, on the best authority that can be had on such occasions, that the entire statue was cut out of one piece. What an amazing attempt! We can see that the temple to which it belonged was of a vast size. There
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may be traced the portico in front of a vast length, and facing the greater Delos; and the admeasurement of what was the dome is not impracticable, though it has the appearance of impracticable in the structure.

The statue stood toward the little port, the fragments of it lie there, and probably they have not been removed: beside, the plinth to the statue still lies in the same place: 'tis a quarry of marble, well squared out, and is near sixteen feet long, and near eleven broad. There is an inscription on it to Apollo. When we look upon the ruins of this amazing structure, what are we to think must have been the size of that palm-tree of brasis set up by Nicias in the same place, whose fall, under the influence of a high wind, threw down and broke the statue! It is impossible, otherwise than by the attestation which these antiquities give to what authors have written, to conceive what were the things those people could undertake; and yet, in the very boldest of their enterprises, we find they have succeeded.

The ornaments of the inside of this temple were worthy of the pomp and expence without. We are told of innumerable statues and altars: the statues have been long carried away; but of the altars there are several remaining upon the spot at this time. They are more than two feet high, and near three in diameter. They have been very richly ornamented; but the figures are almost intirely worn off. The columns are many of them of a singular figure, and their capitals yet more singular; but with all this they are of surprising beauty.

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We were led from the ruins of the temple to what the people call the Four Lions. They are of a vast size; but by the figure at present one would hardly know what to call them. They are so injured by time, that they appear little more than so many vast blocks of marble. We saw also, near the same place, some termini, with heads of beasts, one of a horse, another of an ox; they are also vastly injured by time.

At a very small distance also from the ruins of the temple remains the famous portico of Philip: the columns of which it consisted shew that it was august to a great degree; and the work of the architraves declare it not to have been less elegant. The columns are many of them of the same singular form with many of those of the temple, half fluted, and half pannelled. The general diameter of these is two feet four inches, so that some of those found among the ruins of the temple are larger. On some broken architraves that yet lie upon this ground we read some inscriptions with the name of Philip of Macedon: one of these, on which is the fairest inscription, is ten feet in length, and two and a half in thickness. This has escaped the common ruin by being fastened into the heads of the pillars, and 'tis too heavy to carry away.

When shall I have done describing to you what I thought I never should have done examining and admiring; but you will, in some degree share the pleasure. We ascended the slope of a little hill, at some small distance from the remains of this noble portico, and were astonished with the magnificent ruins of a theatre

all of marble, and of a grandeur and extent that astonished me: the opening faces the south-west. The area between one verge and the other is two hundred and fifty feet: what a depth! and the diameter is nearly equal all ways. The whole pile has been of marble, and the parts that remain speak it to have been a building in great taste. The ground did not perfectly favour the edifice that was determined to be raised upon it; but these were architects who disdained to suffer such disadvantages. The slant of the hill left no foundation for the extreme edge on the left, and we see there the remains of a tower erected to support the edifice. This is at present nine feet in thickness, and about thirty long, and is of an amazing strength. We had an opportunity of examining some fine mosaic pavements in the ruins of another building adjoining to the theatre, at present serving to no better purpose than the floors of some reservoirs of rain water.

Not far from the opening of the theatre is a noble and extensive area for the combats of wild beasts: we saw the remains of their lodges, covered in a loose manner with huge beams of granite, and the remains of a canal that furnished them with water. On the declivity of mount Cynthus we saw more ruins of the superb kind, mosaics of flooring, and columns nobly wrought: these must also have belonged to some temple.

You will expect some fine epithets for the mountain whence the god of the place was called, the Cynthian Apollo; but you will be disappointed. Cynthus is an ill-shaped and unsightly hill, though of considerable extent: it runs in
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an oblique direction almost across the island. The whole hill is like many others of the islands, and like some of the whole islands themselves, a rock of granite. We are not to understand by the term that beautiful Ægyptian stone of which the obelisks at Rome are made, and of which we see so many noble remains among the works of antiquity wherever the Greek or Roman power has extended. The granite of this hill, and indeed a great part of the island is composed of the same materials; is more like that stone which we call Moor-stone, in Cornwall, and which we bring up to London for making steps to public buildings, and for other uses in which there is required great wear. Ours is white, with glossy sparks of black; the white is a kind of marble, the black is talc: the granite of Cynthus is grey, and is spangled in the same manner with these glossy particles. This is the sort of stone of which those pillars are generally made which are called Melted Marble, or Fusie Marble; the odd admixture of these specks of talc has led people into the opinion, and 'tis now not to be got out of their imaginations.

We ascended mount Cynthus by stairs cut in the native rock, entering by the remains of an old gate, which was the place of communication with the town. This hill was a kind of natural fortress, and they made use of it as such, improving it to a very great degree by art. The very gate at which we entered the territories has quite the air of strength, and of that sort of strength which is proper to fortification. 'Tis low, and not very wide: the roof is covered with long slabs of granite, cut sharply, and laid in a rising manner.

manner. Where the rock did not supply materials for continuing the work of the stair-case, there were steps of marble of the size and form of those cut in the natural rock, and made in imitation of these. This is only to be seen in two or three that remain in fragments. The rest are carried off, and many of the window-cases in Mycone are made of them. There is an air of grandeur in the natural ones, and as they are yet fast to the rock, they remain, and will remain in their places. On the top of the hill, just where these stairs left us, we found the remains of a citadel, and a fine place it was for one; on casting the eye round, we could see that the spot on which we stood perfectly commanded the whole island. Beside the works of strength on this delightful spot, there were some of elegance. We saw the remains of the citadel, the walls rectangular, and of a prodigious thickness; they are of brick, and their strength is in the place of beauty. But, beside these, we met with fragments of columns and architraves, and a whole heap of the ornaments of architecture in one place, where there must have been something very august, a temple most probably. At a small distance from this we saw several parts of elegant mosaic floors, and some pieces of noble statues; but they consisted only of bits of the body or thighs: those who have not been able to carry away the whole statue, seem to have taken away the head and hands.

I could not satisfy myself with one view of the famous Cynthus; we took a kind of compass round it; and M——s, who was much against it, on the most judicious observation that rocks of granite never have any fossil shells in them,
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was made amends before we got far in his own way. We came to a vast crack which pierces deep into the rock, and runs up the whole hill : he knew these were the places where curiosities in the mineral way were usually to be found. He searched it carefully, and he did not search in vain. He brought down some of the beautifullest crystals I ever saw : they were of a cubic figure, as regular as if cut by a lapidary, and of a beautiful blue colour. We took them for rough sapphires, and I supposed he had found a vast treasure ; but he knew them better. M——s seems to have been too often disappointed in his golden dreams on these occasions to place any confidence in appearances. He told us they were no more than crystal, and of no value, though of very considerable beauty ; but he gave us a specimen of the utility of these studies that extremely pleased me. He told us, that from these crystals only he knew there were mines in the hill, and even what they contained. He observed that those crystals had been altered in the figure and colour by metalline particles, and those of two kinds. These cracks in rocks he observed were the general reservoirs of ore ; and the crystal, which would, in its natural state, have shot out into columns without any colour, he added was formed into the figure of cubes by an admixture of particles of lead, and was tinged blue by copper.

In our way to the port we met with still more remains of ancient splendor. We fell upon a congeries of columns, and the several parts of architecture in marbles of the finest kinds, and in granite ; not the granite of the country, but the true, beautiful, red kind of Ægypt. We

had reason to believe, that, whatever this building had been, it was left unfinished. Beside the pillars of Ægyptian granite, and all the other remains of splendor, we saw great blocks of the granite of the country, some quite in the rough, and others only just squared, in or to their being ready for different parts of some future building. Along the coasts we saw nothing but remains of the same superb kind; and even in the water the foundations of some great buildings never raised, and the ruins of others that had fallen down. The sea seems to have gained upon Delos, and as the water was clear, and the weather calm, we had opportunities of seeing the remains of many a beautiful edifice, were now fishes sport, and many of which the small vessels of these parts sail over as they came toward the land.

The little port was every way surrounded with buildings also, and those not of the ordinary kind, but in the same superb stile with the rest. Pieces of granite columns are continually met with; and wherever they dig, they fall upon Grecian walls and Mosaic pavements. They had by some accident newly opened the earth to one of these, and those who had found it had carried off a part. It was a plain one; but I had pleasure in seeing the manner in which the work was executed. There was first a deep layer of sea sand upon the natural floor: this was probably to make all perfectly even for the foundation. Upon this was spread a coat of ten inches thick, of a kind of mortar or cement, so strong at this time, that it equals common marble in hardness. Upon the level top of this are disposed the parts of the mosaic; they were in this instance only cubes of black and white marble.

I had been surpris'd at the variety of marble used in the edifices of Delos ; but M——s, who had been all the time as busy among the treasures under-ground as I about those which were above, took off a great deal of the wonder, by producing out of his pockets little specimens of the several quarries he had met with in the island. It was evident from these, that the island itself produced four or five kinds of granite, beside that which we saw in mount Cynthus, and in other places, rising to the surface ; and, beside these, two or three species of softer marble. He had also picked up specimens of some jasper ; but not very fine ones, which he had met with rough in the island, and which we had also seen employed in some of the buildings. Beside these several stones, which were the produce of the country, the Greeks had brought many elegant kinds from other parts to decorate these edifices. The Ægyptian granite I have already named, and I may add the porphyry of the same country to the account ; but the vast quantity of white marble of the finest and purest kind which we see in all parts of these remains, has been the produce of the several other islands of the Archipelago. At what an expence, and with what labour, did the whole united power and wealth of Greece beautify an island, at this time a naked and a barren rock, without one circumstance of pleasure or advantage in its favour, and which never had any ; for climates do not change ! We see in this a testimony of ancient superstition, and cannot deny but that it equals all the modern. What is there in the extravagance of the holy house of Loretto that does not appear to have been equalled, to have been exceeded here, though in a different

manner! and what is there in the source of the veneration for the one more ridiculous or more romantic than in that of the other! Why is it not as easy to believe that the holy house travelled from a remote country into a place where it was sure to be received with favour and with honours, as that an island once floated loose about in the sea, and that some supernatural power rooted it down, in order to its being a place for Latona to be delivered of a divinity? What is it that superstition will not countenance! what is there that enthusiasm will not receive! We are partial in our severity, when we laugh at the Roman Catholics for believing these traditions: we see a people more eminent in wisdom than the modern Italians swallowing as idle a story, and testifying their reverence for the lye in as pompous and as expensive a manner.

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L E T T E R CXXVIII.

I Have named to you the lesser Delos: I must not be silent about the greater. The island is in all respects infinitely preferable to the other; but it is not inhabited.

The island of Rhenia, for so it is the custom now to call it, has vastly more to tempt the neighbouring inhabitants to settle upon it than the other. Not only its extent is much greater, but, instead of the dry and barren rock, which is all that presents, its valleys are covered deep with a fine black mould, and are fertile beyond
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all that one would imagine. The hills are but moderately high, and their ascent not steep : they are covered with all sorts of herbage, and charm the eye with a variety of flowers hardly to be equalled in any country in the world. The people of Mycone do not plant themselves upon it ; but they send their cattle to be fatted thither. I am apt to believe, that the great thing which prevents a settlement being made on Rhenia from that island is the danger of the corsairs : they often steal the cattle as it is ; and the inhabitants, unless numerous enough to oppose them, would not easily escape continual plunder and butchery.

We found more than the vegetables of the country to admire. M——s was charmed with a strange stone he found among the rubbish brought down from the sides of a hill upon the coast. and there washed clean by the rains. It appeared covered with a yellow crust wherever it broke, though within it was only a common blue clay, hardened into the consistence of a soft stone. Where there had been large natural cracks, where we broke the larger masses, we found the golden surface studded with a kind of silver stars : they put me in mind of the stones of Bologna, with which my companion had played so many tricks ; but he told me they were different, and called them stars upon the waxen vein : he says they are found also on the coasts of Essex ; I never saw any natural stone of so much beauty.

You are not to imagine, by my naming the natural curiosities of Rhenia, that there are none of the remains of art. We met with the ruins of a large town continued along the sea-coast. It must have had a very pleasant situation ; but

I am apt to believe it was chiefly inhabited by merchants; it does not abound in magnificent ruins like that on the lesser Delos. The only remain of any degree of splendor that we saw here was on the top of the hill. We there met with some fine columns; but these were of the grey marble of the country, and, by what we could distinguish among a heap of miserably defaced ruins, the order must have been Corinthian. I never saw in any place such a multitude of tomb-stones as about the town on the coast of Rhenja; and this is another instance in which the remains of antiquity countenance the history of the times. We are told that Delos, the lesser Delos, was judged at one time too sacred to be defiled with human carcases; that not only the inhabitants who died there, after this, were buried in this other island; but even the ashes of those who had rested in the sacred rock so many ages were removed thither.

The town seemed to begin from the temple I have mentioned to you on the top of the hill, and to be continued down to the coast. It faced the other Delos, and seems to have been considered as a kindred city. I have seen more pompous remains in other places; but never so numerous as in the greater and the lesser Delos.

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L E T T E R CXXIX.

MY pleasure in this voyage increases at every place where we stop; would I could be assured yours does so in my accounts; but I believe it does, and I will go on. I am at this time upon the most romantic spot I ever saw. Syra is a pretty large island, and, by the industry of the inhabitants, is tolerably fertile. The plains are the land they bestow most labour upon; and 'tis odd to have in view at one time fields of the richest harvest in the low lands, and hills of naked and horrible rocks, so rough and craggy, that in many places where the fields run under them one dreads the tumbling of the rock upon the harvest, which would bury the whole crop.

The town of Syra is at a small distance from the Port, which is a large and good one. It looks as if it overhung it; but it is about a mile distant. It covers in the most romantic and the most agreeable manner imaginable the whole summit of a little hill. The way to it is winding; for the ascent is extremely steep, and, but for this relief, would be very troublesome.

I was less pleased with the present town than with the ruins of the old one. The Syros mentioned by the old geographers still exists in ruins. 'Twas situated on the port, and though there is nothing very pompous in the ruins, they appear to have covered a considerable extent of ground. We saw the remains of some very
thick

thick and well-built walls, and the heads of some columns of no bad workmanship. The materials of the town in general seem to have been the stone and marble of the country; but there are, before some of the larger ruins, fragments of the white marble of Paros or of Naxos. There have been inscriptions and bas-reliefs found here; but they have been carried away; the best out of the country, and the others from the place where they lay. We saw some of them in the new town: one preserved in the church, an inscription which proves the town it belonged to to have been the ancient Syros. Another is preserved at the head of the principal spring of the island, which runs by the town. This says, that the people who in ancient times visited the sacred Delos, first purified themselves at this water.

The Cythnos of the ancient Greeks is undoubtedly the Thermia of the moderns. The ancient writers did it no more than justice when they called it fertile; 'tis one of the richest spots I ever saw. It seems quite a new region to me, not rocky and steep, like the rest of the islands of this sea; but a fine deep rich country on a flat. I never saw figs finer; but I have met with better grapes in many of the rocky and sun-burnt islands. The cultivated lands produce vast crops of corn; but it must be barley. 'Tis twenty times over I have been told that the soil of these islands does not favour wheat, and it must be true, though I cannot conceive a reason.

The principal town which, as in the rest, has the name of the island, is but a moderately large one.

one. The people are true Greeks, they don't love much work. Their silk is fine, and might be of great value to them. They have cotton, but they make nothing of it more than for their own wear; and if they export any thing, they owe it, like some of their neighbours, to the bees; 'tis wax and honey.

I have not seen any thing so magnificent in the Archipelago as the ruins of an old town, which they call Hebreo Castro. The fragments of superb edifices are abundant in it, and its extent, as well as the grandeur of its ruins, shews what it once was. We were led to the ruins of the antique citadel, a most strong building. We saw a number of bas-reliefs, some on flat tables, and others on the raised parts of tomb-stones; and some fragments of statues, which, if any thing intire would have enriched the noblest cabinets in the world; but all these are miserably defaced by time, and most of them seem to shew effects of more than time, of the barbarity of its inhabitants.

Zia is the Ceas of the old Greek writers. This island, once renowned for four cities of strength and consequence, at present shews only the remains of one, and on that stands the present Zia, the principal town of the island. Certhea, so celebrated by the ancients, is the town upon the ruins of which Zia is built, and the remains at this distant time justify all that has been said of its magnificence and splendor. Marble columns, and all the ornaments of architecture, so far as can now be perceived, in a noble taste, lie about the streets and outports of the town, or help to build the houses, or are converted into the

the common utensils employed in domestic affairs within them. The principal part of the old town of Certhia was on a hill at three miles distance from the port; but it covered all that space which we see between that on the sea-side, and we at this time find abundant remains of it on all that space.

The old town of Iolis, Polis they now call it, covers a whole mountain: the sea washes its foot on one part, and on the opposite it sunk into an agreeable and a fruitful valley. We traced the remains of the ancient citadel, a building of surprising strength on the point; and not far from it the ground is covered with remains that must have once been parts of a most magnificent temple. They are very fond of the remains of a statue of the goddess Nemesis; it has neither arms nor head, nor is it easy to say what should have given rise to the opinion of its being of that deity, unless that it seems in a menacing posture. The walls of the town are too solid to admit decay: they may be traced along the side and foot of the hill in several places; they are built rather for strength than ornament, and are of a coarse marble. The blocks are many of them ten or twelve feet long, the sight is stupendous.

The island is full of fruits, the grapes are excellent, and they have the art of making a very well-flavoured wine from them. They have abundance of cotton, and some silk; but they don't make the best advantage that might be of what nature has thrown into their hands. One of their principal articles of commerce is the fruit of the Velani, as they call it; 'tis an acorn
used

used in dying. They complain greatly of their want of olives; but they need not, their acorns purchase oil to a great advantage; and the tree, which is one of the finest oaks in the world, requires no culture.

M——s discovered lead ore in the island; and thought to have profited of the notice he gave of it; but they worked it already there. Their rude manner of thanking him for his intended kindness robbed them of the effects of a real one. He could have instructed them in the British method of extracting silver from this ore with which it abounds, as he says, to the quantity of fifty ounces to the ton; but he would give them no hint of it.

We have the word of Pliny for it, that silk stuffs were first made in this island; but 'tis not worth while to enquire at this time whether he is in the right, or those who contradict him.

The practice of caprification is used in this island, as well as many others of the Archipelago, and was so of the ancientest time; but those who describe it do not seem to understand it. 'Tis observed that the figs ripen best when certain gnats, or little flies have wounded them; and they have a method of hanging on the branches of the manured fig-trees some of the nearly-ripe fruit of the wild kind, which the gnats also pierce with their trunks, or, if they do not, themselves prick them with iron needles. It was at one time supposed that the wounds were the immediate occasion of the ripening of the fruit; but the present system of vegetation ought to explain it on more rational terms. We know
that

that to the perfecting of any fruit there is necessary to be a sprinkling of the farina fecundans, or male dust upon the female organs of the flower. The female organs, as well as this male dust, are in the fig contained within the fruit; and perhaps it is not easy for enough of the farina to get down into all parts of the fig for the ripening of it equally. The wild figs contain a vast deal of this farina or male dust, and when they and the others are at the same time pierced with holes, whether it be by the trunk of an insect, or by the weapons which they use for that purpose, there is way made for this farina to get out of one of the fruits, and to get into the other.

* * *

LETTER CXXX.

I Don't know, my dear ****, whether you chuse to have me so learned and so philosophical as I have been in the conclusion of my last letter; but I put down my thoughts as they occur: 'tis M——s that spoils me.

I have been at Macronisi. They did not do amiss who called it the Long Island. We traversed it with an eye to antiquities in a place once so famous; but we found none. You would not distinguish, by all I saw of the island, that ever it had been a part of the renowned Greece, or inhabited by any men among whom the arts and sciences had flourished. I have learned from M——s the most entertaining of all studies for

a traveller, Botany. We found a vast variety of beautiful plants here, strangers to the fields, and most of them strangers to the gardens also of England; though in some I had great pleasure in tracing the pomp of our cultivated productions from some single, and often some little blossom: the orleans-plum from the sloe is not a more noble improvement.

I should not omit to mention to you an inhabitant of this island, a locust. You have heard of the *folium ambulans*; it is well named. I assure you when I first saw a parcel of them, they startled me extremely; I thought the leaves that had fallen from the trees were endued with life, and crawling upon the ground; but when one takes them up, the resemblance is not so great. I cannot be silent, now I have named this, about another species of the same creature, which we met with in Seriphos. This was a long, ungain, and aukward animal, that always lifted up its fore-legs as if they were hands, and it was at prayers.

You will not expect me to say much about an island where so little was to be seen; and I shall plead the same excuse for telling you, that I rambled over Maeris, and hardly say any thing more about it. 'Tis a desert rock, and but a small one neither. 'Tis not inhabited, nor would it be possible to conceive that it ever had been, were there not medals extant which countenance those histories, that speak of the warlike people of the barren Maeris.

I have seen also the famous Joura, the Guara or Guaros of the old Greeks; and I believe those

people among the Romans who made it the place of exile for criminals had seen it themselves. You have heard me lavish enough in my railings at the isles of the Archipelago; but, after all, I must confess, that I had not seen the worst of them till I came hither. 'Tis wholly desolate and abandoned: we saw no inhabitants on it but some lizards of the common green kind feeding on the locusts, and some rats of an uncommonly large kind feeding upon them. 'Tis thus nature maintains her course; she produces one thing for the subsistence of another. I don't know whether Guaros be not the island whence some of the old writers say the inhabitants were driven by an abundance of rats, who eat them out of house and home; if it be so, we have certainly seen the descendants of the family.

If nothing could be so desolate and disagreeable as Joura, it is not easy to say what island in the world affords a more enchanting prospect as we approach it than Andrus, the next place of our destination. The bay is large, and is divided into two by a very long and very narrow promontory, that is continued from the main land to an extent equal to the two sides, though it arises from the depth of the bay. This promontory is covered with buildings, and is at once the most romantic, and one of the most agreeable prospects in the world. We saw the remains of an old castle on the beak of this long rock, and as we traversed the island, found many marks of its ancient grandeur. 'Tis not only in the advanced part that Andrus has this beauty; we fell into a valley of great extent behind the town, as fertile and as beautiful as the world can shew. Oranges, lemons, and pomegranates crowd upon
one

one another in it, and a variety of other fruit-trees are intermixed between them. All the spot is laid out into a kind of garden, separated by rivulets, that water them to the utmost of the owner's wishes. We saw the village of Arna, and we crossed the highest mountain in the island to get at it; but we were rewarded. 'Tis the most charming spot in this, sweet island; 'tis composed of several parcels of little houses, built under the shade of the palm-trees, adorned with gardens, and watered with rivulets every way. The silk with which tapestry of the finer kind is made, is the produce of Andros: they have a quantity of it greater than could be imagined.

It was not only the beauties of nature that we admired; we visited the ruins of the celebrated Baleapolis: the people who built it called it after the name of the island. They chose a happy situation for it: 'tis on the brow of a hill, commanding the whole coast, and, by the remains, it must have once been a very large and splendid town. We found the spot where the citadel mentioned by Livy stood, and we saw the remains of its walls surprisingly thick, and put together as if they were intended to have lasted for all ages. We saw here also scattered about columns, chapiters, and bases of antique work, and of the finest marbles. Bacchus had a temple here, that was famous at the time when this city flourished, and we saw the remains of it. Among a vast quantity of fluted columns and noble friezes, we found, on a long piece of an architrave, an inscription: the words were many of them obliterated; but we could make out the name of Bacchus toward the end, and in the beginning the people of Andros.

The authors who love reports of miracles tell us of a spring near the temple of Bacchus in this island, which in the month of January had the taste of wine; they call it Jupiter's present. We saw the spring according to the place they allot it; but it had no taste of wine: however it was not January. We found by it some miserable-broken bas-reliefs, which had been very fine ones; particularly the remains of one describing a sacrifice to Bacchus, very nobly executed. There lie about here also several parts of statues, principally the trunks, the heads and hands being gone; but they are such as shew the hand of the greatest master.

* * *

LETTER CXXXI.

I Am got into a sweet part of the Archipelago, the island of Tenos, the isle of Tine as it is now called, is just by Andros, and is no less beautiful. Its bosom opens into a fine and broad, though not deep bay. The country is almost plain toward the coast; it rises only with the gentlest ascent; and behind it are hills, not rough and barren, as in many places of the Levant; but beautifully fertile. The town of St. Nicolo is built on the ruins of the ancient Tenos; but we saw few remains there. They occasionally find them in digging, and pretend to have some years since discovered a temple dedicated to Neptune, which old writers mention to have been in a grove near the town. The earth
about

about St. Nicolo seems to have been raised by some accident; all the old remains are underground.

Neptune was always worshipped here with particular honours. 'Tis a very large island; they talk of its being sixty miles in circuit; but we had no temptation to examine it. Here we saw the largest snakes among the plantations under the hills that I have met with. The breed is of long standing; for the ancients called the island Ophicessa. I never saw finer grapes, figs, or pomegranates than there are on this island; but its riches are in silk. They have a fortress on a rock: nature has done a great deal for them; but art has not answered her endowments. The place commands a great part of the island, and they have a kind of guard there, and some cannon; but I believe 'tis long since they were fired.

Tenos is all that the Venetians have preserved of their conquests, and they take care to keep up the remembrance of their successes in it. They have a procession on May-day, at which every body is expected to be present, under penalties and forfeitures, and they proclaim St. Mark with great pomp. There is no army kept up by the Venetians here; but the island is so well inhabited, that they can, on any occasion, call together five thousand men, not quite unexpert in arms. There are thirty or forty villages on it, and every one maintains a militia.

Scio is a yet larger island than Tinos, and is also a very fertile and pleasant one. They tell

us 'tis not less than a hundred and twenty miles about. Instead of barren rocks, the isles of the Archipelago now seem to have the appearance of kingdoms.

The town of Scio is large, and the best built of any I have yet seen in the Levant. Instead of the mud tenements, with flat tops on the first story, we now saw houses high and regularly built, and covered in the manner of our own. The Genoese and Venetians have, at different times, brought the Italian way of building into Scio. The whole town stood near the sea, the castle just upon the edge of it, commanding the port and the whole town. 'Tis a strong and regular building, and has towers and a ditch for its defence. The great church is dark, as indeed all the Greek churches are; but 'tis by much the best in all the Levant. I don't speak only in regard to what I have seen; but those who know the whole confirm it. The structure is Gothic; but not without its graces: but within the ornaments are worthy a very different name; the paintings are execrable beyond all that I have seen. They are figures of saints, and the painters have been good-natured enough to write the names under them. For the rest, they are like Bays's prologue and epilogue, the epilogue would do for a prologue, and the prologue for an epilogue, and either of them would do as well for any other play as for that.

The island has a great many hills upon it; but they are cultivated. It abounds in fruit, and has quarries of a beautiful marble. Scio was very early famous for its jasper, and they shew the places where it used to be dug. We saw the
stone

stone in the quarry and in the church, for much of it is used there ; but it has little beauty for a stone of that name. They seem not to have the secret of polishing to the best advantage. Olives are not plentiful here ; but the deficiency is made up to them in wines. They have an excellent wine from the grapes which they let dry upon the rocks two or three days after cutting before they press them. They supply some of the islands with this. They trade also in wool and in mastich ; the greatest part of this drug used in Europe is the produce of this island, and the profit upon it greater than would be imagined by one unacquainted with these things.

The lentisk on which the mastich is produced is not a large tree ; but it spreads much, and makes a very pretty figure. The mastich is a resin which bursts out of the trunks, as you see the gum upon our cherry and plum-trees ; but being an article of wealth, they facilitate its flowing by art. They cut the trees crosswise during the heats of the latter-end of summer, and the resin runs out in small drops : it continues flowing for a long time, and hardens soon after it comes into the air. They have vast crops, if the weather be dry ; but, if rainy, a great deal is spoilt. We use a great deal of this drug in Europe ; but the greatest consumption is in the east : the ladies there chew it by way of diversion, and it sweetens the breath, and fastens the teeth.

The island of Scio is full of villages, most of them very pleasant, some considerably large. We went twenty miles to see the ruins of a very odd building : it has been a temple ; but to

what deity none ventures to guess. 'Tis not large, nor ever was beautiful, and it stands in a narrow valley, and must have been very little in sight, or one would think in estimation, at the time of its greatest splendor. They write of the amours of Neptune with a nymph of Scio. There is a fine spring under the temple; but it is not a large one. We were at one time in doubt whether it might not be that famous water which deprived people of their senses; and we looked on the remains of the building for that inscription which is said to have been erected to warn people from drinking at it. Certain it is we saw the remains of marble, on which something had been written, and which seemed to have been placed in the out wall of the edifice; but the letters were obliterated. However we ventured the better experiment of trying the water: we all drank, and that heartily of it; but I think we are as wise as we used to be,

You would not imagine how fond the present Greeks are of claiming some merit in regard to Homer. I love them for the reverence they pay to a man who did honour to their country; who was indeed a glory to the world: I told you of his tomb; we here were led to his school. The people of Scios are among the number of those who claim the honour of having had him born in their country; and they produce this place, where tradition says he was taught the first rudiments of his poetry, as a proof of his spending his youth there. 'Tis a strange place for a school; you would sooner guess it to have been a fish-pond, or a fountain; a large basin, with a Neptune, or some figure or other to throw

throw up the water. 'Tis a kind of basin of about twenty feet diameter, and no great depth, hewn out of a solid rock at the foot of mount Epos. The sides are cut so as to be fit to sit upon, and in the middle there rises a square piece of the rock, on which are carved the figures of some lions; but at present one might as easily take them for sheep or oxen.

'Tis probable that Homer was either of Smyrna or of Scio; but as to this school, though called Homer's, it seems more probably to have been a place where other people studied Homer's works, than where himself had studied. The prominence in the middle was the place of the master, and the youths sat round the rim of the basin. The Homerides we know were Scians, and this seems to have been a place of study for their youths.

They are not content with boasting this school of Homer; they shew his dwelling-house, the place where he composed those divine poems, and they reverence it as much as the people of Italy do the chimney at which the Virgin dressed her victuals. 'Tis none of the noblest, nor in the best condition; but it looks tolerably well for a cottage that has stood pretty near three thousand years.

Scio is one of the best of all the islands to live in. Homer was of a country, if it be true that he was born here, where there was good wine in plenty, and that, in moderation, is no enemy to the poet's genius. They have provisions of all kinds in great abundance, and even the finest are in the reach of the common people: partridges
are

are as cheap as butcher's meat ; they breed them as we do chickens.

Castro is the capital of the island of Mytilene, anciently called Lesbos. The old writers speak of it as a large and a magnificent city ; and if they were silent, its present ruins would speak sufficiently for the truth of it. I have no where seen more numerous remains of ancient splendor. The streets of the present town, and the country all about it, are covered with fragments of marble columns, and other parts of great buildings, most of them executed in the most masterly manner. I was strangely pleased with the elegance of some pillars, large parts of which I saw in some of the walls : they are of white marble, and are fluted spirally : the polish yet remains on several parts of them, and they have an appearance of uncommon beauty and magnificence. Pieces of chapters, friezes, capitals, and bases are all over the country about, as common as the rudest stones : and we saw a great many bas-reliefs and inscriptions ; but, unhappily for our curiosity, the figures were worn off from the one, and the letters from the other. The disposition of the present buildings is wonderfully elegant ; they stand in a deep range all along the coast, and have a most beautiful effect as we approach them from the sea.

The town of Castro is not near so large as that of Scio, though the island is larger ; nor is it so well built. The face of the country is pleasant, and the land in general fruitful. There are mountains ; but they are not high nor craggy, but well shaded from the sun by the trees, and covered

covered deep with the common soil of the island: some of the best plantations are on them.

These isles in general abound in quarries of beautiful stone. M——s found near the port a vast rock of jasper running into the sea, and he traced it up the country, where it discovered itself in several places. The ground-colour is green, and the spots and lines white, with some little red among it. The rock is not continued as in the beds of marble; but is divided, as it were by nature, into a number of separate blocks and masses: but some of them are large enough for the cutting of pillars and ornaments that would make a great figure.

Tenedos is another of the pleasant islands of the Archipelago. I set out in this letter with telling you I was got among such, and I shall, I fancy, continue among them. It is not easy to describe to you the beauty of Tenedos as one approaches it. The coast has several indentings, and the city follows the course of them, and covers all the shore. Behind there is in view a large old building; and, farther up, hills; some of them very high, but all covered with verdure. Tenedos is a small island, in comparison with those I have lately quitted: 'tis not very far from round in its figure, and it is no where above six miles over. It was once famous; but at present there remain no marks of its ancient magnificence. It fell with Troy, near which it stood; and we have been at a great deal of fruitless pains in enquiring after antiquities in it.

Nicaria is pleasant, but very singular in its appearance. All the islands hereabouts have very
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conspicuous hills in them; but in this they are very romantic: they are high and sharp, and run quite across the island. They are not burnt, or barren; groves of vast extent cover the greatest part of what is uncultivated of them; and they abound with water the finest and clearest in the world. Though the island is naturally rich, the people are so idle, that they almost starve in it. The country never was well peopled; and at present, though it might be one of the richest, is one of the poorest of the Levant.

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L E T T E R CXXXII.

IF I write to you less frequently than I used, it is not that I see fewer objects, but they are too much alike. When I have described to you one burnt rock, you have all the idea that I could convey to you in the description of a thousand. One piece of ground strewed over with ruins is much the same with another; and the same words must be employed in describing of broken chapters, and obliterated bas-reliefs. These are all we meet in these islands; for the perfect ones have been long ago carried away.

Since I wrote to you I have been upon several of the places famous in ancient story: and I think I have matter of some entertainment for you; though I am conscious I want variety.

Samos

Samos is not so full of beauty as the last islands I have visited. 'Tis a large island, and well peopled; but, excepting the plain of Cora, which is indeed a sweet place, I have hardly met with worse prospects. Just by this plain we saw the ancient town of Samos: 'tis a heap of heavy ruins, rather grand than elegant, and in that answering to the descriptions that are left to us of it when in its glory. The present towns upon the island are moderately well built; but the people are lazy and nasty, especially the women. Europe is the country of the world for cleanliness among that sex, and, of Europe, my own little England is the place where they are cleanest.

Beside the general traffic of fruits, the island produces some drugs, particularly a good deal of scammony; but they are not cleanly in the gathering it: 'tis always dirty, and they often play tricks with it. They will thrust in stones to increase the weight, and often mix other things with it; 'tis therefore little valued, as uncertain in the operation. They have iron mines, and might work them to a very great advantage; but they want two great requisites, knowledge and industry. I don't know whether I have already made you naturalist enough to know, that, where there is iron, it is no wonder that oker is found. They have that, and emery, and the loadstone always common here: they are indeed natural attendants on iron. We picked up some small pieces of the magnet, that are very good ones. All the way down from the ancient Samos we saw a vast quantity of antiquities, and about the hills tomb-stones innumerable;

merable ; but we found no figure, date, or inscription on any of them, to inform us exactly of what time they were, or to whom erected.

The brow of the mountain, on which the elder part of the ancient city stood (for it was greatly extended a considerable time after it was first built) still shews remains of vast buildings ; and we saw the place were there were once the remains of a theatre. You will guess the extent of this ancient edifice, when I tell you Cora was in a great measure built of its ruins. We entered a beautiful grotto a little lower down, a work of nature, excelling, in my mind, all those of art. You will be in pain at my entering on the particulars of another grotto, after I have described so many ; but be easy on that head : 'tis impossible for you to conceive how studious I am to avoid tediousness and repetition. Altho' I had seen many grottos in these islands, I was greatly pleased with this ; and, as I found something new in the place, you will in the description.

The roof and sides were covered all over with congelations as in the others ; but they were singular in their nature : they were the brittlest I ever saw ; and, instead of the brown hue of some, and the pure crystalline brightness of others, found in the famous grotto, these were all of a pure snow white.

What gave me most surprise and pleasure in the observation was, that the sides and ends of them were spangled as it were with little bright spots of gold. On examining these, we found them to be regular cubes, as if cut by art, and polished

polished by the nicest hand. They now looked rather brassy than gilded, and they were scattered over the white surfaces, some singly, others in clusters. I imagined them solid brass; but M——s made me blush when he reminded me that brass was no natural body, but a composition of art, made of copper and zink. He told me these were only concretions of what, in Cornwall, we call mundick, a kind of mineral composed chiefly of sulphur, but assuming occasionally the colour of brass, silver, or gold. What was the most surprising, was the place in which we saw these little cubes of it. They were upon the surfaces of the drop-stones, bodies formed long since the rocks to which they adhered. I have observed to you already that it is the opinion of my ingenious friend that those congelations are formed from stony particles raised in vapours from the depths of the earth. This must be the case also with regard to the mundick which forms these cubes; it must have been raised in small particles in vapours from the depth of the earth, and have formed itself into these concretions; when those vapours, condensed by the cold of the grotto, became water, adhered to the surface of the stone, and finally left the solid matter there.

If this be allowed, as surely reason must allow it, we saw crystal, and spar, and mundick, some of the hardest and heaviest of all natural productions raised in vapour; and in this mundick particles of metals, for it always contains some. If this be the case, if stones, sulphurs, and metals can be raised in vapour, how do we know that all our mines are not thus filled? Surely it would be no very rash conjecture to
 1 suppose

suppose that the great bodies of all metals and minerals lie at or near the centre of the earth, whither their own gravity ought to have carried them in the original structure of the globe, and that all our present mines of them are filled by particles from this vast quantity, raised in vapour, and, deserted by that vapour, concreted into water within those cracks of rocks in which we find them.

But to return to the antiquities of Samos. I have described to you many a Roman aqueduct, give me leave to mention to you what pleased me greatly in the observation, a Grecian one. It has none of the pomp of the Roman works of this kind; but all the conveniency that was in them may be seen was in this, even by the poor remains that exist of it. 'Tis not of marble, or decorated with sculpture; 'tis of plain brick, but of such bricks as have lasted these two thousand years; and, if men will let them alone, will last two thousand more: they are firm, and finely put together.

The great work mentioned by Herodotus as one of the boldest attempts of the Greeks, is still to be traced in Samos. Eupalinus of Megara has the honour of having undertaken it, and the greater honour of having seen it executed. The historian tells us, that they cut down nine hundred feet deep into the native rock, and carried on the channel near a thousand yards, to convey the water of the charming spring to the town of Samos. The opening and part of the channel itself is still to be seen, the greater part is filled up.

The

The Argonauts added more religious edifices than one to Greece. The famous temple to the Samian Juno was of their building; the remains of it are seen to this day. The image of the goddess was of wood; but though the materials were poor, the statue was of the highest rank; miracles were recorded of it: and what not a little added to its credit was, that a dead calm coming on soon after the Tyrrhenians had carried it away, the superstition of the pilot attributed it to the anger of the goddess; and fancied a favourable wind that sprung up as soon as they had returned it, to be the effect of another visit of Juno to Æolus.

Enthusiasm has been a powerful motive at all times: you will not wonder that in so superstitious an age, and among such superstitious people, the miracle brought a concourse of persons to the island. A temple little inferior in riches to the house of Loretto contained also this holy and this wooden image. The famous Jupiter of the little temple by the Roman Capitol was taken from the court before this edifice; and Augustus restored those of Minerva and Hercules, which had been carried away at the same time with it.

There yet remain some broken columns, and some bases that have belonged to others; they now lie upon the spot, and are perhaps as elegant as any thing we have remaining of old time. They are of the most beautiful marble, and highly wrought. There are other fragments, which lie at distances about, and mark the extent of the building to have been very great.

Herodotus, who had seen it, calls it the largest pile of the kind that he ever saw. Rhæcus, a native of the island, was the architect. There is something singular in the columns that remain; but it seems to be only the Ionic order before it was arrived at its perfection.

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L E T T E R CXXXIII.

I Was interrupted in my last. I had then been at Patmos also; but I have not had opportunity to add the account I had taken minutes of from that island in my letter. They call it at this time Patino. 'Tis not the pleasanter of the islands, nor the worst. Its ports are fine ones, and its soil fertile, so that I wonder it is not more inhabited, and better cultivated. We had been but a little while here before we were advised to go and see the convent.

This convent, as they call it, stands on a very high and almost inaccessible rock. 'Tis a citadel, and has several irregular but strong towers. 'Tis at this time used as a monastery. They value the paintings of the chapels, and set at a high price a very sight of the remains of their saint and patron Christadulus. They have a tradition, that, at his instigation Alexis Cominus built the place. We indulged them in their fancies; 'tis the way to be easy among them: for my part, you will judge that I had as willingly have seen the bones of any carcass in the world as those of the great saint. As to the paintings, with-

without having seen Italy, one should hold them in little esteem. I don't know any thing so contemptible as the modern Greek painting.

Tho' Patmos is not the most desolate and abandoned of the islands : it has its disadvantages ; 'tis very bleak ; and though the valleys and low grounds are well covered with earth, the hills are in many places naked rock, and no where well coated. The groves that adorn the sides of the mountains in many parts of the Archipelago are wanting here. Indeed I don't know any where, except on the very barren places in this expedition, that I have seen fewer trees.

You will be surprised when I tell you, that, in an island of between twenty and thirty miles in circumference, there are hardly three hundred people : but this is literally the case in Patmos ; one sees more women than men among these. The church of St. John is a much better building than one would expect in such a place ; and indeed the houses on the island, what there are of them, are much better built than in many of the more peopled places.

You may be assured the history of St. John is in the mouth of every infant on this spot ; and you will not wonder that we were eager to see the Apocalypse, the house or hermitage in which they say the saint wrote the book of the Revelations. The hermitage is a poor place, 'tis situated on the side of a mountain, between the port de la Scala and the convent of St. John, to which it properly belongs. The way to it is narrow, and cut down into the rock. The chapel

is very small, Gothic in stile, and the archwork is very pretty. At a little distance there is a hollow or cavern in the live rock, with a pillar of the same stone in the middle of it: this they call the grotto of St. John, and fancy that he wrote the Apocalypse in this very spot. The rock is cracked above, and the people who shewed us the place very devoutly told us, that it was through this crack that the Holy Ghost dictated to him. They are as fond of miracles in the Greek as in the Latin church. We were told of a great many that had been performed by pieces of this rock, and presented me with some fragments of it. M——s will preserve them; they contain some petrified shells.

The island of St. Minos is one that has been as little frequented by travellers as any in the Archipelago; but that insatiable curiosity which has carried us to many a desert rock under the name of an island, would not let it be omitted. I am more glad to have seen it than the famous Patmos itself. What that offered under the name of curiosity, was nothing more than the veneration of enthusiasts. I have here met with what commands the attention not of the fancy, but the understanding. St. Minos is a little hillock rising out of the sea, and ridged in the middle; its two sides have the appearance of two different countries, the one fertile, the other desolate. That part of it which faces Patmos is covered four or five feet deep with rich vegetable mould, the other is naked. The two parts divide the island, and meet in the ridge at the middle. Those who have not examined the general structure of these places have supposed this composed half of earth, and half

half of stone; but the isles are all stone at the bottom. Some of them are covered with earth, and are fruitful: some are naked, and are barren. This is the half of it of one of those characters, and half of the other. The rock is marble, as in most of the islands of the Archipelago have it; but it is elegantly diversified with coralloide bodies immersed in it, as shells in other stones. The colour of the marble is dusky, brownish, and these are snow white: the variegation which they occasion has an appearance of clouds and spots, and is beautiful in the highest degree.

I write to you from Skyros; but I have less to say about it than about any of the islands where I have spent less time. If one can take pleasure in a place because of its having once been famous, Skyros demands all one's acknowledgments. The burying-place of Theseus, and the scene of some of the not inconsiderable adventures of the more famed Achilles, is a barren and an ugly place. There is only one village on it, and if you saw the best room of the best house in it (for such is that in which I am writing this letter) you would not give that the preference to the worst in some of the obscurest villages in England. 'Tis the most rough and mountainous place I have seen; the very town covers the sides of a high hill, whose shape is that of a sharp cone, and whose very sides in most places are too steep for the ascent.

You are not to imagine, however, that because a place is rocky it is barren; the cracks of the stones afford vegetables, not excepting large trees; and there are a thousand scrambling

plants, with beautiful flowers that trail and hang about them. St. George is the patron of the island, and they carry about a miracle-working image of him on a thin plate of silver fastened to a board. They tell the most ridiculous stories that I have ever heard of the enmity of this image to those who have defrauded the church of its dues. To what purpose can the churchmen better call in miracles than to the preservation of the craft? but they are in the wrong to expect strangers to believe them.

I did not know, when I sat down, that I should have extended my letter farther than this paragraph; but my friend and companion is just come in, and has brought with him a curiosity, which, as it is the product of this barren island, I cannot omit to describe to you. I have named to you the manner in which the silver is lodged in its flinty ore in some of the mines we have seen in our travels: the island where we now are affords copper, though the natives seem to know nothing of it; and my friend has discovered it lodged in the same manner as that precious metal. A thing extremely beautiful and singular to me, and, as he says, not before known or heard of by any of the searchers of the works of nature.

He had been spending an hour on the base of the rock to the north-west examining the plants and insects, when he discovered several stones of irregular figures, and of a deep, but very beautiful green colour, in a little rill made by the water pouring down a hollow part of the hill after hard rains. The piece which he brought in was of the bigness of one's fist; but oblong
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and uneven on the surface; its colour green all over; its weight not great: I should have taken it for a jasper; but he told me the colour was that of an ore, and only superficial. He had split it by a blow, and the parts were only laid together. It fell open in my hand, and, instead of a green pebble, as I had expected, I saw a brown flint. In the centre lay a lump of fine bright copper, of the bigness of a horse-bean, and from this there every way ran beautiful branches of the same metal. They were thickest near the base, and grew finer as they went towards the surface. They were all of the same pure and bright copper, and with the brown base of the general colour, afforded one of the most beautiful things I have seen. They were no where green, except on the surface.

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LETTER CXXXIV.

IT is very long, my dear ****, since I wrote to you; it will be much longer before I write again; for I shall see you in a week. I am no farther off than Holland, and did not think to have written hence; but there is no resisting the impulse, nor will you think me tedious.

M——s has been in the most ridiculous distress you can conceive. I dined yesterday with some English: they did not know where they were going in the afternoon, so that it was impossible I should leave word where I attended them. At my return, which was late, I found the fa-

mily in great confusion. I had been sent after throughout the whole town, and my poor friend the occasion of it. M——s was in custody before a magistrate, and about to be committed for a robbery. The people of the house had confirmed his assertion that he belonged to me, and it was a mark of no common respect that he was detained in the house of the burgomaster till I could be found.

I should have been more alarmed at the information, had not I guessed, tho' it was impossible to have guessed, what was exactly the case, yet something considerably like it. The perfect honesty of heart of the worthy creature convinced me it could be only a conspiracy or a mistake that had involved him; and as the latter was much more probable than the former, the case appeared far from deplorable.

I found him trembling in the hands of the officers of justice. He leaped with a strong emotion at the sight of me. I was enquiring the occasion of his distress of the person who had him in custody, and the eagerness of both to tell, was making it impossible for me to hear it from either, when the magistrate commissioned one of his upper servants to desire my company in the parlour, where the cause was now to be reheard.

It was not till some hours after I had the honour of being introduced to this gentleman, that I was acquainted with the motive to that particular respect with which I was treated. The Welch justice, I have heard you say, has his hen-coops, the Middlesex magistrate has the palm

palm of his clerk, and the Dutch man of office does not want his methods of receiving the gratuities of those whom he is 'about to favour ; for he does not, like his brother of London, trust to the generosity of his Client, when he can be of no more use to him. The magistrate was in his Chair of office, and while a servant was whispering me that he never sat up after ten, he was assuring me that it was barely one, and that I had not at all infringed upon his hours. On his right-hand sat the plaintiff in the cause, a meagre, mean, and miserable object, the figure of Shakespear's overwhelming-brow'd apothecary culling his simples. On the left was placed the defendant, between two officers, with a legion more behind. In front was a chair of honour placed for me. The forms were tedious ; but, after declaring my certain conviction of his having been guilty of no intended crime, I begg'd to be informed of the case. The plaintiff accused him of making his way fraudulently, and under false pretences, into his habitation, and privately stealing from him goods to the value of about fifteen pounds sterling. It is a custom to admit the positive oath of the sufferer, without enquiring into the particulars ; but, at my repeated intance, the thing was explained.

M——s had taken the occasion of my engagement abroad to enquire what natural curiosities there were in the town, and he had been informed that this gentleman had a fine garden, and the choicest collection of vegetable beauties any where to be met with. A British shilling had made his way into the garden, and the master of it, who always watched from a window the motions both of his servant and those
whom

whom he attended on these occasions, saw the visiter rake away the earth with his fingers from about the roots of some tulips, and actually take up three of them of the value of five pounds a piece, and put them into his pocket. The servant was produced who attended him in the garden, and being threatened with the penalties of an accomplice if he denied, and promised free pardon if he acknowledged the truth, he confirmed the deposition of his master in every particular.

Never was perhaps such a cause brought before a magistrate; till this time never was a cause so pleaded. It was the culprit's turn now to speak. We expected the most earnest affirmations of his innocence; but there was a point much more essential to him to be cleared: his character as a botanist was dearer to him than as an honest man; and, half choaked with rage, he set out with the most extravagant vehemence in this manner:

Me to steal tulip-roots! me to be fond of varieties! me, that have studied natural history from my cradle, to meddle with such miserable, such pitiful, such contemptible things! Gentlemen! Sir! Mr. Burgomaster! for heaven's sake, Sir, learn to distinguish between a botanist and a florist, and don't let my character suffer in this cruel manner. Sir, a botanist is, I will maintain it, the greatest of all human characters; he studies the works of God's hand, the most beautiful and the most useful of them all. He who knows how to refer the species to its genus, the genus to its class, the class to its order, the order to its series, and the varieties to their species,

cies, he is a botanist. He studies the distinctions and characters of the genera; he considers the use they may be to man; and, while he entertains himself, and gives glory to his creator in the study, finds out remedies for the diseases, and relief for the wants of his fellow-creatures. Where do you get bread, where wine, where any thing that is necessary or comfortable to human life, but from botany? Your food and your cloathing, your houses and your physick, all the necessaries and all the conveniences of life, are owing to plants. Botany is the study of plants, and botany is the study I follow. I wonder people of rank and wisdom should confound such a noble and useful study with the pitiful amusement of raising varieties, and fancying them to have the rank of species.

To this purpose spoke the eager, the almost inspired M——s his oration in praise of botany. *Hæc memini & victum frustra contendere Thyrsim.* He would have gone on till day-light; but the sober magistrate interrupted him with, Friend, friend, what is all this to the purpose? Did you steal three tulip-roots from this man's garden? three of the finest species of tulips that he had. This he swears: did you, or did you not? what have you to say for yourself?

My God! my God! exclaims M——s, what have I been saying all this while! Please it your Worship to hear me, I'll maintain it, I'll prove it, before all the botanists in Europe. Don't think, sir, that I call this paltry florist one; I'll maintain it that there is but one species of tulips in the world; there never was any more; there never will be any more: for nature created—— Hold, hold, friend, said the burgomaster, it is
not

not nature that creates, it is God that created all things.—Well, well, God created, rejoins M——s; God and nature is the same thing, is not it? No, cries out the zealous magistrate: take care what you say; take care of blasphemy; that is worse than theft, friend; take care. Well, let who will create them, continues our distressed friend, the species created are all preserved as they were; there has not been one lost, nor one added; there is not one more, nor one less than there was, though a thousand generations. You talk about God's creating, and nature's creating; why if God created but one, and this man pretends to have raised three, why he created two of them. Three, exclaims the florist, I have above fourscore that I raised myself this very season; no body ever saw one of them; there never was one of them in the world before. Now who blasphemes! now who blasphemes! cries out M——s; but I know who it is that has said in his heart there is no God. There is no great reason for one indeed, if a Dutch florist can supply his place.

I found we were now entering on disputes that would have lasted too long; the magistrate grew impatient, the plaintiff outrageous, and I desired M——s to come to the point. Well, sir, says he, I will; but to have one's reputation butchered in this barbarous manner; to have a botanist accused of concerning himself about varieties. But the point is this: the tulip is but one plant, but a species; there is not, nor ever was, any more than one species of it in the world. This, sir, is a native of Cappadocia; it grows wild there in the sands, as our daisies and butterflowers do in the meadows. Some curious
 botanist

botanist, his name is now lost, brought it first into Europe, in the year 1559, and since that time these variety-makers, these scandal to all natural history, these florists, whom I hold in more contempt than I do—but I cannot say what, nothing is mean enough, have sowed it, and planted it, and replanted, and transplanted it, till by starving and overfeeding, by hastening and delaying its flowering, and by one unnatural artifice or other, they have made the flower of various colours. This is all, and these they call so many species. My heaven! for me to be supposed to meddle with such things, what would the Sloans, and the Jussieu's, and the Rays, and the Gronovius's say to me, to hear of such a thing!

The whole court was all this while in one uninterrupted stare upon M——s and upon one another. I saw no end of the cause, and I saw the plaintiff more violent on the insult on his character and art, than on the loss of his roots. His servant assured me, for all my friend's learning, that he had really taken the roots, and had them now in his pocket, as would soon be proved. I saw the whole matter, and I begged to speak a few words with the prosecutor and with the magistrate in private. The room was cleared, and I told them, Gentlemen, this is an unfortunate Englishman, whose friends have desired me to take him with me over Europe, to try the effects of a change of air. He is, upon my honour, an honest, good-natured, worthy creature as ever lived upon the earth, and is very sober upon any other subject; but if you talk of natural history, or botany, or any thing of this kind, he is out of his senses. I don't doubt, sir, continued

tinued I, but he has taken the roots you speak of: I know the sight of such a garden as yours will at any time throw him into a fit. I beg you will let me pay you the price you are pleased to set upon them, and beg pardon in the best manner I am able for the trouble it has occasioned this gentleman in his office, and I'll take care he shall be better watched when I am abroad for the future.

The burgomaster had been all along suspicious of his senses, from the strange words he made use of in his discourse. The florist was convinced he must be mad, from his understanding his profession. The matter cost me about two-and-twenty pounds, and I took the sweating culprit home with me.

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L E T T E R CXXXV.

I Gave you, three days since, an account of M——s's distress, and the manner in which I brought him off: 'tis a secret to him how I executed it. I believe, if he was informed of the terms, he would throw himself into the hands of the law again, and suffer the punishment of the crime, rather than escape it at the expence of the character of his wits.

I thought I had done with the story; but there is something so singular in the real occasion of his exploit, that I think you will be pleased with the relation. I am charmed with
it;

it; but I don't expect so much rapture from you on such an occasion: you are not becoming a naturalist.

It was natural for me to ask my good friend how he had incurred such a censure, by what accident he had thrown his character in the way of such an accusation. I had determined as decently as I could, to have introduced this at breakfast; but he, who is of all men the eagrest on all occasions, prevented me in my intention; he was at my bed-side before I was up. You say you are fond of natural knowledge, says he; get up, and let me take you to this Dutchman's garden, and shew you the strangest incident I ever yet discovered. I started to hear him talk of entering the fatal ground again; but a thirst of knowledge absorbed all his other faculties. He had not regard enough even for his reputation, though attacked with an accusation of a robbery, to think of once justifying it to me, while the object of his researches engrossed his whole attention. I consented, on condition of his taking up no more tulip-roots; but he told me, Yes, we should, or else he should have a very mean opinion of my love for the study for the future. I sent to the florist, that we begged leave to see his garden again, and, if he pleased, should purchase some more roots; but I begged that himself would attend us. We were received with great civility; but the eyes of our host I found were very attentively fixed on the madman. As we went on he was for baring the roots of several tulips; but I begged the servant of the Dutchman might be employed to prevent mischief from his eager fingers. The master of the garden smiled at the way of judging of tulips by looking

looking at the roots; and, when M——s asked the price of several, shook his head, and said, Poor gentleman! they are not worth sixpence a piece; they are the worst flowers in the garden. I thought his head was turned indeed! Among the number M——s pointed to a choice one, and, on its being bared, asked the price as before. Ten guineas, replied the Dutchman eagerly; but, on looking nearer, he shook his head, and said, Sir, you was so generous yesterday I won't deceive you. It is the best flower I have; but I see the worm has been at it, and it is not worth a farthing. Take it up, said he to the servant, and give it the gentleman. It is worth nothing, I won't have a farthing for it. Worm-eaten! replied M——s eagerly, why so are all these I have pitched upon, or else I would not give a farthing for them. Worm-eaten! so are all the three I took up yesterday, or else I had never meddled with them. Look you here, said he, turning them out of his pocket, convince your own eyes; why this is the very reason why I bought them. The Dutchman was now convinced the man was mad indeed. He honestly told me they would never come to any thing afterwards; and added, that he would give half his fortune to be able to preserve them from this mischievous accident.

As we continued our observations and our walk, M——s stopt me, Now! now! now! observe that creature. That creature! replies the Dutchman, looking on the spot of ground to which my companion pointed, why that creature's an humble-bee, is it not? No, rejoins M——s surely. It was not you that I spoke to; but since you will have your part in the conversation,

sation, pray do you know what a humble-bee is? How many wings has a humble-bee? Indeed I don't know that, sir, replied the Dutchman. No, I did not suppose you did, says M——s; but bid your man catch one and see.

The insect to which M——s had pointed was all this while flying round and round the root of one of the tulips, with a humming noise. The servant returned from a flower-bed, about which there was a number of those bees, with one of them in his hand, and with many murmurings against the person who had occasioned his being sent to catch it; as he had been stung in a very painful manner by it. The Dutchman was afraid to touch it; but M——s seeing the sting lodged in the wound on the servant's hand, assured him bees had but one a piece, and taking it up by a leg, desired the master of the garden to make himself wiser than he used to be, and find how many wings a humble-bee, that he thought he was so well acquainted with, had. The Dutchman put on his spectacles, and counted four. It appeared to us all that the creature which we now suffered to fly away again, and that which was still buzzing about the tulip-root were the same species, only M——s misfented. He kept us still in attention to that, and promised we should soon see it bury itself under-ground. The prediction was a strange one; I stared, the Dutchman laughed at it; but it was verified. The creature at length settled at the base of the stalk, and went to work with its fore-feet, pulling away little morsels of the mould, and burrowing still deeper and deeper, till it was perfectly out of sight.

It remained under-ground about five minutes, and our attentions were kept up during that time by the assurances of M——s that it would come up again, and that he would explain to us what it went under-ground about. The whole process was very strange; but it ended, as he had said. He watched the first appearance of it again, and as it came up, took hold of it, by means of a pair of forceps, which he always carried about him for such purposes. From these he very deliberately took it between his fingers, all of us exclaiming about his being stung: he laughed, and bad the Dutchman count the wings of this creature. He could make out but two: instead of submitting to M——s's triumph, he very sedately observed, that some humble-bees he supposed might have four wings, and some but two. Yes, replied the insulting victor, and some may have stings, and some none. This is a humble-bee with two wings, and ne'er a sting; what would you say to a man that told you of a tulip that had two flowers upon a stalk and ne'er a root, one would be as wise a speech as the other.

After this, turning about to me, This is a fly, said he, of the dipterygious kind; and resembles the humble-bee so perfectly, that a common eye does not distinguish it. The size, the colouring, the shape, the note as it flies, all are exactly the same; but it is as different in reality as an eagle from a robin-red-breast. It is to this, continued he, that the destruction of these roots is owing. This creature's egg produces a worm, which, after it has lain about a month in that state, enters into a period of rest in the crysalis state,

state, as the silk-worms, and other caterpillars do, and from thence assumes the perfect winged form, and flies about in the manner of its parent. Nature has allotted the root of the tulip as the food of this worm; and instinct, which is the language of nature, has dictated this order to the parent. What can be so amazing, continued he, to the enquiring eye, as to see, among the multitudes of the caterpillar kind, the species of which are not so few as a thousand, that every one is hatched upon the peculiar shrub or plant which is its food.

Each of these insects has its allotted, its appropriated leaf, which, and which only, it can feed upon. Nature has determined its taste, perhaps its very organs, as well as its appetites, to this only. It has no power to find this necessary vegetable, unless it be thrown into its way, and therefore constantly is so. The caterpillar of the willow would starve upon the lime-tree; the caterpillar of the jessamine would find no food upon the elm; nor will that which eats the cabbage touch the sun-flower. It is not that the juice of one of these plants is in itself more pleasant or more nutritive than that of the others, that causes the distinction: the bitterest vegetables are the favourite food of some peculiar species; nor can the strongest nor the severest armature defend them. The thistles and the thorn-bushes are as thick beset with their inhabitants as the lily or the lilac; and the reptile that would starve upon the lettuce, is an epicure upon the nettle.

Strange as the variety of tastes and as the appropriation of peculiar food may seem to us

when we regard this lower part of the creation, the means of their enjoying each its appointed kind are still more strange. Every caterpillar is the offspring of the egg of some species of butterfly. The butterfly does not feed on leaves of any kind; how then is it to know what shrub, what tree, what plant will be the proper food for the offspring about to arise from its eggs? ignorant as it is of this, the superintendant hand directs it, and always right. The creature flies without hesitation to the peculiar vegetable that will be the proper food of its progeny, and on that, and on no other, it deposits its eggs. 'Tis hence that the naturalist knows on what plant to seek the reptile that will afterwards be this or that singular kind of fly, and he is never mistaken. The young brood find that food which it would have been impossible for them to have gone in search of, before, and all about them; and they devour of it till the time of their resting to undergo that change which gives them the form of their parent: and under which, they, like that parent, actuated they know not how or why, take the same steps in favour of an offspring they know not, nor are to know, any thing of, and perish after they have laid the foundation of a succeeding series.

As in all these nature has pointed out the road to food for the succeeding young, she has taken the same care for those of this little fly; but she has set the creature a harder task in the procuring it. A root at some distance under the surface of the ground is the only food for the young to be produced from its eggs. Nature, which has appointed this, has informed, by her supreme law, the creature of the necessity

fly of lodging the source of her progeny in the proper place. She makes her way into the earth, she wounds the root, and in that wound she deposits a single egg. This done, she makes her way up into the air again, to repeat it on another. And in this manner will one fly wound a great number of the roots. The egg lodged in the puncture, hatches at its appointed time; the worm which is produced from it erodes the root to the very centre; it preys on its juices, and even on the membranes and most solid parts, till it finds the period of rest approach: it then eats its way out of the root at some part nearer its top, and lies on the surface of the ground in a still, inactive, and seemingly dead state, covered by a kind of shell formed of its own dried skin; till, at the appointed period, this shell bursts open, and the fly appears in all respects like to its parent.

The Dutchman stared with a strange amazement on the speaker, and whispered me that he talked seemingly very sensibly, for all it was such a mad chimera that he was speaking about. We pursued the discovery; and on taking up several of the punctured roots in different states and conditions, he shewed us some in which the puncture had but just been made; others in which the worm was hatched, and had eaten its way to the inner part of the root; others in which there was a second hole, at which it, had escaped out. All this was regular in every circumstance, the puncture made by the fly for the lodgment of the egg was always at the base of the root; so that the task allotted by nature to the parent insect was harder than we had at first imagined, since she was not only to make her

way to the root itself, but to the very bottom of it. When this puncture was small, the root was always found; when it was become a large hole, the root was always eaten and decaying: when there was no other aperture in any part of the surface, the worm was always found within; when there was another, none was ever found. All this M——s predicted, and the cutting of the roots always confirmed it. Whenever he told us the worm was gone, on the appearance of a second hole, we found a dry shell somewhere near the place; and this was either intire, with the rudiments of the fly in it, or empty from its escape.

There was no denying, there was no doubting any circumstance of the surprizing scene he had been laying down before us. The Dutchman gaped upon him: and he concluded with saying to him, Though you don't deserve it, I'll shew you what a naturalist is good for: bid your man kill all these humble-bees as you call them, as he sees them about your beds, and you'll have no more roots worm-eaten. I was in rapture with the discernment, and with the candor of my friend; we parted, and the Dutchman told me, he would never dispute the wisdom of a madman again as long as he lived.

* * *

L E T.

L E T T E R CXXXVI.

ARE you as fond as I am of the amusing, the instructive studies that take up all our friend's attention, and that command no small share of mine? I know you are not; but you have some taste for them. Don't let me tire you; let me give you more.

Though we had done with the Dutchman, we had not done with the subject, which his garden had afforded us. M——s was for retiring to his room with his roots, and his flies, and his worms; for he had got together a considerable quantity of each. I was highly delighted with the course of the discovery, and I begged him to let me accompany him to the end of his observations. Nothing gives the thorough man of science so great a pleasure as the leading others into it; nothing charms him like their earnestness in the pursuit. He placed his boxes on the table with great rapture, and began to take out their contents.

'Tis always his custom to begin from the earliest period of his subject, and trace it to the maturity. He selected from his whole cargo a root that seemed hardly touched; to me it would have appeared a perfect one. He took out for the comparison one of those which were most eaten. He shewed me the hole at which the worm had made its way into that; and now, says he, mark its situation, and let us examine this in the same place, and we shall soon find whether I am right in supposing it to be touched,

I examined it all round ; I searched carefully in the place parallel to that where the hole was in the other, and I found a little spot in this. A naturalist is nothing without his magnifying-glass ; he assisted my sight with one of these, and I soon discovered that what appeared a speck, was a little hole, round, shallow, and furnished with a white oblong protuberance in the middle. The hole you see, continued M——s, is that made by the creature for the reception of its egg ; that white body is the egg ; firm as it appears, I will soon remove it. He cut the end of a tooth-pick finer than ordinary, and with it soon dislodged the egg intire. We did not now wonder that it had adhered so firmly, the reason was obvious. It was furnished with two sharp points at the farther end, and those had been stuck into the body of the root by the creature's force in laying it,

The egg had nothing singular beside this ; it appeared soft and glossy on the surface, and was perfectly white as marble. From this we proceeded to examine another root, in which the hole at the base was a little larger. Here we saw the shell of the egg empty ; but still adhering by the two points that had first fixed it down, A little way up in the aperture we saw the creature that had been excluded from it. This was yet very small ; but it was eating its way into the body of the root with great rapidity.

It was idle to think of examining this infant devourer. M——s next cut open a root in which the hole was large, but in which there was no second aperture : in the very centre of this we saw the destroying worm very safely lodged, at its
full

growth, and enjoying its existence with a profusion of food about it.

This was in a condition to be examined, and he took it out. It is half an inch in length, and considerably thick in proportion. The body is annulated, or composed in the manner of that of a worm, or caterpillar, of a number of rings, and is of a bright flesh-colour. The rings not very broad, they are elevated in the middle. The two ends are small in proportion to the thickness in the middle, and both are equally so; whence it is not easy to say, till the creature is in motion, which is the head, and which the tail. This is however soon discovered when it moves: the head, which, in a state of rest, is retracted within the body, is then thrust out, and shews itself of a very surprising nature. On each side appears a round black lucid spot, small but prominent, and having all the appearance of an eye. At the extremity of it is the mouth which is small and round, and this, in the same manner as the whole head is, capable of being drawn in, or thrust out, at the creature's pleasure. Near the verge of this stand two brown and solid hooks; they are of a very firm substance, and very sharp at the points. Each of these is fixed at its base to a small fleshy protuberance, arising from the side of the head a little above the verge of the mouth. Above these, but in the same direction, there stand also a pair of short bodies, resembling in structure the horns of snails, but they are not like them in form; they are rounded and thick, and each of them is divided into two parts, or forked at the end. This is the structure of the head of so inconsiderable a creature as a worm, doomed to

pass its whole life, except the last day, or part of the last day of it, buried in the centre of a root at a depth under-ground. The use of the eyes, if they are such, can be but very little: that of the horns is not easy to be ascertained; but most probably they serve for feeling about the sides of the hollow in the root, to determine where there is most juice, or what part of the root is most eligible for the present food. As to the sharp hooks, their business is much more obvious: they serve, in the creature's motions, to draw it along; for the method is to lay hold of any thing with them, and then draw forward the whole body. In feeding also they serve a very necessary purpose; they tear and mangle the pieces of the root, that the mouth, which is of a very simple structure, a mere round aperture, and that very small, may be able to swallow them, or to suck out the juice. On the back, just behind the hinder part of the head, there is a little transverse oval plate, and in it are two round holes. At the hinder extremity of the body also, just above the tail, there is, on the upper part of the back, such another plate, and in it are exactly two such holes. The uses of these are of a very extraordinary kind, and unlike to all that we see among the larger animals; they serve for breathing. We are to recollect that this animal is but as it were a case or shell, including the tender parts of another, which are to grow and harden within it. The uses of the weaker part of the structure are only to move and eat; and, that the last may be done in an uninterrupted manner, the office of breathing is allotted to detached organs, placed at a distance from those of eating, and the creature incessantly draws in and discharges air at these
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four openings, while the mouth is employed in feeding, or while not so, with no difference on that score.

The swallowing of the food with many creatures is a great obstruction to the act of breathing for the time; with some it is incompatible with it, and if done by the same or by adjacent organs, is altered in the time and manner, or it would be impracticable. With us, who have opportunities of cutting our food to pieces, or with savages, who have claws that tear it, 'tis swallowed in morsels not so large as to prevent the breath making its way at the same time by another passage along the same throat, or it is swallowed quickly, and at intervals which allow breathing between. In the serpent kind, on the contrary, where the food is often large, and must be swallowed entire, it is otherwise. The snake breathes, as we do, by means of lungs, and there is no communication with those lungs but by means of the mouth and along the throat. A mouse, a larger animal, often becomes the food of this reptile, an animal frequently whose body is much thicker than its own. The creature having no assistance of legs is obliged to swallow this whole; to this purpose it wets the body all over with its own spawl or saliva, and taking in the head first, sucks down the whole by degrees. The getting such a prey down the throat is often the work of several hours, in all which time the neck is distended to much more than its usual size, and its whole cavity is filled up with the prey. Must not this, it will be asked, be strangely painful? Much otherwise. To us it would be so; but to this creature it is on the contrary beyond all doubt a pleasure, and

a very exquisite one. The taste of the food must be enjoyed many minutes, a very long time in the same perfection in which that of a morsel of the most delicate viand is while in our mouths, and this attended with no ill symptom. What would make it painful, what would make it indeed fatal to us, would be the impossibility of breathing during the time in which the throat was so distended. The snake does not breathe any more than we could during this time; but nature providing for the necessary incidents of its life, has allotted it not to breathe momentarily, as we do, but at long intervals; so that when a quantity of air is taken in, the blood will circulate in its slow way in those creatures, and all the purposes of life be answered without any fresh taking in of breath during the whole time of its swallowing the prey.

Nature generally answers more than one purpose by the same end in the oeconomy of the animal world, and it is so in this. The distance of time between the respirations serves not only for the necessary swallowing food that cannot be torn to pieces; but it makes the water an element suited in some degree to them, as well as the air. The amphibious creatures can, by this contrivance of nature for their breathing, take to rivers and ponds for their security, or in search of prey, and there remain a long time under water without suffocation or danger. Nor are these the only purposes answered by the contrivance.

With the worm before us, the services it is of are many more. There is to be a time in which this now animated covering, this case to the inclosed insect, which now moves and eats,
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is to become a dry shell, closed on all parts, and serving to no other purpose than the defending the tender included creature from injuries, while its limbs harden and grow fit for the injuries of the air and accidents. This is a period of some continuance, and in all this time, lifeless as the whole may seem, the included animal may breathe. This is performed by these organs, though it could not easily be done by a mouth.

M——s, when he had traced the worm from the egg of its parent, thus far continued his enquiries to the state of rest just mentioned. As it does not pass this within the root, it was vain to enquire for it there. He picked out a root, which had, beside the original aperture near the bottom, another toward its top; he opened that also, to shew the truth of his assertion, that there was no inhabitant in any of them after the second hole appeared. The creature now, said he, has eaten its way out: it crawls a few hours when at liberty on the surface of the earth, and after that it becomes shorter. The head and the tail are drawn in, and the two ends of the body are obtuse and rounded, and as thick as the middle. It now lies perfectly still; the skin changes its colour into a deep chestnut brown; and by degrees becomes dry and hard like wood. This state is brought on in about thirty hours, and when compleated, the creature is in what is called the nymph, or crysalis state. It has no power of motion; it appears to all intents and purposes dead; and it would be eaten up by a thousand of the little devourers of the insect kind, were it not that the hardened skin is a defence, a shell impenetrable to their feeble teeth.

M——s

M——s produced several of these crystalises, which he had picked up near the injured roots, and promised me that I should see perfect flies produced from them in due time, in all respects like the parent insect that had wounded the root. These were shorter and somewhat thicker than the worm from which they had been formed, and indeed had very little resemblance of it in any thing. The annular wrinkles on the body were much deeper, and more obvious, and the whole skin of a higher polish, as well as different colour.

The animal is living all the time under this form, and is indeed growing under its defence to its full maturity. It is necessary that it breathe in this state, therefore, as well as in any other. Two of its openings for that purpose may however serve it in this state of rest, and consequently, though the mouth is obliterated, as there is no farther occasion for eating, the two apertures on the fore part, which served for respiration, and continued open. Not only this, but they rise in form of tubes, and make a pair of short eminences resembling horns on the upper part of the hard shell.

My instructor in the curious oeconomy of this insect's life and variations of appearance opened with a sharp pair of scissars one of the newest-formed shells. He had told me not to be surprised, or to think him mistaken on any thing I should see there. He had reason for the caution: but he seems in all nature's secrets, and has watched her so long, that nothing is new to him among her works. All that appeared
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within this shell, from which I was to expect a perfect fly, was a little quantity of white liquor, resembling a thick cream. He called in the power of his magnifying-glass, and made me assure myself farther, by means of that, that there was yet in this no visible appearance of more than the simple fluid. From this observation, full of the certainty, of his presage, he began to expatiate on the progress of the insect tribe which have wings, from the egg to that perfect form ; to explode the errors of the vulgar, and to set me right in the history of this little world : but I have tired you ; I have tired myself too ; Nay, there is a better reason why I should stop ; M—s must be at my elbow, to see I make no mistakes in transmitting to you his harangue on this important subject. You will by and by find out that I am interested in all this pains I take to entertain you : while I am recounting to your imagination the produce of my observations, and of his instructions, I am implanting them in my own memory. My assiduous friend is at this time in his room ; I shall desist till we meet ; and you shall have the period of this important incident of the tulip-root in my next.

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L E T T E R CXXXVII.

YOU have heard, says my dogmatical instructor, of the metamorphoses of insects : the term is very pompous and sounding ; but, like other pompous words, it means nothing ; or, what is much worse, it conveys an error.

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You have been told that the caterpillar, after passing its appointed period in that state, changes to a butterfly ; and that the cossi, the filthy delicacies of the old Roman epicures, those white worms picked out of rotten wood, after a due time, are in the same manner transformed into beetles ; but the words misrepresent the process.

It would be strange indeed if nature should create one animal, in order to change it into another ; the expence to providence could not be less than that of creating two ; nor is it explicable in what manner this amazing operation should be performed, any more than to what purpose it should be ordained. Has the insect a power given to it of altering at pleasure its whole frame, and, from a reptile, making itself a winged creature ? How is it to do this, by what means, by the assistance of what organs, or if that, as must appear to any distinguishing judgment, be impossible, where has the power been lodged ? Does any other creature assist in bringing it about ? No. Is the air empowered to do it ? Idle and ridiculous the supposition.

Truth often is not obvious ; but it is not beyond the power of scrutiny. The eyes are not at one moment able to comprehend what is the work of many days ; nor to see at one view the appearances which are brought about slowly : but assiduity and patience will lead to the clearing up of the one ; and we are not without assistances from art that will explain the other. There is no change, no metamorphosis of the animal in any part of this amazing operation. The whole is no more than a gradual and slow disclosure of
parts

parts of infinite delicacy, and fineness. The caterpillar is not transformed into the butterfly, the cossus into the beetle, nor this worm into the bee-fly, which you will see produced from it. The several animals which are often to appear, exist under the first forms; the butterfly is alive in the caterpillar, the beetle in the cossus, the bee-fly in the worm, and all that is to be done in either is the unfolding of the inner parts, and throwing off the outer incumbrance necessary for the defence of those while tender, but to be laid by when they are in a capacity to bear the air, and to exert their functions.

Who is able to trace, even among the larger animals, the first rudiments of the chicken from the speck of life in the egg? Imagination has had more share than sight in the discoveries of those who have pretended to it. The assistance of powerful glasses might also lead us to the stamina of these lesser animals in their egg; and if imagination would lend her equal aid, we might pursue, or imagine we pursued them through the same round of being in the several states; but reason will do more. The whole is this :

'Tis universal to the insects of the winged kind that they are not produced in their perfect state from the eggs of their parents. 'Tis universal among the insects which have not wings that they are produced perfect from the egg. The spider is a spider, the louse is a louse, and whatever lying experimenters may have asserted about hairy worms in the process, the flea is hatched a flea; on the contrary, the butterfly is hatched a

caterpillar, a short-lived creature, with many fleshy legs; the beetle is hatched a coïssus, a maggot with six long and hard legs; the fly a worm, with spinules in the place, or else with nothing in the place of legs. The egg contains the rudiments of every part of the future fly, perfectly the same in form as in the parent. The difference is, that as in the others the comparatively coarser and harder parts are naked under the covering shell, in these the more tender and delicate parts, the wings, the reticulated eyes, and the antennæ (for none of these appear in the reptile state) are covered within the egg by a skin, which skin has a mouth communicating with the stomach of the included insect, and has legs, though not the same with those of the included form, yet so far communicating with them, as to have fibres of their muscles continued to them, and serving to carry the creature to that food which is necessary for the support of what is kept within.

In this state is the future fly hatched from the egg laid by its parent. All the parts of an animal like that parent exist in the young foetus; but, too delicate for exposure, they are inclosed in a kind of rind, under which they shew nothing of their own form. The creature within encreases in bulk, and the outer case increases with it; the parts enlarge, but they do not harden. If the caterpillar be cut open when full grown, a curious eye, well assisted by glasses, will discover all the parts of the future production, into which ignorance and error suppose it is transformed. When the parts are thus arrived at their due size and proportion, all that remains is

is their acquiring a proper hardness. This cannot be done while the creature is in motion; they must be broken in the several convolutions of the strait case in which they are included, or they must, by their rigidity and firmness, render that motion impossible. A state of rest, therefore is necessary for the parts to acquire their hardness, after they have attained their full proportion. Food and nourishment were necessary to their acquiring that proportion; but they are not requisite to the hardening of them. A state of absolute tranquility then is necessary, in which there is no occasion for food. This state is given in the nymph or chrysalis form. You see, in this dry shell, a body immoveable by any impulse of its own: incapable of feeding; for the very organs by which that ought to be performed, are obliterated. Here then is the situation under which the mature wings, and eyes, and every other part, may at their own time acquire that hardness which is necessary to their standing the impulses of the air, and under which the protea is hid from all eyes. The creature, shapeless as it appears in that fluid which you have seen in the shell I have opened before you, lives; it breathes by the organs I have pointed out to you; and as it acquires more solidity of parts, acquires a stronger and more vigorous life and force. It begins to move and turn the case about after a certain time, and at length its efforts burst the shell, and it escapes.

Nature, provident of this, as well as every other circumstance in the oeconomy, has not only given the principle of life, and provided for its increase and growing strength; but has formed the shell for resisting its impulses just so long as they

they are those of a creature not yet able to bear the air; but as soon as ever they are so violent as to bespeak that period approached, the shell, formed of what was once the skin of the worm, is no longer able to resist them, but breaks, and lets out the prisoner, no longer under a necessity of being kept such.

At this pause of the harangue he took up one of the whole shells, and turning it round, made me observe a kind of covering as it seemed of some aperture, different from, though continuous with, the rest; and, after he had traced out its course and figure, he proceeded: Nature has not only contrived for the bursting of the shell at its appointed time; but she has contrived that this shall be done in an appropriated manner. There is a part of the shell left weaker than the rest, and against that part are the very strongest efforts of the creature placed. A strength and hardness were required to defend the covering shell from the erosions of insects which were too great for the strength of the inclosed animal to overcome. Nature has given the defence, and she has obviated the ill consequences. The power the creature is to have of bursting its prison-house is by means of breathing. The organs of this respiration I have shewn you; these two horns on the shell communicate with the cavity of the breast; they admit air in what quantities the creature has power to draw it in, or to receive it. The consequence of a larger quantity of air being taken in, must be a swelling of the thorax; this swelling within the bounds of the close case, too powerful for the strength of that enclosure, is the means nature has given for the breaking it; and

and, just over the back of the thorax, the part which is to be defended, is placed this lid, this covering of an opening. Its joinings to the rest of the shell form the weakest part of the whole fabricature; and as the greatest force is employed against them, the creature is no sooner in a condition to appear in the open air, but that force is too much for the resistance, and the cover is lifted up, and thrown off; and there is an opening, out at which the new-born insect comes. It stands on the remains of the shell till the sun and air have expanded and dried its wings, and then it leaves them for ever, and flies in search of its mate, to lay the foundation of a new progeny.

This, concluded this explainer of the works and of the processes of nature, is the real explanation of that imagined miracle, which has been so pompously obtruded upon the world under the name of the metamorphosis of insects; but you will see it plainer by much than I have described it. The creature, continued he, to which that rascal Dutchman has owed the destruction of his tulips, and to which you have owed the ample amends of this disquisition, is at her work for many months together; and in consequence, as in the warmer climates we see, at the same time, and on the same tree, buds, blossoms, and fruit, in all stages of growth, from the first knitting to the full maturity; so, in these shells, if we examine them as we ought, I shall be able to trace to you the progress of the creature from its first entrance into this state of rest, in which it is, as you have seen in that already opened, a shapeless mass of fluid, to the ripeness of the firm fly, ready to claim the wide air for its region.

Dinner interrupted my warm friend from putting his plan in execution at that time. The hour of rest reminds me that it is no time to relate the consequences of it now. You have his harangue: you will be pleased with it, I know, as much as I was. Another opportunity shall give you the result of our succeeding operations, and close this long dissertation on this little subject.

L E T T E R. CXXXVIII.

I Shall tire you with my maggot story; but you have proved your patience in the preceding parts of the relation; you shall not faint under the conclusion.

'Tis strange what habit will do in the forming men for enquiries into the mysteries of nature. M——s spread out upon a sheet of large white paper a profusion of the cases of the fly in their different stages of maturity. He had purchased from the gardener of his prosecutor all that could be picked up of them about the roots of the flowers. The Dutchman had employed the fellow to gather them all up for destruction, and had devoted them together to the flames, a sacrifice to the manes of his destroyed flowers. But Dutchmen will make every thing an article of commerce. He sold, at no small price, what he had devoted to destruction, and we were willing to pay it.

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The accuracy of observation, which is acquired from habit, shewed itself very evidently in my instructor on this occasion. To me the cases all appeared alike; but, to him, the differences of those of the several stages were obvious. He made a parcel of little boxes of paper, and he began to pick and sort his treasure, putting together those he liked into particular boxes. When he had done, he laughed at my blindness in supposing them all alike. There were evident differences in colour between those of every assortment; but, between those of the two extremes, it was black and white,

You see, said he, the difference of things, which you fancied all alike. The state of rest in this creature continues many days, and in all that time the case or covering shell, which is at first but of a chestnut brown, grows daily darker and darker, till it is nearly black. He pointed out all the gradations in his several assortments, and from them marked the days of their having continued, and the consequent approaches to maturity. He began by opening those of one day old: in these we saw nothing but the shapeless fluid. The next operation was performed on those of two days duration: in these we could discover a few streaks like traces of a pencil; but they were irregular, and we could determine nothing. In those of the third day we could trace the same lines, marking out, in a vague manner, the figure of the head, breast, and body of the fly. When we cut open those of four days old, we could see all things more distinct. The contour of the several parts was more determinately marked out; but still there

appeared no trace, no sign of legs or wings, or of any of the other lesser parts. Those of the fifth, the sixth, and seventh day shewed us the lines still plainer, and the liquid less and less in quantity. In an eighth day case we saw all tolerably hardened : and in one, which we judged to be of a ninth day's standing, we discovered motion. All yet had been perfect stillness and repose ; and the embryos which we had exposed before their time to the air, seemed rather the swaddled lines of an *Ægyptian* mummy, than the parts of a creature about to enter into life. I had very fairly traced the production from the minutest visible appearance up to this period ; but there seemed to remain a great deal yet to be done between this most perfect that I had seen and the real entrance into life. So it seemed to me ; but, to my instructor in these observations, otherwise. He told me the next stage would be that of the creature ready to open its way to the regions of the air ; nor did his promises deceive me. He selected, from the parcel of the most mature, one that looked of a deeper brown than the rest, and had all the signs of being ready for bursting. He opened it as the others ; we discovered in it the creature formed exactly as in the last, only of a more dry and firm appearance, and of a stronger colour, and without any the least remains of the fluid about it. Still there was no appearance of wings, legs, or head ; all was a shapeless lump, resembling the general form of the breast and body of the creature from whose egg it had been produced, but nothing more. While he was explaining this to me he started with an extravagant surprise, and told me he discovered motion in one of the other of the same parcel : he selected out the creature ;
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he laid it, lifeless as it appeared, on a paper, and placing ourselves at a table on which he laid it in a good light, we sat down to watch its motions.

The motion which he had observed he soon made me perceive. It was a swelling and heaving up of that part of the case where was the lid or cover he had long before pointed out to me. All that he had told me of this was verified in the most accurate manner. Now the cover became loose at one edge, it was then loosened the whole way: it was lifted off, and the end of the trunk or breast of the fly appeared.

The distentions of this part which had thrown off the cover continued: the shell cracked down the middle of the back, and more and more of the lower part of the animal appeared. It was strange, that in all this time there was no sign of a head; but the upper extremity of the thorax seemed mutilated, and looked as if the head had been cut off from it. We soon discovered a leg on the fore part, this was drawn out of the shell, and, in a minute after, another on the opposite side; these served now to assist in getting the creature its liberty. Soon after another pair appeared, the hinder ones, seeming to assist in pushing from the hinder part; for they were not disengaged till the whole body was thrust very forward. These, then, one after another, were drawn out, and soon after the whole body was at liberty.

The disposition of a child in the uterus has been supposed very wonderful; but the arrangement of its parts bears no comparison with that
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of those of this insect in its case, in contrivance for room. The creature walked, slowly, and feebly indeed; but it walked: but still there appeared no head, nor any wings. I would have thought it an imperfect birth; but M——s bantered my inexperience. The sun shone upon it, and more and more life was every moment disclosed in it. At length, as the thorax continued its distensions and contractions by the same violent respiration that had burst its way out, a pair of short antennæ, then the top of a hairy forehead to which they were affixed, appeared on its top. Soon after this, a pair of vast reticulated eyes disclosed themselves, and then a forehead, and, in fine, a whole head. It would have appeared to me that the head grew from the breast, after the creature was out of its case; but M——s explained it better. The head had been confined within the cavities of the breast all the time of its being in the shell, and had been now thrust out by these inflations by the breathing, in the same manner that the whole thorax had been dislodged from the shell.

The wings were now the only parts wanting to make the animal perfect. It walked about, it enjoyed the air and sun; but there seemed no prospect of its ever flying. My instructor explained this to me as he had done the rest, by pointing out to me the proper scene of observation. The wings, said he, are the most tender and delicate part of the whole frame, they are the last disclosed; but, like all the other parts, they exist in their proper places. You observe, said he, pointing to them with a pin, two little protuberances near the top of the thorax; continue your eye upon them, for it is now their turn

turn to be observed, and you will soon find that the wings are not wanting.

As we looked on them I saw a fine film begin to dart itself out from the hinder edge of one of them. Till this time they had been mere shapeless lumps, of the bigness of the head of a small pin; but this production from them gave me new expectations: it increased. Such another film appeared making its way from the other protuberance, and by degrees the wings extended to their full bigness. If the head had appeared to grow from the top of the thorax, these much more seemed to grow from the sides of those little lumps as we looked on them; but, in effect these were no more an instantaneous production than the other; the rude lumps had been formed of these wings only. They had been folded up into that compass in a most surprising manner, and it was no other than their gradual explication that had the appearance of their growth.

The creature had no sooner felt its wings in their due extent and proportion, than it began to vibrate and to use them. After a few idle motions, such as those of the cock, when he elaps his wings without rising from the ground, it forsook the shell in which it had been so long interred, and mounted into the air. M—— is of all men the most milky in his disposition; it grieved him to kill an animal that we had been so long entertained with: to take away that life, whose progressions we had watched with such attention: but it remained to compare this new-produced fly with that which had laid the egg, and his tenderness gave way to his earnest desire
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of convincing me of the truth of all he had asserted. The fly naturally applied itself to the window, and, while it was in vain endeavouring to make its way out, he killed it.

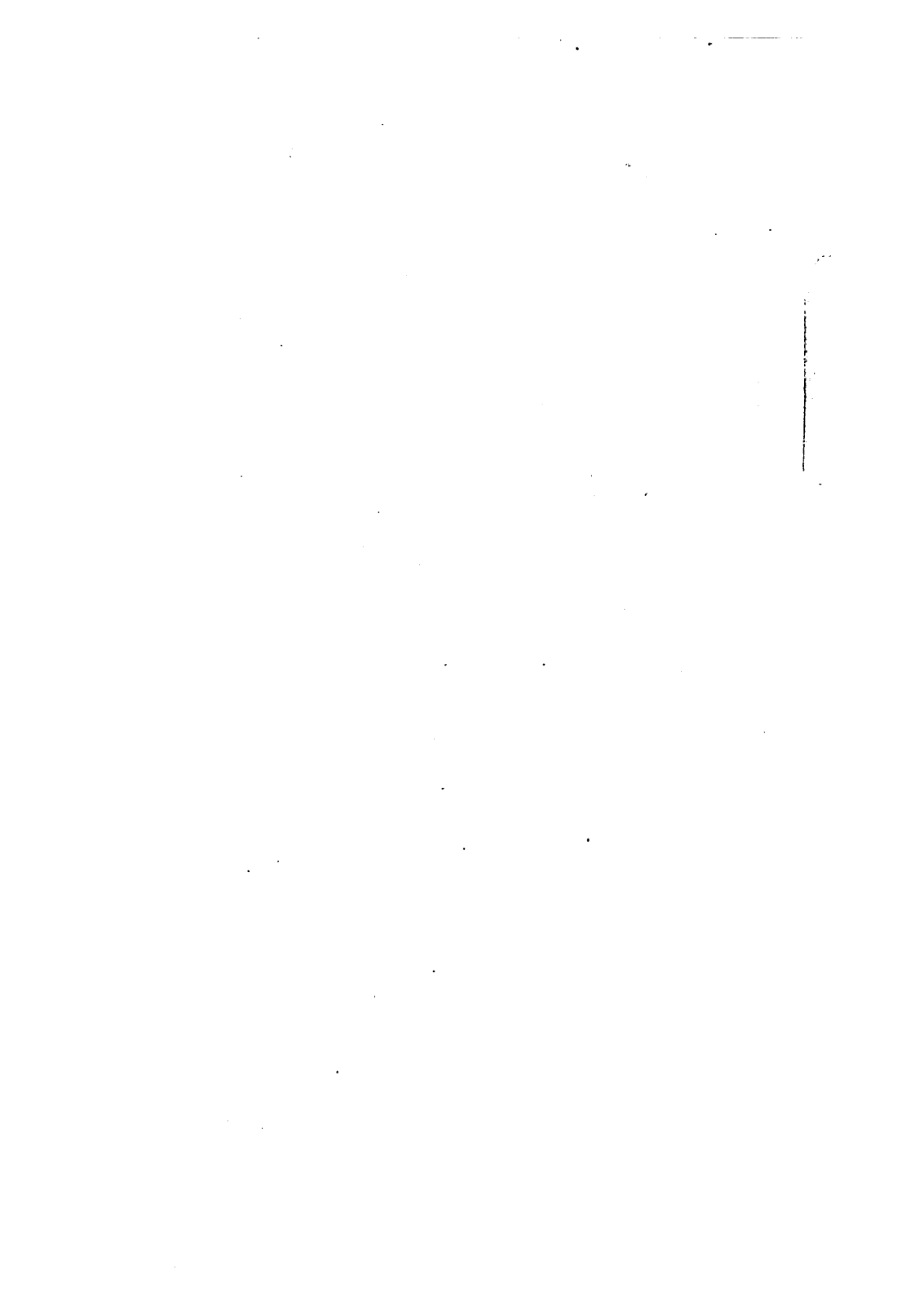
He had preserved with great care the fly which had been taken rising out of the earth from the root, which it had been wounding. He opened the box in which he had kept this, and throwing both of them together on the table, asked me whether I could say which of the two was the old, and which the new-born one. Were it not for the brightness of the colouring in the just-produced fly, it could never be known from the oldest of its kind. All the winged creatures are born from the chrysalis in their full size and perfection. They have passed their infancy in another state, and are ready, as soon as they appear, for the propagation of their species. They are in the way of accidents from this time, and lose much of their beauty; so that to have them entire, they should be seized, as we did this, just at the time of their exclusion.

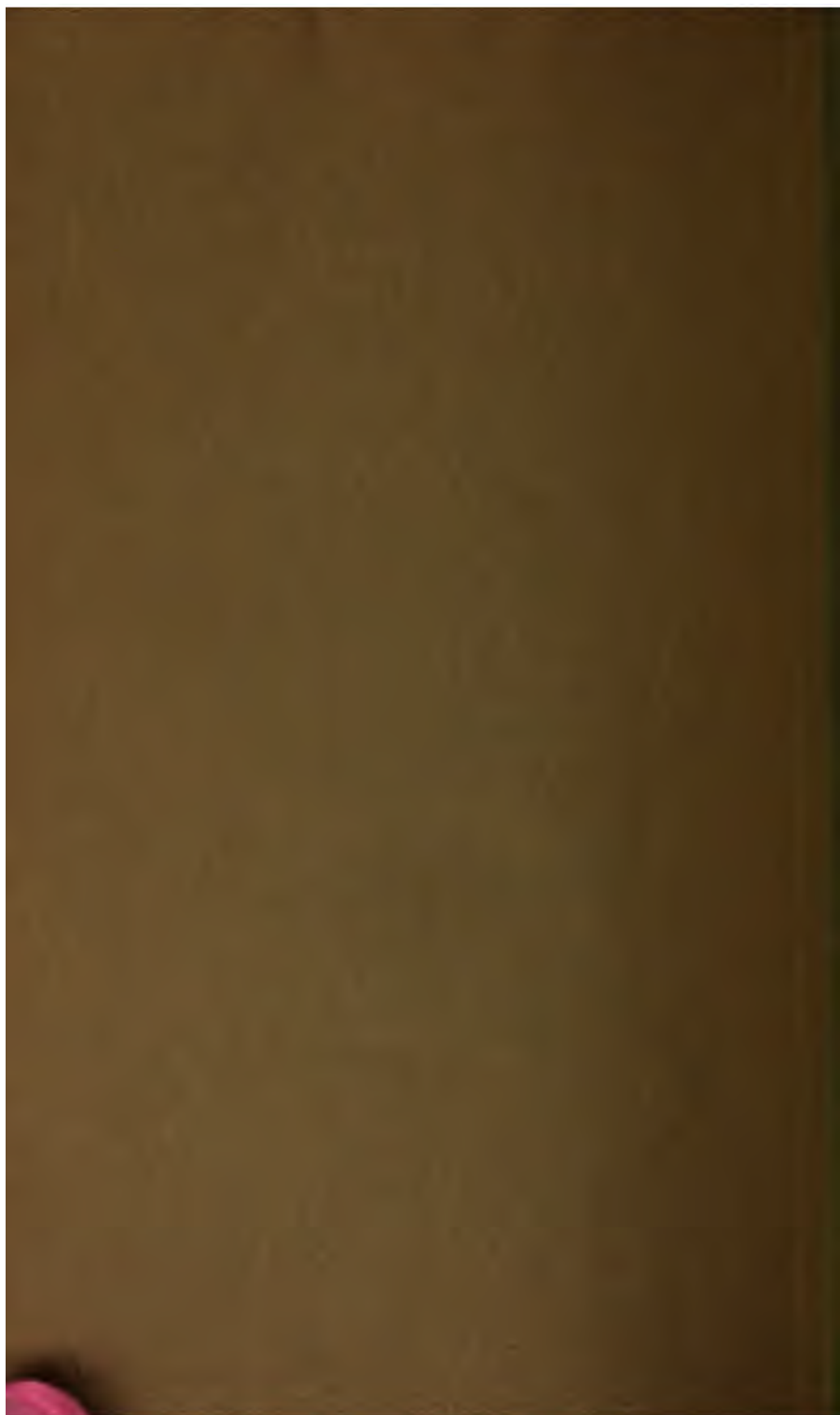
I have observed, in the first of these letters, that this creature was so like a humble-bee as not to be distinguishable from it at sight. 'Tis one of the smaller species of that insect which it resembles; but if I had at that time seen the perfect one which was produced before us, I should have added, that it excelled them all in beauty.

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